THE ISLE OF MAN

DESCRIBED BY AGNES HERBERT

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD MAXWELL

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THE ISLE OF MAN

DESCRIBED BY AGNES HERBERT
WITH FOREWORD BY A. W. MOORE
C.V.O., M.A., SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE
OF KEYS, AND 32 COLOUR PLATES
BY DONALD MAXWELL

LONDON: JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD
NEW YORK: JOHN LANE COMPANY MCMIX

PUBLIC
BERKSHIRE

COLOUR BLOCKS AND PRINTING BY CARL HENTSCHEL, LTD.
TEXT PRINTED BY WM. BRENDON AND SON, LTD., PLYMOUTH

TO

V. E. BRADDA FIELD

"MY LOVE TO THEE IS SOUND, *SANS* CRACK, OR FLAW"

The climate's delicate ; the air most sweet ;
Fertile the isle ; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

The Winter's Tale

FOREWORD

FRESH from her triumphs in the mighty hunting-grounds of Somaliland and Alaska, Miss Herbert comes to the tiny, but, as her book shows, the happy, hunting-ground of the Isle of Man. Manx-men and Manx-women are her quarry, not lions and bears.

To me the chief charm in a charming book are the keen, yet loving and delicate, appreciation of the people and their country, and the intimate and humorous description of their manners and customs; an appreciation and a description possible only to one who, like Miss Herbert, was brought up amongst them. There is, however, much besides this. Archæology, Folklore, and the Herring Fishery are lightly and pleasantly dealt with. Even the Serbonian bog of Manx history is not shunned, and, in the manner of Waldron of old, is enlivened with apt anecdote and illustration. It is clear, nevertheless, that Miss Herbert leaves the Duke of Athol and his congeners with relief, and that she gleefully betakes herself to the more congenial society of the *Phynnodderee*, the *Glashtin*, and the *Buggane*.

I have been trying to find original epithets to depict the effect of this book upon me, but, as I am obsessed

with the words "bright, breezy, and bracing," used in a well-known advertisement to describe Mona's Isle, I have tried in vain. After all, these words do describe Miss Herbert's book. I am certain that, when any native of Mona reads it, he or she will not

> ". . . hear the wavelets murmur
> As they kiss the fairy shore."

On the contrary, they will see the big waves sparkling in the sunlight and romping into Port Erin bay before a stiff north-wester.

It is a book which should appeal to the visitor, who, though not a student of things Manx, wants something more than a guide-book. It will certainly appeal to the native, who will promptly enrol Miss Herbert in the little band which, in the words of our beloved poet, Tom Brown, endeavours

> "To unlock the treasures of the island heart;
> With loving feet to trace each hill and glen,
> And find the ore that is not for the mart of commerce."

A. W. MOORE

PREFATORY NOTE

In presenting this slight record of the Isle of Man as I know it, I hope it may not be thought that I pretentiously lay claim to have attempted the writing of a history of Manxland. That has been comprehensively done again and again, and by very able pens. It has been considered advisable to touch lightly on the Great Happenings which have given the island its unique and distinctive character; and although inadequately dealt with, many far-reaching events having been disregarded altogether as being too technical for a book of this kind, the brief outline of historical fact is, I think, correct and reliable. With no sinister piratical intention, I have freely pillaged contemporary histories and picked the ancient records of other times. By a general refining process, a system of odious comparisons, the historical items have been arrived at and garnered together. In the archives of the ages I found all that is required to compound what might be called "an original recipe for a Manx haggis."

Colour books, as you know, must, for some occult reason, run on the tramlines of tradition. The history, folk-lore, customs, natural beauties, etc., etc., of the

chosen country constitute the literary *raison d'être* of these volumes. "Spade work" does not daunt me; but when the ground has been previously dug for miles around, what can the most conscientious tiller do save throw up the soil afresh, and re-plant it?

My best thanks are due to my friends, Mr. P. G. Ralfe and Sir John W. Carrington, C.M.G., for much kindness and help in connexion with this book.

I would also like to acknowledge the generosity of Mr. A. W. Moore, C.V.O., M.A., Speaker of the House of Keys, whose kindly good-will permits me to make use of much of his research, and who honours my book by contributing a foreword.

AGNES HERBERT

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THE ISLE OF MAN

THE ISLE OF MAN

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

Steering with due course toward the isle.
Othello.

This island's mine.
The Tempest.

I AM invited to write the text for a "colour book" on the Isle of Man, and I ask myself, "What is a colour book?" A volume of painted scenes, an artist's conception, a world of beauty limned for you on India paper? Or may the letter-press take a hand in the colour scheme as well? For the Isle of Man, "this little world, this precious stone, set in the silver sea," is all colour, from the golden glowing glory of the cushag and the gorse, the precipitous grey-black cliffs, seamed across with myriad tints, the green of the swelling hills, the crimson heather, to the whiteness of the straw-thatched cottages whose tiny windows reflect in shafts of quivering light the fierce slanting rays of the summer sun.

Come. We'll see the little island—Manx people always call it "the lil islan'," because there is only

one island in all the world to a son or daughter of Mona—in the early afternoon of a sleepy summer day. We are making for Port Erin, on the south side of the small territory, coming from Ireland, and as yet can see but a dim grey wraith on the horizon, enveloped in a filmy cloak of gossamer. That is *Mannanan's* mantle. He was a magician of olden times, a selfish magician enough, and all his energies were directed towards the successful weaving of a fairy web of gauze, which he cast about the island at will, rendering it undiscoverable. When the cloak and the sky merged the land was hidden, so that none knew a little world lay beneath the enshrouding mist, and *Mannanan* indulged his mania for solitude to the full, and lived the simple life in solitary state.

Mannanan has gone now. He was driven away by unbelief, for here, in Britain, we are too clever nowadays to take magicians seriously. Even the Manx children are beginning to have their doubts of the authenticity of the fairy rings, and question very much whether the *Phynnodderee*, the King of the Manx Brownies, really did haunt the glens, and rang the fairy bells o' nights. The soft haze which sometimes lies over the Isle of Man is all that is left of the reign of *Mannanan*. He quitted the scene of his necromantic reign so hurriedly he had no time to pack !

The faint ghost of the land takes on clearer pencillings, darker grows the outline, clearer yet, masses of emerald green streak off into the purple hills. A little winding riband, intensely blue, curves in a semicircle ahead, and marks our port, where tiny ships

MANNANAN'S MANTLE

lie at anchor, with bowsprits all turned one way in mathematical precision.

The rampart of the mighty Bradda cliffs faces us, magnificent and menacing, and the low churning thud of the sea in the labyrinthine caves comes out and gives us greeting.

My small cottage—where I escape the servant question and the militant suffragette—is a tiny affair, just a little larger than an out-sized dry-goods case. Over it the roses, white and pink, run a-riot, in a strenuous race for supremacy, and a fuchsia hedge cut in steps, afire with crimson bells, guards my infinitesimal garden from the wild winds of winter. The sea—most bewitching of friends—is at my very door, and behind me rises tier upon tier of gorse-covered slopes, until a sharp-pointed peak, sombre and grey, erects his pinnacled mightiness from out the encircling wreath of gold.

I have only one very near neighbour, the Warrior. Our gardens adjoin. The wages of war and the smallness of a wounds pension drove him to the island, reviling his fate, but, after a summer, he thanked all his gods, settled down in complete contentment, and planted the beginnings of a fuchsia hedge, which is, he says, to rival mine some day.

We share our boats, the Warrior and I,—quite a flotilla. A Berthon atom, smallest of coracles, which rides the waves like a sea-bird, a Mersey canoe, a dinghy, and a stalwart for use when we go out to raise our lobster creels. The Warrior does the hauling, and I control the oars. Then there's "the long line" to

shoot every other day, for our creels use up a lot of bait, and we ourselves get through a quantity of fish. Herring and mackerel, of course, are too wary to impale themselves on some of the many hooks of the long line, but the local "callig," the "blockan," the conger, the fluke, and many small codlings fall victims readily. And all's fish that comes to our net.

The Warrior will have our head-corks resplendent, and re-paints them very often, in the colours of his old regiment, "finest regiment in the Service," and we can see our tiny beacons gleaming from afar.

I don't know anything much more exciting than the appearance of the great mysterious brown creel as it swings to the surface of the water, hitting the side of the boat, its dark small round mouth cunningly fringed about with seaweed to hide and veil the depths of treachery below. Unless indeed it is the instant when, with a mighty heave, the dripping creel rests on the gunwale, and you hear an irritated lobster a-clapping of his tail in furious expostulation. You cannot see him yet—now, part the seaweed carefully, and look down into the gloom. A lobster, *two*, and a mighty crab frothing in inexpressible expostulation. Warily! Take the crab behind his rear pincers—he's helpless so; the blue-black mottled lobsters by the back. The bait is all gone; the captives have enjoyed a glorious meal, if they enjoyed nothing else. They made the most of it; drank their fill without wasting a drop; took old Omar's advice, for all the world as if they had realized what lay in front of them.

The split halves of a callig fixed to the thongs, set on the walls of the prison house, and the creel returns to the rocky deep, a line of bubbles marking the passage; the bobbing head-cork, like some gaily painted bird, tossing on the waves, marks the spot for "next time." The creels are hauled every other day in good weather. Sometimes a week passes if King Neptune is alert, and His Majesty forbids trespassers on his domain. In the raging of the tempest and the anger of the sea the heavy creels, weighted with stones, are frequently moved to other hunting grounds, and we must needs search the face of the waters for the beacons of our head-corks. There are so very many. Everyone's corks cast together in a heap, what a tangle to disentangle!

It is unheard-of infamy to lift another man's creel, save in the way of kindness. It is almost as shocking as cheating at cards. A little bent Manxman, a sun-dried ancient, lives at the nearest village to me, and successfully poaches rabbits from anyone's fields, and sells them to the Douglas market. He is not ostracized for this. The inhabitants cheerfully buy the overplus at half-price, and even the Warrior and I do not quibble at three-quarters, but when black rumour, "messenger of defamation, and so swift," pointed to Johnny-Polly as the tamperer with the creels, he was a marked man, and his set knew him no more. A most unusual and persistent shortage of lobsters followed invariably on the little Manxman's solitary excursions in his antediluvian tarred boat. The very children held the lobster poacher in mystified awe, and looked

askance at him. A cloud of suspicion and distrust clung about him like an aura.

The lobster creels, or pots, as they are more generally termed in the " lil islan'," are made from the graceful bending osier stems. And now you know what those protected triangular patches of ground in the corners of many fields are for. They are the osier gardens, and the massive sod fences shield the delicate saplings from the winter tempests. If you climb inside the sheltered radius in spring, the finest primroses of them all will reward you. The cool damp of the osier plantations brings out the yellowest and sweetest flowers.

The Isle of Man is too storm-swept for big timber to flourish upon it, and in some parts there are no trees at all ; but the glens, the wonderful deep lush glens, are thickly studded with stems of slight girth ; the dark green of the fir, the feathery tops of the spruce, mingle with the shivering leaves of willow, mountain ash, sycamore, and oak.

Blundell, in his *History of the Isle*, 1648 – 56, wrote : " I could not observe one tree to be in any place but what grew in gardens." And in 1789 Townley endorses this by saying : " A wood, a lofty grove, or even a holt of trees, being an object very rare to be met with." In the records of other writers, however, there are occasional references to small forests. Planting trees on a large scale apparently was set about at the end of the eighteenth century.

Alas ! the natural glens, handiwork of Nature's genius, are few and far between now ; the exploited

DOUGLAS: THE ARRIVAL

article is more in favour with the August visitor. One sees the beauty spots of Mona distorted and defiled. You can still discover remote unspoiled glades, if you will hunt about; exquisite nooks of deep sombre silences, with the sun glinting through the trees, lighting up the gold and silver glory of the streams. The train may not be scheduled to stop near your glen; indeed, there may be no railway in the vicinity at all. If it were so, your find would not be for long the vision of beauty which you see it now.

Manx trains are very accommodating. The quickest "express" is never too energetic to put you down wheresoever you request. Ask, and it shall be granted unto you. Visions of possible actions for libel prevent my dwelling unduly on the inner mechanism of the railways of the island, so I desist. Perhaps they are the most delightfully conclusive proof that as yet, in spite of all temptations, some of the institutions of Mona's Isle are still prehistoric and primeval.

Shall I take you first to a glen malformed, a work of Nature's marvellous finesse, grafted on modern vulgarism? Then, as a refresher—and you will need one badly—we'll to a slumbrous glade, a forest of Arden, and wander by the stream, unbridged by rustic cork atrocities.

Here are multitudes of trippers, trippers to right of you, trippers to left of you, volleying and thundering. Rollicking humour, of the variety which finds an outlet in the forcible exchanging of hats, prevails. The few remaining natural beauties in the once sylvan spot are passed by for the much-advertised greater attrac-

tion of a sea-lion imprisoned in a tank by the sea, the exploring of the glen is set aside in a rush for places in the tiny carriages of the "smallest railway on earth."

There are penny-in-the-slot machines at every turn, frail cork bridges, and hanging-on-to-the-side-of-the-glen wooden walks, which suspend the gay tripper over half a foot deep of trickling stream decoyed from its course.

A Manx girl, disguised as a pearl-necklaced, sequin-collared houri, presides at the turnstile to collect the fourpence entrance fee. Her coiffure is a mass of puffs and curls, and on her forehead a wisp of hair is arranged like a note of interrogation upside down. You would never dream that in her grandfather's cottage they still speak the Manx.

Refreshment booths, with popping corks, and pertinacious photographers have their places, and, as a final beautifier, some long wire cages are provided, with the request that all banana peel and waste paper should be placed therein.

Artistic people, of the variety who write to the papers, are shocked indeed, and speedily air their grievances in the columns of *The Daily Wail*, the editor heading their diatribes with the query, "Are we Vandals?" But the proprietors of the Manx glens wax fat and flourish, and the trippers care not at all. Each has what he wants, which is, after all, the main thing in this hurrying scurrying age—the one filthy lucre, the other a chance to spend money freely, without the trouble of going far to find a place to

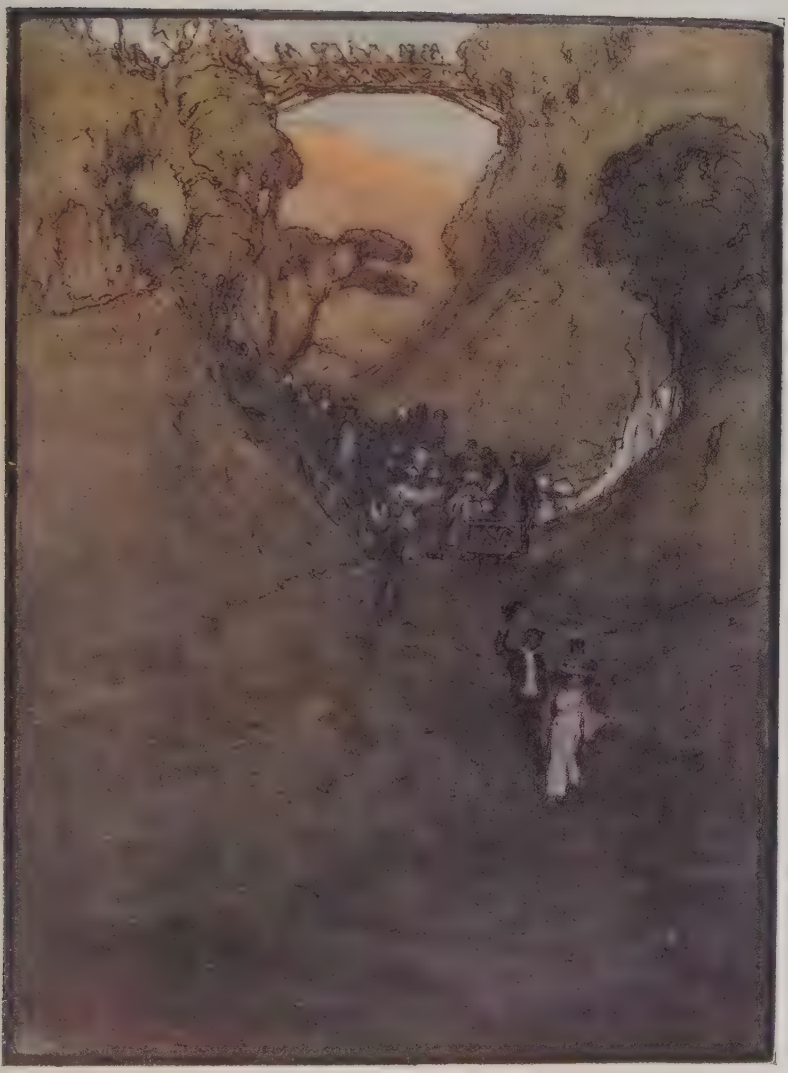
stroll about in. One glen, not so very far from Douglas, which is, you must remember, the head-quarters of the majority of the visitors to the island, amuses me vastly. It is an entirely manufactured place, and when you wander in the "glen" you have to bend your shoulders and lower your head to keep within the place at all! The trees are so pitiably youthful. All over the exquisite unknown glens are for the explorer. Follow up the winding devious course of any small river—we have no really large rivers on the island—and before you know it you will find yourself deep in an enchanted fairy glade, with great blue-black boulders lying in mid-stream, overgrown with moss, smoothed and polished to ebony by the rushing, swirling waters of all the centuries. Everywhere is luxuriant foliage. From the trees hang festoons of ivy, interlaced in triumphal arches; below, the ferns lift their fronded forms in swaying grace. Somewhere above the arch of the trees a lark is singing, in liquid trilling notes, a song of joy to the sun.

The air is laden with sweet perfumes and the scent of soft deciduous grasses, and drowsy with the hum of myriad bees. A trout rises in the stream—splash! The mottled beauty disappears beneath the stones of the little *dubb*, fringed round with ferns. The trees stand in lines down the glen, and the brown leaves carpet all the glade. The summer sun glints on the boles of the silver birch, and over all the song of the river falls and rises, rises and falls, dwells and enraptures.

We are going to Douglas to-day, the Warrior and I.

We have to go sometimes, much as we dislike to leave our solitudes for the busy humming world. There are stores to be obtained, luxuries the village shop wots not of. The local Whiteley only runs to such necessaries as paraffin and bread. An odd juxtaposition, but—there they are. Fortunately they form a mechanical mixture only when they come in close contact, and not a chemical combination. There are bottles, too, full of Manx "nobs," frizzling in the sun, and surprise packets for the alluring of the halfpennies of the children. They are not surprises really, these persuasive-looking envelopes. Every child in the village knows exactly what to expect. Similar packets have been there so very long; history repeats itself so very sadly. A few bright-coloured comfits, and a tin wedding ring, perhaps, or a thimble, or a tiny wooden goblet for a doll's house. The infinitesimal cups are the most appreciated, and of course they must be filled at once at the village pump, universal provider. If you happen to be passing you, too, must drink from the "lil cup." The water tastes like a new house. How can a new house taste at all? Well, perhaps it *can't*, but if it could the result would be like this.

If you want to see the wonder world of Mona at its best, I pray you do not come in the season. Somehow the manufacturing classes at play effectually knock all the romance of the island beneath their feet, and trample on it. Yet, if you never see Douglas in August, you will have missed one of the most amazing sights in Britain. People, people everywhere. Hatless femininity in gay summer dresses, and attendant



THE FAIRY GLEN

swains garbed in flannels and wondrous fiery ties. The sands swarm with human beings, the steps of the great boarding houses, the boats on the bay, the shops, the promenade, and at the Victoria Pier the great steamers constantly arriving disgorge a further complement of surging humanity to swell the turmoil.

" All the world loves a lover." Everyone in Douglas in August plays the lover enthusiastically, vigorously. The game may be ephemeral, a " different girl again " system, but it is played for all the hand is worth. None of your shyness and reticence here ! The young man and his Cynthia of the moment hug each other in joyous abandon on every available seat, the glens are crammed with rampant lovers, and the most inaccessible crannies of the caves given over to " Let's Pretendia " love affairs.

" And then they put the blame on Cupid."

On the margin of the wonderful bay, replica of Naples, are the great glass dancing halls. All roads in Douglas lead in the season to the dancing palaces o' nights. The vast floor of inlaid woods, polished to glittering point, is crowded with swirling figures, dancing lightheartedly in all sorts and conditions of styles. The more remarkable the style, the more noticeably incongruous, the more partners are forthcoming. It is quite *de rigueur* for a man to ask a hitherto unknown girl to trip the light fantastic with him, and if he cannot persuade her to venture, the M.C., as the Master of the Ceremonies is called, comes to the rescue. He is a wonderful personage in immaculate evening kit, and a new pair of white kid gloves every night, a hang-

the-expense extravagance which carries its own weight of commanding conviction. Graciously the great man walks round the fringe of the seated crowd, resting between the dances, gripping the arm of the despised and rejected, and says persuasively to every damsel, "Will you oblige this gentleman, miss?" Such pertinacity is always rewarded in the end, and the couple glide off to the strains of a beautiful waltz.

It is an amazing sight, this orderly, well-conducted crowd, with the deep throbbing current of pulsing life behind it, humorous and haunting, pleasure-seeking and pathetic.

"Names," as the Irishman said, "had better be nameless." Everyone thinks so in a Douglas dancing palace. A young man introducing a new-found ladye to the man with whom he is holidaying shrouds the presentation in the mystery of, "My friend—my friend." If they are not friends, they are "fiongsays." It is one of the compensations of the lower orders that an engaged couple can go away for a summer holiday together without appreciably disturbing Mrs. Grundy. If this beneficent arrangement could be extended, a much greater knowledge of one's "fiongsay" could be arrived at, and the dangers of the matrimonial precipice reduced to a minimum. This by the way.

All the young bloods who frequent the dancing palaces, the straw-hatted-thirty-shilling-suited-on-conquest-bent-clerks of Lancashire and Yorkshire, are officers of the Scots Greys on leave; and they are all captains. They are not Scotch, they are far from grey,

but " the Greys " attract them as no other regiment can ever hope to do. Don't disconcert them, and throw things out of gear by asking where they are quartered. The officers cannot tell you. The air of Douglas is fatal to memory. The very name of their colonel has escaped them. Accept these gallant soldiers, as they wish, if you would make a success of the acquaintance. What matter if this glut of warriors wear made-up ties, and little tin badges which every good tripper in Douglas pins upon his cap or hatband, the three legs of Man, which are at the same time, by the law of contraries, the arms of Man as well? Now for the spectacle of the evening. " The snow dance." An exquisite dreamy waltz rises and falls rhythmically, sensuously ; the whole room quakes 'neath the multitudinous feet ; the hum of voices breaks like the waves of the sea upon a stony beach. From the glass roof, glowing with many coloured lights, a steady rain of small pieces of white paper descends thickly, a snowstorm indeed. Steadily, in lavish extravagance, the fragments of snowy paper glide to the floor, burying it, until the dancers are ankle deep. This is the last waltz of the evening. God save the King ! In the enthusiasm of the moment the officers of the Scots Greys forget to remove their hats — everyone dances in hats — *lèse-majeste* and no mistake. Gathering the " snow " in handfuls, the lighthearted crowd pelt one another with vigour, and all the curving promenade of the beautiful bay is dotted with myriad bits of fluttering paper as the game goes merrily on. There's the " shadow dance," too, earlier in the evening, most

popular of all, when the room is in murky darkness, infinitely gloomy, which lightens up in drifts, usually at the most embarrassing of moments. But the Scots Greys were ever resourceful, and, in Douglas, at any rate, live up to their motto every time. "Second to None." I should think so, indeed! They seize the psychological moment on the up-grade.

There is nothing Manx in all this? You are quite right. But if I write of the Isle of Man the tripper element cannot be left out. Douglas is *not* Manx. It is just the playground of Lancashire and Yorkshire. It might be Blackpool, or Margate, anywhere, save for the surroundings. It is not representative of the Isle of Man. In all one day in Douglas in August you may not meet one really representative Manxman. The car drivers are not representative—thanks be!—the boatmen are not either, being hybrids from the race of deep-sea fishermen, and many of the proprietors of the vast boarding houses hail from England; those who do not are a make-believe type of Manxmen who can interest not at all.

In my little port, and at the Niarbyl, Maughold, Cregneish, and countless other parts, there are still old people who speak no tongue save the Manx, to whom I can do no more than pass the time of day. In such remote corners the local colour is all Manx still, unspoiled by the passing of the ages, undefiled by the race for gold.

"Summer boarders," as the Americans say, first began to visit the island in the early decades of the nineteenth century, and in 1829 regular steam sailings

were instituted three times a week. Previous to that, from 1798, passengers prepared for a trip to Manxland as for a lengthy voyage. The sloop "Duke of Athol" or the "Lapwing" conveyed mails and passengers at varying times, as the wind and weather commanded. After the close of the Great War, in 1815, many Army officers resorted to the isle, enticed thither by the cheap living; but as the number of summer visitors doubled, and the end of the halcyon smuggling days brought about a general rise in living expenses, many of the half-pay warriors returned to England. Several of our old soldiers of to-day are semi-Manx, and spent the days of their youth on the once economical shores of Mona. In the early days of the visiting industry disembarkation had perforce to be effected in small boats, very different from the marvellous mechanism of the landing and lading of the thousands to-day.

It is the summer visitor who has made the island prosperous, built her piers, paved her streets. Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious by the sun of Yorkshire and Lancashire. The staple industry of the little territory to-day is people; its exports people, its imports people, people in such numbers, such overwhelming myriads, that we might exclaim with the Immortal One, "Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here! From all sides they are coming, as if we kept a fair here!"

From every direction a wealth of gold flows into the insular coffers from this molten summer stream. The penny poll tax on every ticket, levied and paid through

the Steamship Company, yields a worth-having revenue of thousands a year.

If I were to listen to the advice of Marcus Aurelius, I should keep right on talking of the tripper element, and how it benefits our island. The book of the Master happens to lie open beside me as I write. "We have only to deal with the present," he says, "with the eternal NOW."

The eternal NOW is all for the exploitation of Mona, perhaps very naturally, for the pleasure of the inhabitants of the greater island lying so close to our shores. But there is a greater past, a record and history of imperial grandeur, a picture glowing with colour, brighter and clearer far than the gaudy flamboyance of the tints stamped upon the canvas of to-day.

CHAPTER II

DESCRIPTIVE AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL

The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters.

Cymbeline.

THE contour of the island as it lies has been fancifully likened, by Hall Caine, to the *carrane*, the shoe of the Manx people in olden times, which was a rough cover of dried hide laced across the instep. The heel of the *carrane* is the coast-line from Port St. Mary and Port Erin to Peel, the toe is the long waste of land stretching away to the Ayre, and the instep is the greatest of the Manx mountains, Snaefell.

I cannot see it like that myself. The outline of the Isle of Man to my mind resembles far more the shape of the strange little fish, with a big head and bulgy body, which the Manx, in their usual *olla podrida* of languages, call "*bull-kione*," meaning bull-head (*Cottus scorpius*). The Bay of Ramsey is its wide-open mouth, the Point of Ayre its upper lip, Maughold Head the lower. Jurby plays its rounded head, Peel a fin, the rest of the island the squat body of this illustrative atom, and the Calf of Man and the Stack form its apology for a tail.

From England the Isle of Man is distant but thirty miles, from Ireland twenty-seven, from Scotland a short twenty-one, and from Wales a travel of forty-five. The summit of Snaefell, on a clear bright day, commands a view of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, faintly limned in filmy grey outlines. It is, of course, owing to its get-at-able proximity to greater territories that the little Manx nation suffered so severely in early history from the harassing depredations of the myriad armed marauders who laid waste the country, times and times over, through all those remote ages.

A great rampart of high land forms the centre of the isle, and the mountain summits of many peaks raise lofty shoulders on every side. Heather-grown, grass-covered Snaefell and oddly-shaped Pen-y-phot erect their humped outlines skywards, up and up until little fleecy clouds, gossamer-webbed, rest on the emerald-tinted scarps with the grace and deftness of a *coryphee*. Grand North Barrule, with massive front-age, is matched in the south by a dominating twin on whose desolate gorse-crowned summit fragmentary traces of old-time fortifications are still extant.

Looking down on to the even land stretching away to the Ayre, the multi-coloured fields look like a miniature map of the world traced by Nature's genius. The flowering sod fences are the divisions of countries, the little silver streams the rivers, and the dark shady bits, where an infinitesimal copse tries to flourish, are the great mountains of the universe. Nowhere in all the world does gorse grow in such profusion and splen-dour as in the Isle of Man. The wide fences which

ISLE OF MAN
English Miles
0 1 2 3 4 5 6
Railways
Roads
Point of Ayre
Lighthouse
The Ayre
Rue Pt.
Ballamaghelly
Smeale
Glentruan
Cranstal
Bride
Johneois
Brust
Point Cranstal
Sartfield
Andreas
Ballashrink
Laughlan
Ballavarry
Ballyvarey
Jurby Hd
Jurby
Ballamoar
Seaview
Sandygate
Ballavleator
Ardaman
Ramsey Bay
Killane R.
The Curragh
A Y R E
Ballakinnaa
Sulby Glen
Sulby Br.
Lezayre
Pier
RAMSEY
Ballacooley
Sulby
Lezayre Ch.
Ballamenaugh
Clabhbane
Tableland Pt.
Orrisdale
Ballaglonney
Ballaglonagh
Cor Stack
Port Mooar
Maughold Hd
St Manghold
Ballaquilley
North Barrule
1842
Ballaharrie
Castle
Port Mooar
Ballaglonney
Cornah
Rhenab
Sloc Curye
Cornaa
Port Cornah
Sleau Lhean
1411
Sleau Curye
1405
Dhoon
Dhoon B.
Bulgham B.
Laxey Wheel
Ballaquinea
Minorca
Laxey
Laxey Head
Laxey Bay
Lonan Ch.
Dog Dhoo
Garwick Bay
Clay Head
Baldrine
Ballaglonlier
Baldromma
Lonan's
Bibbulloe
Onchan
Port Groudle
Onchan Hav.
Douglas
Douglas Bay
Pier
Tower
Light Hs.
Douglas Head
Runnery Howe
Ballaragan
Little Ness
Port Soderick
Ballaregga
Pistol Cas.
St Ann's Hd
Port Grenaugh
Port Soldrick
Derbyhaven
St Michael's I.
Langness Pt.
Dreswick Pt.
Scarlet Pt.
Castletown Bay
CASTLETOWN
Bay ny Carrickey
Port St Mary
Port Erin Bay
Port Erin
Bradda Head
Bradda Hill
760
Fleshwick Pt.
Colby
Arbory
Ballasalla
Ballaloba
Silverburn
Grenaby
Santon
Ballacregga
Kentraugh
Ballaugh
Ballaglass
Ballaquayle
Ballamodha
Ballavarre
Ballacrink
Ballacurry
Ballamurry
Ballaquayle
Ballabunt
Pulrose
Ballakinnish
The Mount
Shenvalley
Barrule
1586
Granite
Stuggadoo
Barrule
Niarbyl Bay
Dalby Pt.
Dalby
Elby Pt.
Kerroodhoo
Lhoobs
Foxdale Mines
Ellerslie
Fairy Earth
Ballacharney
Glen Meay
Glen Rushen
Glen Maye
Heimaa
Creeba
Crosby
Ballacallaghyn
Ballabeg
Union Mills
Glen Rushen
Ballamillaghyn
Ballaglonney
Ballaglonney
Ballaglonney

divide the fields are grown again and overgrown with the golden glory, the great *claddaghs*, or wastes, are fairy gardens, lit with pharos-fires. They say—the all-knowing mysterious "they"—that when Linnæus, the Swedish naturalist, saw the gorse in blossom in England, a plant hitherto unknown to him, he fell on his knees, and thanked his God for the wonderful sight. What, I wonder, would Linnæus have done had he seen the gorse of Mona's Isle? Lifted up his voice, and chanted a hymn of praise.

On a hot day, when the sun is powerful, the myriad gorse pods burst one after another in tiny salvoes of artillery, saluting rapturously the coming of the murmurous bees. The small sweet sounds mingle with the drowsy hum of the honey-gatherers, and the potent scent of ten thousand blooms is borne on the light summer breeze, which wafts away the tender perfumed message to the sea.

Lofty green mountains shake their swelling shoulders free from out the encircling band of gold, others are crownëd kings, and farther again, rising high, high above the gorse line, great cloven grey peaks leave the glowing glory clinging low about their sombre slopes.

To the cragsman who finds his heart's delight in the conquering of the Pillar Rock, or the climbing of the mountain Tritons of England, Scotland, and Wales, the "green hills by the sea" will seem tame indeed. But to one who loves the desolation of uplands, and breezy heather-covered moors, the curved heights of Mona's Isle possess a charm which ever insistently

urges us to seek again the lovely billowy tops, whose every ridge, smoothed to graceful roundness by the ice-cloak of glacial times, has something new to show us. Across the desolate tracks of peat-gatherers, by the shallow beds where little pools of sienna-coloured water fill up the gaps made by the fuel-storers of years, the golden plovers, in solitary pairs, with chequered wings, light on the grassy expanse, and sing "their wild notes to the listening waste." Ever and again the newly acquired love-call rings out, the shrill whistle changed to a tender cry, alluring and joyous. The Manx call the golden plover *Ushag-reaisht*, or *Fedjag-reaisht*, bird of the waste, whistler of the waste. *Ushag* is bird in the vernacular, but the Celtic *Eean* is occasionally met with.

Snaefell scales 2034 feet, and is climbed very easily. An electric tramway runs from Laxey, the village by the sea to which the mountain stands sentinel, right up to the summit. The green monarch of Mona is not chiselled like the snow-crowned Snaefell of Iceland, whose name the Northmen probably bestowed as a remembrance, not reminder. They came with a little bit of home in their hearts, and wished to record it somewhere. North Barrule, with its deep colour tints and massive outline, is 1842 feet in height, sharply carven Pen-y-Phot 1772 feet, South Barrule 1585 feet, and forming wall-like ranges are the scarps of majestic cones which dot the central valleys, and stretch away to the south-west, in varying elevations.

We have no important rivers in the Isle of Man, but there are hurrying, scurrying streams with winding

SNAEFELL FROM SULBY GLEN

reaches and whispering volume of dancing, laughing water rushing to meet the sea. The beautiful Silverburn, poetically called *Awin-argid*, or silver river, which flows through the historical grounds of Rushen Abbey, is perhaps as lovely as any of our streams, and the winding, haunting Sulby, murmuring sweet music as it channels its way from the heart of the island, comes next, perhaps. The Neb, upon which Peel is situated, and the Colby, running through an exquisite little-known glen, are large streams also. The meeting waters of the *Awin-dhoo*, or Dark River, and the *Awin-glas*, or Bright River, give Douglas its name. The united stream runs into the old harbour below the rising uplands of Douglas Head. Every glen, and they are very many, has its own gliding, flickering cascade.

"God," said the old chronicler, Blundell, "hath gratified the island, with excellent fresh water, so pure and pleasant to y^{e} taste of necessitated passengers as y^{t} I have heard them protest y^{t} in their opinion there was not anything y^{t} equalled y^{e} goodness of their water."

Mona has every physical equipment of the British Isles, save lakes. There is not a lake in the country now, but evidence goes to prove that æons ago, before the face of the little territory changed, and the great curraghs were drained in the seventeenth century, lakes enfiladed the fen ground. A map of the sixteenth century shows us three pieces of water, with islands set in them, and previous to this again, in the Middle Ages, we read of a Lake Myrosco, with a well-fortified island among its other islets.

The Manx curraghs have infinitesimal islands still, dry-tufted hummocks of grass set clear above the marsh, filched from the water-sprites, where the thorn and the honeysuckle take root and run a-riot. Ranging from Sulby to Ballaugh is this curragh country, this wonderful, enchanting, mysterious tract of marsh, of shallow lagoons, and damp meadow lands. 'Tis a glorious garden of flowers. All the air is laden with the clean sweet smell of sweet-gale and soft scraa grass. The heavy cloying scent of the gorse clings low in banks of perfume. Here, in the tangle of vegetation, countless birds make their nests, their slender silvery notes cleaving the air in joyous trills.

A small water-hen hurries through the pond, pushing the water before her in agitated ripples, and, quivering like the disturbed hum of a prisoned bee, the love-call of the snipe carries across a separating quarter mile of grass hummocks. The little *Ushag-Vuigh*, the yellow-hammer, sits on a flowering spray of gorse, his coat as gorgeous as the flower itself, and his tender song, in greedy measure, rings out rhythmically: "A-little-bit-of-bread-and-no-cheese! A-little-bit-of-bread-and-no-cheese!"

In the Curragh Mooar, the big Curragh, and the surrounding swamps lived the *Tarroo-Ushtey*, a fearsome minotaur-like creature, of whom I have written elsewhere. His wild bellow at nights caused the very ground to tremble!

The first inhabitants of Man of whom the historians can find any trace or clear evidence were the Gaels, and the small dark-haired people known as Iberians.

THE VERGE OF THE CURRAGH

The Manx belong to the Irish and Gaelic Celtic race, not to the Welsh or Cornish. Professor Rhys, in his *Ethnology of the British Isles*, says : " It is a commonplace of our glottology that the Neoceltic dialects divide themselves into two groups ; a Goidelic group, embracing the Celtic idioms of Ireland, Man, and Scotland ; and a Brythonic group, embracing those of Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany."

It all sounds very awe-inspiring and thrilling, but the Manx are quite a simple people really, and the high-sounding " Goidelic group," when you come to analyse it, means that the Manx are Celts, just ordinary Celts. Since the incursion of the hardy Northmen, Scandio-Celts.

Tradition has it that when a ship of the Armada ran on the scarps of the foot of Spanish Head, some of the shipwrecked mariners scaled the cliff, and making their way to Cregneish, liked the island so much, the feminine inhabitants pleasing them still more, that they decided to settle down where fortune had so strangely placed them. There is no direct evidence to prove that a Spanish vessel was ever wrecked on the rocks of Man, but certain it is that now and again, in the south-west of the isle, you come on a flashing-eyed swarthy fisherman—particularly I call to mind one such illustration—of the most pronounced Spanish type, rowing out to the creels maybe with a merry fair-haired, keen representative of all that is best in Scandinavia.

Prehistoric monuments are thickly dotted about the island, and archæologists have found in the great stone barrows and monoliths interesting vestiges of Neolithic

man. Following the Neolithic men are those of the Bronze Age, to whom some of the stone circles, stone cists, and graves are ascribed. Most scholars agree that cremation was the approved method, in the Bronze Age, of disposing of the dead, and the small cists and urns discovered can only have been the receptacles of cremated bones. Many of the *tumuli* and cists when uncovered betrayed that they had been previously opened and despoiled, notwithstanding the fact that the places of the dead were held in superstitious awe,—a feeling of reverential aversion which to this day exists.

There is a particularly fine circle, among many other fine specimens extant in Man, on the heather-crowned hills of the Mull, near Port Erin. Pottery, weapons of bronze, flint arrow heads, and charcoal have been unearthed from many of these remarkable sepulchres. The hollows in the stones, or cup-markings, are the places reserved for the oblations—probably in the form of some variety of fat—made to the spirits of the dead, who were said always to haunt their tombs.

Governor Chaloner, who ruled from 1658 to 1660, did a considerable amount of excavation among the various ancient sepulchres, and gives us a description of " earthenware pots, placed with their mouths downwards, and one more neatly than the rest in a bed of fine sand, containing nothing but a few brittle bones—(as having pass'd the fire), no ashes left discernible."

The stones and circles and other prehistoric reminders are too numerous to be detailed, but the great *tumulus* near Laxey, which Manx tradition has fixed

as King Orry's grave, is worthy of special mention. Previous to the cutting of the road through it this wonderful barrow measured some two hundred feet in diameter, and was encircled by many standing stones. Professor Montelius and Dr. Monroe are of opinion that the great place of burial is much older than the Orry dynasty, and belongs to the space of time between the Stone and the Bronze Ages.

On many of the lonely out-post rocks, on mountain scarps and craggy fells, are the crumbling remains of fortified aboriginal camps, and by their illustrative name, so prevalent about the island, *Cronk-ny-Arrey*, Hill of the Watch, these old look-out stations may be recognized.

Full-length tombs also abound, and *kist-vaens* with stone coffins, as inhumation ousted cremation, and on the summits of the rounded *cronks* of the coast, with the resonant fugue of the sea in the caves chanting an everlasting lulling requiem, are the desolate green barrows that tell of Vikings dead and turned to dust.

Fine specimens of early Christian sculptures are very numerous, and the whole of the prehistoric monuments and monoliths have been assigned by antiquaries to a period of time embracing nine centuries. Thus the simplest and roughest are allotted to the dim ages of the fifth century A.D., and the more elaborate and pretentious work which followed on the heels of the primeval era is allocated to the Celts of the tenth century. The wonderful sculptured crosses and Runic monuments with the old Norse inscriptions are the

carvings of early Scandinavian settlers, which merged into the more skilled designs of the thirteenth century. One cross at Maughold is held by competent authorities to be of fourteenth- or fifteenth-century origin; but, barring this exquisite specimen, it is not thought that any other of the Manx crosses date from a later period than the middle of the thirteenth century. Clear evidence of Roman occupation in Man is not forthcoming, although sundry Roman architectural features are extant, and tradition has it that the mines at Bradda and elsewhere were worked by the Romans. In the *History of Scotland* by Hollinshed we read that the Manx fought with the Picts against Ostorius Scapula, and the chronicler says that Vespasian intended to subdue the island.

The origin of the name "Man" is wrapped about with some uncertainty; numerous and varied are the solutions of the enveloping mystery. Train, one of the many historians of the isle, considered that the derivation was found in Menagh, or Meanagh, meaning middle island, as the small territory can certainly be described. Another opinion is to the effect that the origin of Man is reflected in Mannanagh, the name of a tribe who once lived in the little country which Cæsar wrote of as Mona. Ptolemy gave it the poetical name of Monaoida and Monarina; Pliny varied things by altering the designation to Monabia; Gildas christened the much-named land Manan; and Bede wrote of Menabia. The Sagas of the Norse sang of Mön, transliterated Maun.

The Manx people themselves—and perhaps they

count the most of all — consider that *Mannanan* had more than a little to do with the naming of his island. He was the marvellous wizard who "kept by necromancy the Land of Mann under mists," by which marauding enemies were confounded. If any would-be conquerors did manage to effect a landing, *Mannanan* had still another trump card to play. He had the power—a faculty Mr. Haldane must envy—of making "one man seem a hundred by his art magick." Ten men set on a hill looked so formidable that the most redoubtable foes fled back to their ship at once. The necromancer lived at Keamool, with occasional flittings to Barrule, whither he went to receive the rents from all those who held land of him. This was paid once in a year in green rushes. The wizard king flourished somewhere about A.D. 447, when, tradition records, he was routed by the advent of St. Patrick, who, like everyone else, almost passed the island by, so cleverly was it concealed in the thick haze of *Mannanan's* weaving. A curlew called thrice, and betrayed the proximity of land. We are told that the bird was blessed afterwards by the Saint for the inestimable service rendered.

Mannanan and all his tenants, being of very small stature, changed into sprites, and hied them to the ancient places of sepulture scattered about the isle, where they armed themselves with the flint arrow heads found in the barrows. There the elves have remained to this age, the age of children who don't believe in fairies.

The quaint national arms of Man with the motto,

"*Quocunque Jeceris Stabit*"—whichever way you may throw it, it will stand—is not the least original and interesting of the many unconventional signs in Mona. The celebrated legs appear on everything. From the minute you land to the time you get hence the three legs will confront you, unabashed and eye-compelling. How Americans must suffer in the face of such blatancy! The nation which covers up the extremities of a piano, the people who invite you to have a "limb" of chicken, how much they must endure in this island of barefaced flaunting of so embarrassing a sacred emblem!

One or two of the numerous chroniclers of Manx history are of opinion that the adoption of the *triquetrum* does not date further back than the Scotch era, or occupation of the Isle of Man, and is the line of demarcation between the Norwegian and Scottish suzerainty. When the Northmen held the isle the national flag depicted an emblazoned war-galley, with the motto, "*Rex Manniæ et Insularum.*" Harald, King of Man in 1245, used such a symbol on his official seal, with a lion rampant on the reverse.

It is quite possible, indeed most probable, that the Scandinavian conquerors used the Three Legs—a symbol found upon ancient coins of the Island of Sicily, haunt of the Vikings of old through many ages—in conjunction with the well-known device of the war-galley. The earliest authentic representation of the triad is found on the Manx sword of state, said to date from 1216. Scandinavian rule did not come to an end in Man till 1245. The legs carven upon the

wonderful old weapon have the nakedness of them girt about with chain armour, and spurred heels.

Before the hardy Northmen conquered the Isle of Man it cannot be conclusively proved that the Celtic Manx boasted Arms at all. Somewhere about 1265 the Three Legs entirely superseded the war-galley, and has continued its proud career ever since, undergoing in its trek through the centuries many changes. The earliest known example of the present condition of the device, emblazoned in the recesses of the fifteenth century, portrays the heraldic emblem without its motto, which originated in comparatively modern times.

"*Quocunque Jeceris Stabit*" appeared on the copper coinage issued in 1668, below the Three Legs, and on the reverse "John Murrey His Penny 1668. I ✕ M." Up to that time leather money had been in use. In 1709 the Earl of Derby of the day issued a copper coinage, with their well-known crest and motto upon one side, and the Manx arms and motto upon the other.

CHAPTER III

TYNWALD AND LEGISLATION

The act of order to a peopled kingdom
Henry V.

I stand here for law.—*The Merchant of Venice.*

You can hardly realize the inner meaning of Tynwald unless you happen to be a Manxman. The importance of it is bound up in his being, and reverence for the old-time ceremony is bred in the bones descended from the Norsemen who, over a thousand years ago, brought to a small island, set in the Irish Sea, the manner and fashion of the Government which obtained in Scandinavia. It was usual with the Northerners to hold in the open all courts for the making of laws, settling of petty disputes, and dividing of property. The measures which were to govern and bind a freeman must be promulgated in full assembly of freemen, and wheresoever the Scandinavians went they established this open-air legislative procedure.

It would seem that in the word Tynwald we have a relic and reminder of the Icelandic *Thing*, *Ting*, or *Ding*. Palgrave, in writing of these out-of-doors courts, explains that the Scandinavian colonies in England and Scotland held their Parliaments on

DHOON GLEN

natural or manufactured hillocks, and observes that it is noticeable how many of the eminences, old-time seats of satrapy, are distinguishable by the inclusion of the name *Thing*, *Ting*, or *Ding* in some stage of corruption or alteration. As, for instance, Dingwall, Tynwald Hill in Dumfriesshire, and its namesake of Mona.

In Iceland the Parliament, Althing, was held every other year in the deep-set valley of Thingvellir, or Parliament Field, not far from the capital Reykjavik. The Althing has gone the way of so many old usages, is nothing now but a memory, but the shadow of it, the link, the outward and visible sign of the close connexion between Althing and Tynwald, lives on in the quaint ceremony still held in the Isle of Man every fifth of July.

As Professor Worsaae, the great Danish historian, said: "It is indeed highly remarkable that the last remains of the old Scandinavian *Thing*, which, for the protection of the public liberty, was held in the open air, in the presence of the assembled people and conducted by the people's representatives, are to be met with not in the north itself, but in a little island far towards the west, and in the midst of the British Kingdom."

And since under old Scandinavian ruling the laws must be proclaimed in open concourse, any measure, before it becomes binding, is still, in the one-time Scandinavian kingdom of Man, now a tiny jewel in the British Crown, promulgated from the Hill of Tynwald, situated at St. John's, a central village, backed

by the emerald slopes of Greeba, and dominated by the sombre frontage of Slieau Whuellian, down whose fearsome scarps the witches of long ago were rolled in spiked barrels.

No English Act of Parliament, unless specifically so stated, applies to this little land of Home Rule, and though in many ways alterations and additions in keeping with the upward sweep of civilization and the trend of modern needs have been introduced, the general outline of the Government at the present time is the same as it was in " Orrey's Dayes," centuries agone.

The Governor of the Isle of Man is a sort of latter-day Pooh-Bah. He is Governor, Home Secretary, Finance Minister, President of the Local Government Board, and Chancellor all rolled into one. A most ubiquitous " Lord High Everything Else." In money matters he has the right of veto. He may prorogue the Legislature, and dissolve the House of Keys. Tynwald is adjourned by him, not of itself, and when my lord speaks he does so sitting. In this modern Utopia, this country of no income-tax and no death duties, the suffragette ceases from troubling, and the strident cries of " Votes for Women " echo not at all. In the " lil islan' " women have the vote, and having it one is surprised to observe how valueless it appears.

Of the component parts which go to make the integral whole of the legislative powers that be we have : The Sovereign of England, as Lord of Man ; the Governor and Council, who form a sort of Upper House ; and the Keys, who may be said to correspond

with the Commons, although the Manx claim that their representatives existed long before the counties sent members to the Court of England.

The Council consists practically of every potentate on the island, a splendid let-them-all-come method of eliminating jealousy. The two Deemsters, the Clerk of the Rolls, the Attorney-General, the Receiver-General, the Bishop, the Archdeacon, and the Vicar-General are all of the select band. The Deemsters, as everyone knows, are the judges of the Isle of Man. In Iceland the spokesman, or lawgiver, was called *Dóm-stiórar*. In the Insular Statutes of old times the expression " to deem the law truly " occurs now and again. Bishop Wilson in his writings used this sentence, thus showing that he held the etymology of the word Deemster to be self-contained. The quaint oath which the lawgivers of Man take on appointment runs as follows:—

" By this Book, and the Holy Contents thereof, and by the wonderful works that God hath miraculously wrought in Heaven above and in the earth beneath in six days and seven nights, I —— do swear that I will, without respect of favour or friendship, love or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this Isle justly, betwixt our Sovereign Lord the King, and his subjects within this Isle, and betwixt party and party, as indifferently as the herring backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish."

The last sentence, with its unusual simile, is another proof of the important part played by the silver herring in the economic history of the island.

The exact origin of the House of Keys is enveloped in the mists of ages, wound about with the gossamer web of enshrouding mystery. We know it existed in some wise so far back as the remote recesses of the centuries following the coming of the Northmen in 912. There are twenty-four Keys, and no parties.

I wonder !

As regards their odd designation many extraordinary solutions are put forward. One ingenious writer considers that the problem is solved by comparison with the Scandinavian word *Keise*, meaning " the chosen." Another historian evolved the idea that Keys is the English method of pronouncing *Keare-as-feed*, the Manx for twenty-four !

In the Insular Statute Book of 1417 the Keys are referred to as *Claves Manniæ et Claves Legis*, Keys of Man and Keys of the Law, and from this probably, by devious routes and the expenditure of a little originality, comes the title of the members of the Manx House.

In 1710 the oath taken by the Keys was recorded for the first time in the *Liber Scaccarii*, or Exchequer Book :—

" Your allegiance to the King's Majesty reserved, You shall true faith and fidelity bear to the Right Honble William, Earle of Derby, and his heirs during your life. You shall be aiding and assisting to the Deemsters in all doubtfull matters, the Lord's Councill, your ffellows', and your own you shall not reveal. You shall use your best endeavours to maintaine the antient Laws and Customes of the Isle, you shall

justly and truley deliver your opinion and do right in all matters which shall be put unto you, without favour or affection, affinity or consanguinity, love or fear, reward or gaine, or for any hope thereof; but in all things deale uprightly and justly, and wrong noe man. Soe God you help, and the contents of this Book."

The House of Keys ceased to be a self-elected body in 1866, the first General Election taking place in the year following. Previous to the House of Keys Election Act a member sat for life, or until he chose to resign. The statutory time limit of the continuance of the House is now five years, unless sooner dissolved by the Governor.

The sacred Hill of Tynwald is a manufactured mound, said to be composed of earth brought from every parish in the island. It is completely round, some two hundred and fifty feet in circumference at the base, cut in narrowing circles or steps, like an out-sized wedding cake of four tiers. Each platform is three feet higher than the last, which makes the height of the hillock just twelve feet.

Before the ceremony of Tynwald the mound is thickly strewn from base to top with green rushes gathered from the Curragh, according to ancient usage and precedent.

In the fifteenth century it was set down how the King of Man should come to Tynwald. Answering the questions put to them by the obviously puzzled Sir John Stanley, as to how he was to comport himself at this old-new ceremony, the Deemsters and Keys replied :—

"Our doughtfull and Gratious Lord, this is the Constitution of old Tyme, the which we have given in our days, how you should be governed on your Tynwald Day. First, you shall come hither in your royal array, as a king ought to do, by the prerogatives and royalties of the Land of Mann. And upon the Hill of Tynwald sitt in a chaire, covered with a royal cloath and quishions, and your visage unto the east, and your swoard before you holden with the point upward; your Barrons in the third degree sitting beside you, and your beneficed men and your Deemsters before you sitting; and your Clarkes, your Knights, Esquires, and Yeomen about you in the third degree; and the worthiest men in your land to be called in before your Deemsters, if you will ask anything of them, and to hear the Government of your land, and your will; and the Commons to stand without the Circle of the Hill, with three Clearkes in their surplisses. And your Deemsters shall make call in the Coroner of Glenfaba; and he shall call in all the Coroners of Man, and their Yards in their hands, with their weapons upon them, either swoard or axe. And the Moares, that is, to witt, of every Sheading. Then the Chief Coroner, that is, the Coroner of Glenfaba, shall make affence, upon paine of lyfe and limb, that noe man make any disturbance or stirr in the time of Tynwald, or any murmur or rising in the King's presence, upon paine of hanging and drawing. And then shall your Barrons and all others know you to be their King and Lord, and what time you were here you received the land as Heyre Apparent in your Father's days. And all your Barrons of Man,

RAMSEY

with your worthiest Men and Commons, did you faith and fealtie. And in as much as you are, by the Grace of God, now King and Lord of Man, yee will now that the Commons come unto you, and show their Charters how they hould of you. And your Barrons that made no faith nor fealtie unto you, that they make now."

Across the misty ages the ancient formula calls to us. The keeping of Tynwald! It means a lot to a Manxman. It is his birthright, his pride of place, his Independence Day.

The proceedings of the Court always open with prayer in "the little grey church on the windy hill," a new edifice as one counts years at St. John's, but built upon the site of a very old sanctuary.

The procession from the church to the hill is regulated by strict precedent, as potent here as the law itself.

Of late years the island has not been a military station. The East Yorkshire Regiment furnished the last detachment of men to garrison Castletown, and this small force was removed altogether in 1896.

The Naval Reserve men from Peel and the local volunteers keep the path down which the Governor in "his royal array"—from a sartorial point of view a regal failure—passes to the green rush-covered mound, running the gamut of the *sotto voce* remarks of half-holiday making Lancashire and Yorkshire.

A few stalwart policemen lead the way, the coroners of the island and the captains of the several parishes, the clergy, the four high bailiffs, the two Deemsters, and the Members of the House of Keys follow in their

places. Then the bearer with " the swoard before him, holden with the point upward," preceding His Excellency.

The Manx Sword of State which is carried before the Governor at Tynwald was borne in front of the kings of Man from time immemorial. The weapon is considered to be of thirteenth-century origin, and is described as : " Three feet six inches and one-eighth in length ; but the point having been broken off by improper usage, it was no doubt some four or five inches longer originally. On each side of the sword, near the hilt, the arms of Man, with the legs girt in armour, appear."

The silk hats worn by the assembly as a whole must, I think, have been brought to Man by Orry himself, and bequeathed to the archives for use on great occasions. Hall Caine, late the honourable member for Ramsey, disdained the Orry headgear, and invented a hat for himself. His creative genius evolved one that had no counterpart on earth. A top-hat stands for the individual always, and if you have any imagination, are psychic even in the slightest degree, given the hat you can construct the owner. So with that of the celebrated author ; it stood alone, and was like no other. It was Hall Caine.

Arrived at the mount, upon which a solid phalanx of humanity struggle for a foothold—the ladies who have their votes being very much in evidence—the Governor seats himself beside the chair presently occupied by the Bishop of Sodor and Man, and the Court is " fenced," *Anglicè*, a sort of warning off, a

threat of dire penalties which will surely overtake a disturber of the harmony.

The fencing of the Court to-day is set about in the following words :—

" I fence this Court in the name of our Sovereign Lord the King. I do charge that no person do quarrel, brawl, or make disturbance, and that all persons answer to their names when called. I charge this audience to witness that this Court is fenced ; I charge this audience to witness that this Court is fenced ; I charge this audience to witness that this Court is fenced."

The charmingly picturesque ceremony of the delivering up of the wands of office—insignificant canes with ribbon attachments—by the coroners follows, and the First Deemster swears in the new coroners.

All legislative measures must pass both Council and Keys, and receive assent from the Sovereign before reaching the Tynwald promulgation stage. Up to quite recent years the laws were read out in full, first in Manx, then in English ; but to-day merely the titles of the Acts, with brief recapitulatory notices, are proclaimed in the two languages.

Special sittings of Tynwald are convened on occasion, and the same customs and procedure obtain as on the day of the great annual function. If the fifth of July falls on a Sunday, then the Court sits the day following.

The business on the hill duly completed, the procession re-forms and returns to the church, where the promulgated Acts are attested, and the Court stands adjourned.

And so on through all the ages, every year the same, save that each successive Tynwald as it comes round sees the crowd greater, the green sward surrounding the famous old eminence more like a replica of Barnum's than ever. The simple country fair of olden time, the engaging of the servants and the farm-hands, the bartering of cattle, is ousted by the roystering pushing cheap-jack, the pertinacious hawker, the fortune-teller, and the intinerant musician. The great concourse of freemen of Man gather to hear their laws read no longer. The glories of the sun of Tynwald sink low to the horizon, the relic of primordial times is but another raree-show for the summer visitor, and the whole proceedings of the ancient Parliament are regarded by the majority as an intensely amusing indigenous-to-the-country spectacle, got up specially and solely for their good entertainment. They look on with tolerant amusement, and go in between times for the style of humour peculiar to them. Almost everyone of the overflowing contents of the myriad *chars-a-banc* and brakes wear each other's hat. It is a real slap in the face for the traducer who said that the English take their pleasures sadly. At the bare idea of exchanging headgear with a neighbour happiness simply happens, as naturally as the success of a Kipling poem or the whimsicalities of a Barrie play.

Alas, poor Tynwald! Fallen from much of its high estate, forced into the hybrid condition of antiquity veneered by modernism, but interesting still, thought-compelling, and wonder-provoking by reason of its ancient history and memories. In Tynwald is memo-

rized a custom of bygone ages, for as the Manx proverb fittingly reminds us: "*Mannagh vow cliaghtey, cliaghtey, nee cliaghtey coe.*" (If custom be not indulged with custom, custom will weep.)

Many of the ancient statutes in Man which have fallen into desuetude of late years have never been repealed, and therefore presumably stand for law. There is a little story of one of the Governors, playing Pooh-Bah in the Appeal Court, being called upon to give his opinion as to whether or no a certain antediluvian Act was worth revoking, and without troubling to investigate the matter thoroughly, His Excellency pronounced the unrepealed Statute to be of no moment at all, whereupon a member of the Court pointed out how very awkward it would have been for everyone if a similar enactment, considered to be of no consequence at the time, had not been abrogated in 1697. And this was the revoked law: "All Scots to void the island, with the next vessell that goeth to Scotland, upon paine of forfeiture of his goodes and his bodye to prison."

The Governor happened to come frae the North himself!

History does not tell us the upshot of the whole affair, but it seems likely that many unrepealed Acts were "put upon the list" forthwith, with the comment from His Excellency that "they never would be missed, they never would be missed."

CHAPTER IV

TRADITION AND EARLY HISTORY

> But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage
> With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,
> Began a fresh assault.—*Macbeth.*
>
> With Sir John Stanley in the Isle of Man.
> *King Henry VI.*

THE Isle of Man has a wealth of tradition and history surpassing that of any other territory having an equal geographical area, and as it clings pathetically, with ever-lessening hold, to its fast-vanishing language, which received its death-blow forty years ago, when it ceased to be taught in the schools, and upholds its ancient forms and constitution, customs and privileges, proud relics of long-ago times, our hearts are ineffably touched by the spectacle of the grand little nation striding alongside, and, untarnished by many of the so-called benefits of advanced civilization, endeavouring to keep pace with its mighty neighbour of Great Britain.

The small country of some two hundred and twenty-seven square miles is a Palestine, full of holy places. From north to south, from east to west, are the grand and glorious relics of primordial times—times of so long ago that even to speak lightly of them is to juggle

with the centuries. The mysterious whispers of the distant ages call to us insidiously from the rugged mountain peaks, from the marge of the storm-washed rocks, ripple in the tinkling clamour of the streams, and keep an eternal tryst with the sighing wind as it sweeps gently over the sepulchres of the mighty dead.

"That's for remembrance!" murmurs the breath of the gorse-covered mountains. "That's for remembrance!"

Looking back over all the centuries, we see the little island

> Compassed murkily about,
> With ravage of six long, sad hundred years.

An era of fable and much fabrication, a strenuous time of pillage and wars which closed with the establishment of Christianity.

As to the exact period which saw the conversion, as also over the name of the first man to preach the Word there, historians differ. One or two contend that Crathlent, King of Scotland, influenced the isle to adopt the new faith, and sent Amphibalus as Bishop, A.D. 360. Others, again, hold that to St. Patrick the Isle of Man owes its conversion from paganism. All the conflicting statements are made without any real evidence, for there are no ecclesiastical records in existence which deal with an era previous to A.D. 1134. Christianity came to Ireland long before St. Patrick's Day, and the Irish monks at once set forth all over Europe converting and missionizing. It would seem unlikely then, if in their zeal and fervour these nomadic men of God passed by the small country lying so

close to their hand, a poor ravaged territory crying out for help and guidance. But—it can only be guess-work. There is nothing to tell us, very little to guide us.

The Cistercian monks of Rushen Abbey commenced the *Chronicon Manniæ* in the depths of the thirteenth century, and they began their list of the Manx bishops with Roolwer, who reigned at the end of the eleventh century. The Cistercians put on record that it was considered sufficient to commence their ecclesiastical "Who's Who" with Roolwer, because "We are entirely ignorant who or what were the bishops before Roolwer's time ; for we neither find any written documents on the subject nor have we any certain accounts handed down by our elders."

This chronicle, the oldest Manx record, the one authoritative piece of literature dealing with the Scandinavian period in Man, is now in the British Museum. Only the other day I held the wonderful relic in my hands. The worn, much-mended pages are set in the centre of other manuscripts, the whole bound together in a leather-covered book of small size. The parchment is in places very discoloured and smoky, and the writing, English Half-Uncials, shows with the whole of the ancient MS. the plain evidences of a hoary weight of years.

Following the establishment of Christianity, and up to the tenth century, princes from the adjacent isles in turn, as one by force of arms ousted the other, held sway, until a great warrior of Norse blood, said by some chroniclers to be the Orry of Manx tradition,

conquered and became the first Norwegian King of Man.

Into the period of early Scandinavian rule, the days of pillage and devastation by the Vikings, interesting and comprehensive though it all is, I do not propose to dip very deeply. The history of those strenuous times has been recorded again and again, and by very competent pens.

The Manx people count many kings of the first Norwegian dynasty. Historians give varying numbers, and the real dates of accession, as also the names of the ascended monarchs, are more or less—rather more than less—chimerical. Governor Sacheverell, in his *Account of the Isle of Man*, written in 1703, remarking on the remote period following the subjugation of Mona by the Northmen, gives it as his opinion that many of the said kings were just mythical imaginative creations, evolved from the fertile brains of the monks to amuse the people.

The Cistercians are supposed to have taken up their residence at Rushen Abbey in the reign of Olave Kleining (Olave the Dwarf), who had given to the Abbot of Furness great tracts of land for the establishment of a monastery. This monarch also gave to the churches of the isle great privileges and belts of country.

In all the enveloping quagmire of fact inextricably muddled up with fiction the historian treads cautiously, and the cleverest "chiel" among them only feels himself on safe ground as he trenches upon 1077, the date of the battle of Scacafell, or Skyehill, and the

conquering of the much-harassed island by Godred Crovan, who beat and killed in fierce affray the monarch of Man, Godred Mac Sytric. The name Godred in those days was something like the glut of Jameses and Johns with us to-day.

In Godred Crovan, a romantic commander and mighty warrior, who had subjugated the Hebrides and the Out Isles, Mr. A. W. Moore sees the outlines of the semi-mythical Orry, beloved of Manx tradition. Godred Crovan brought to the island the Scandinavian methods of legislation. So did Orry. The conqueror from the North was of superhuman strength. So was Orry. In all things Godred Crovan was more like Orry than Orry himself.

This Godred, son of Harald the Black of Iceland, happened to come as a fugitive to Man, and was kindly received by the reigning monarch. Observing the fertility and resources of the isle, and also the unpopularity of its King, Godred, rewarding hospitality in rather an unprincipled fashion, meditated conquest, and, returning to Iceland, fitted out an extensive marauding expedition. Tradition has it that the Icelandic forces were twice repulsed by the Manx, but on the third effort the victory in the great battle of Scacafell, as the verdant slope of Skyehill was then called, went to the Northmen.

This royal struggle is one of the landmarks of time in Mona ; poets have sung of it, great litterateurs have written of it. Down the corridors of time the echo of its clamour rings and trembles yet.

Under cover of the night the Vikings landed and

lay in *lager* for the night, and as the day dawned the craft and strategy of Godred placed three hundred men in ambush on the wooded hill, which stands sentinel to the higher mountains of purple and gold behind, dominating the plateau land through which the winding, rippling Sulby river flows to meet the sea.

The Manxmen held the ground on the outskirts of Ramsey, awaiting the expected on-coming troops of Godred from that quarter, and a small division of these presently engaged the attention of the islanders. Then, at the crashing volleying overture of sword beating against shield—Godred's signal—the three hundred, with pomp of artifice and excellence of design, fell on the unprotected rear of the enemy, who, in dense column, flanked by slingers and bowmen, with showers of stones, arrows, and spears, repelled for a while the overwhelming attack.

With his great sword ever a-swing Godred Crovan, clad in ring mail, a rare panoply, with golden pinions uprising from his gleaming helmet, carved a way through the solid ranks. Like grass before the mower fell all who opposed him. Holding his shield firmly by the cross bar within the boss, the giant Viking parried on its broad disc the battering onslaughts.

One agile thrower cast a spear so deftly that it pierced the uplifted shield, and struck through to the golden rim of the marauder's helmet. A low sigh like the breath of the wind in the trees sounded tremulous and startled, the victorious line of the invaders paused for an instant, then rallied and surged on, a relentless o'er-mastering wave.

To the men who had followed his fortunes from Iceland the new King of Man offered choice of land or loot, and those who chose the former were allotted the South of the Isle, the natives being forced to move to the northward. And with this arrangement the great injustice of the system of land tenure set in, an evil which was not remedied for centuries afterwards. No right of inheritance went with the holdings presented by Godred. The occupants were merely his tenants, his tenants-at-will.

The dynasty of Godred continued for close upon two centuries, and nine monarchs of his House are said to have reigned until the middle of the thirteenth century, when the small territory passed from King Magnus II, the last of Godred's line, to the suzerainty of Scotland.

The period between 1266 and 1405 was indeed a troublous one for the poor little land tossed from one to another, with all sorts of over-lords to harass the long-suffering inhabitants.

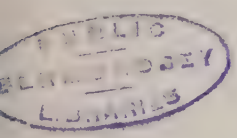
Robert Bruce besieged Castle Rushen in 1313, and afterwards presented the Isle of Man to the Earl of Moray. Shortly after the Battle of Bannockburn we read of the island being again devastated, this time by a lot of Irish free-lances. History here becomes very involved, and though historians make valiant efforts to fill in all the gaps, we cannot help feeling with Schlegel that "it is extremely hazardous to attempt the explanation of everything." This era in Manx history cannot be accounted for reliably. The middle of the fourteenth century saw the satrapy of English

kings once more established, and the over-lordship of the Isle of Man was bandied shuttlecock-wise from one favourite of the reigning monarch of England to the other. During the sovereignty of Edward III the island must often have wondered—if indeed the power of speculation was left to the much-harassed natives, whose condition was described by Edward I as "*Desolata et multis miseriis occupata*,"—to whom on earth they were to look.

Piers Galveston, Gilbert MacGascall, and Henry de Beaumont in turn wore the unstable crown of Mona. Knights who made no hobby of collecting islands sold the small territory to others who did. For a passing second the crown, which appeared to lie so uneasily upon every brow, went to Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, but with the rebellion of the Percies the island reverted once more to the giving of the English King.

At last the great dawning of the era of the Stanleys flashed across the grey horizon. In April, 1406, Henry IV bestowed the Isle of Man on Sir John Stanley, a most courageous knight, and valued adherent of His Majesty, "To him and his heirs for ever, with the regalities, franchises, and rights belonging thereto, with the patronage of the Bishopric, under the title of King of Man, *per servitium reddendi duos falcones*, by the feudal service of offering a cast of falcons to the monarchs of England upon their Coronation Day."

At the time of the accession of Sir John Stanley his new country was in parlous case indeed. For so long



a tumultuous battle-ground, the whole island was a neglected waste. Cultivation was at its lowest ebb, and in consequence of the insecure tenure of land agriculture played an exceedingly small part in the economic history. The power of ecclesiasticism was at its zenith, the Church was shark-like in insatiable rapacity, and the tithes levied on fishermen and landsmen were cruelly extortionate. A great portion of the land was held by the Barons of Man, all high ecclesiastical dignitaries, resident and non-resident. The most worth-having bits, together with mining rights, were possessed by the priests, whose immense and arbitrary power was all owing to the mistaken gifts of former Kings of Man. Olave of Man, one of the Godred dynasty, had even thrown away his power of appointing a bishop, and bestowed that right on the Church of the Blessed Mary of Furness, thus, in one fell swoop, depriving the Manx of any say in a matter so fraught with consequences to themselves. For the Bishop of the Isle had immense powers over life and limb, ran his own private gallows, and even up to the eighteenth century was only approachable on bended knee! To the King of Man the ecclesiastical potentate made some small pretence of allegiance, but it was very indifferent, very "Let's pretend."

In the great warrior Sir John Stanley, the outposts of Rome met with a decided "check mate." In expressly bestowing the gift of the bishopric, a mark of royal condescension almost unique, Henry of England put a trump card into the hand of his doughty knight.

The new King of Man never visited his territory,

and its government was vested in one Michael Blundell, a bit of an original, at a time when a spark of this excellent attribute stood out like a nimbus. Forsaking the tramlines of tradition, the Governor occupied himself during his sojourn in writing down all the laws which the over-freighted Deemsters had hitherto carried loose in their heads. Blundell felt that this haphazard system of administering State affairs contrasted ill with the carefulness of the Church, and its written laws and set measures, defining almost the exact amount of air a right-thinking Manxman was permitted to breathe.

The first member of the Stanley family to visit Man was the son of John I, upon whose arrival " the worthiest men did faith and fealtie to him as Heyre Apparent." It was to this Stanley that the Deemsters and Keys explained the constitution and ancient customs—a rescript given in Chapter III of this book.

On succeeding to the throne of his father, John II set about carrying into effect many salutary measures, and compiled an amusingly comprehensive code defining the powers of the Bishop. The ecclesiastical powers that were did not, evidently, take kindly to the new regime, for we read a pregnant manifesto from the King of Man addressed to the Bishop, ordering " The Abbots of Rushen, Furness, and Bangor, and of Saball, the Priors of St. Beade and Whithorne, and the Prioress of Douglas," all barons in Man, to come " in their proper persons within forty days, and if they come not to lose all their temporalities." Unsubstantiated tradition has it that the Prior of Whit-

horne failed to make faith and fealtie, and in consequence lost his barony.

In the great and lofty mind of Sir John Stanley, action and thought played engineer to all the great schemes for the island's betterment. The power of the Church reeled to its foundations as with regal power the Sovereign divested the priests of the much-abused right of giving sanctuary, a remedial measure which at once allocated wrong-doers to the jurisdiction of the civil authorities. The marvellous equipoise of all Sir John Stanley's reforms and laws is only equalled by their courage and steadfastness. In England at that time many crying abuses like those which Sir John dared to put down dominated the country, and reformation was not so much as hinted at.

John II was succeeded by his son Thomas, created first Baron Stanley, who is not really very famous for anything save that to him was allotted the task—said to be entirely apocryphal by many historians—of playing custodian to the Duchess of Gloucester, who was held prisoner on a charge of treasonable witchcraft against the King's Majesty. It was alleged that the Duchess, wife of Duke Humphry of Gloucester, with others "devised an image of wax like unto the King, the which image they dealt with so that by their devilish sorcery they intended to bring the King out of life."

Although we are shown the historical apartment supposed to have been occupied by Her Grace in the ecclesiastical prison beneath the Cathedral of St. German's at Peel, and although Shakespeare has by his

BRADDA HEAD

magic art kindled the dry dust of this tradition to everlasting fire, there is no authentic record extant to prove that either custodian or prisoner ever set foot upon the Isle of Man.

Baron Stanley's son was the great warrior of Bosworth Field, and his inestimable services were acknowledged by King Henry VII with an earldom. This powerful nobleman, occupying as he did many high and important offices in England, had little leisure to attend to insular matters, and the island was governed by deputy, often by cadets of the House of Stanley, who styled themselves lieutenants or captains.

The Earl of Derby married the Dowager Duchess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII, and died in 1504, being succeeded by his grandson Thomas. This monarch of Man resigned his regal title, saying that he considered the name of a great lord infinitely preferable to that of a petty king. In writing of it years afterwards, the seventh earl remarked that he did not know whether this action on the part of his ancestor was "one of modesty or policy." A little of both, perhaps, with a preponderance in favour of the latter. The next earl, Edward, was Lord of Man for fifty years, and if he ever visited the isle he made but little impression. The fourth earl succeeded in 1572, and was followed by Ferdinand in 1593. This noble is confidently reported to have been the victim of poison, administered to him, the story goes, by unscrupulous adherents who had used their utmost efforts to persuade the Lord to lay claim to the Crown of England, by reason of his descent from Henry VII. On the loyal Stanley refusing to

adopt this idea, his doom was practically pronounced. Certain it is that he died very mysteriously a year after coming into his lordship of Man. He left two daughters, and no son, therefore the baronies of Stanley and Strange fell into abeyance, and William, brother of Ferdinand, succeeded to the earldom. Now began a squabble royal among the relatives—and no quarrel can be more acrimonious and difficult of settlement—as to whom the Isle of Man belonged. William claimed it, his nieces claimed it, and finally the matter in dispute was referred to Queen Elizabeth for settlement. That high-handed dame settled the matter effectively by annexing the isle herself, and appointing a governor. It was during the suzerainty of Elizabeth that Castle Rushen became possessed of the wonderful old time-piece which still sets the hours for Castletown. Her Majesty presented the clock to the seat of Manx satrapy as a token of royal favour.

The vexed question of ownership was never settled in Elizabeth's day, and it was not until James I had been on the throne for some time that it was decided to award the Isle of Man to the daughters of the fifth Earl of Derby. By this time both had found husbands, the present over-crowded state of the marriage-market not having cast any shadows before; and, possibly because their husbands dreaded the necessity of residing on a distant island, with inadequate means of getting away from it, or because of indifference brought about by monotonous controversy, both heiresses willingly made over the isle to their uncle, the sixth

earl, with all their rights and privileges. The King, by Private Act of Parliament, 1610, re-bestowed Man on a Stanley, " in the name and blude of William, Earl of Derby."

As the throes of the Reformation rent England from end to end, the sweep of the rising turmoil engulfed the little territory in the Irish Sea. The statutes of Henry VIII, putting down monastic habitations, did not apply to the Isle of Man, and the monasteries of Mona were not completely dissolved until the reign of Elizabeth, and then the passing of them was not due to any statute, but by right of the might of a *Sic volo, sic jubeo* spoken by the English monarch. Rushen Abbey, for so long the home of the powerful Cistercians from Furness, was, I understand, the last monastic house in the British Isles to be broken up, and with its closure *sic transit gloria* the barons of Man. The Bishop alone remained.

As Elizabeth settled herself on the throne, the Captain of Man, in striking fashion, handed in " her Majestie's commands " for reading in the churches, a quaintly-worded formula putting down, on paper at least, every practice of the Church of Rome.

History does not tell us that the inhabitants tried to quit the country—nobody in those days could leave the island without a licence!—but in reading over Her Majestie's injunctions it is very clear to us that among all the hatefully puritanical abodes existent at that time the Isle of Man must have ranked high. Perhaps the natives did not really feel the edict or the imprisonment. With the sea as a permanent escape

ladder, an island had no terrors for a nation bred to regard the ocean as a mighty friend.

The autocracy of the Lord was now paramount; with his barons gone, his every authority was on the up-grade. The statutes of the isle confirmed and ratified his myriad privileges, and pages and pages of the Statute-book devoted themselves to regulating the mechanism of my Lord's domestic affairs. All allowances and rations were minutely settled, and the noble household must have been run on lines of the greatest economy, and the bills of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker reduced to a minimum. We read that most of the necessary household commodities were given, or sold, "at the Lord, his price."

"No man to have choice wine but my Lord, the Captain, the Abbott, or Archdeacon, and to drink it of free cost or else to have none, saving my Lord."

All things paid him toll. Treasure trove was his, wreckage, however valuable, toll of all fish taken was paid him, and the goods of felons also fell to the share of this great potentate.

As the Armada threatened, the immemorial ancient custom of watch and ward was detailed and elaborated. This system of keeping everlasting watch for possible enemies was "One of the Constitutions of old tyme that every man had to perform the duties of Watch and Ward." The usage was continued until after 1815. The watch-places, exclusive of fortified castles and strongholds, were many, and scattered about the island sentinel-wise. The look-out never ceased summer or

winter, night or day. Snaefell was the central conning tower, and all the surrounding hills played their parts in the safeguarding of Mona. South Barrule was originally called Ward Fell. At the sign of a strange sail every peak and summit blazed forth a flaming signal to the natives to hurry to the trysting places. All the inhabitants of Man, as the Lord's tenants, were compulsorily armed with bows and arrows, swords and bucklers, and these weapons of war passed from father to son and were called *corbes*, heirlooms.

We read of Governor Randolph Stanley asking the Deemsters, at the time of the threatened Armada invasion, to answer this conundrum :—

" I pray you certify me what punishment your laws impose on the Wardens of the Watch, if they do not nightly see the Watch sett at the hours appointed."

And the all-knowing law-men give it that " the Wardens are to be punished at the discretion of the Captain."

The Earl of Derby, who received back the island by special gift *en seconde noces* in the history of his family, gave up his interests and tenure in 1637, some five years before he died, to his son, Lord Strange, who had been for some time in full authority over the isle. To this outstanding figure in Manx history is universally accorded with proud acclaim the style and title of *Yn Stanlagh Mooar*, the Great Stanley.

CHAPTER V

MIDDLE HISTORY

This was the noblest Roman of them all.
Julius Cæsar.

The elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world,
This was a man.—*Julius Cæsar.*

The Great Stanley has been compared by one of his biographers to a Russian nobleman among his vassals, and the comparison is not inapt. In fact it is quite a tolerant way of viewing the autocratic character of the Earl. Most biographers have but two points of view; they either write with intention of making a man into a demi-god, or of branding him as a knave who has cheated the world.

Though the seventh Earl of Derby undoubtedly held lofty ideals for the betterment of his island, there always abode with him the settled conviction that a vast and impassable gulf lay 'twixt him and his inferiors. The teachings of his time were all for the slavish dependence of dependants, for autocratic sovereignty, and these tenets were imbibed and rigidly adhered to by this typical cavalier. By no means a perfect ruler, he yet strove to check the still unbounded

exactions of the Church, to evolve some degree of order from chaos, and his wide intelligence and princely diplomacy contrast oddly with one or two crying injustices of his reign. As a loyal servant of his King, for whom he showed his love by the giving of life itself, the *Stanlagh Mooar* ranks high among the gallant men who staked their all on the fortunes of the vacillating Charles. Such devotion was worthy of a better King, to whom the allegiance of the Earl of Derby under stress and storm was magnificent in spontaneity and generosity.

In 1627 the then Lord Strange appointed—an act fraught with vast after-consequences to the Stanleys—Edward Christian as Governor of the island, the Edward Christian so often confused with his kinsman William, called by the Manx *Illiam Dhone* (Fair-haired William), who has furnished poets with verses and historians with dissertations.

The Governor was described by his patron in the following illustrative words: "A Manxman born, as rude as a sea captain should be, but refined as one that had civilized himself half a year at Court, where he served the Duke of Buckingham."

For many years this choice of Governor seemed the inspiration of genius; but at last a little rift within the lute made itself apparent, and culminated in the following trenchant expression from my Lord, which sums up the whole situation: "But I observed that the more I gave the more he asked. After a while I sometimes did refuse him, and it was sure to fall out, according to the old observation, that when a prince

hath given all and the favourite can desire no more, they both grow weary of one another." The weariness evidently ended in crucial fashion. In 1640 Edward Christian was superseded as Governor by Captain Greenhalgh, of whom the Earl writes : " His ancestors have dwelt in my house, as the best, if not all, the good families in Lancashire have done. This certainly might breed a desire in the man that the house where his predecessors have served might flourish." In this connexion, dwelling on the ingratitude of his former favourite, the Earl made use of the old Manx proverb : " *Ta scuirrys y laue dy choyrt scuirrys yn veeal dy voylley.*" (When the hand ceases to give, the mouth ceases to praise.)

The acute crisis in monarchical affairs in 1642 caused the Earl of Derby to raise a considerable force and join his King at York. His staunch allegiance stood firm as a rock in spite of unjust suspicions and calumnies. The evil little bird was a-wing to whisper in the ear of Charles that Derby, even as the King himself, was descended from Henry VII. The disinterested devotion of the most loyal of subjects was contorted and misunderstood. We read of Prince Rupert informing the Earl of all " those undeserved jealousies and suspicions subsisting against him by the great ones at Court, and also of their vile and scurrilous suggestions and insinuations to His Majesty."

Through all vicissitudes the gallant Cavalier had no blame for his King. The King could do no wrong. The gross mismanagement which threw the Earl's own county of Lancashire into the Parliamentary cause

was never ascribed by the mortified nobleman to the detrimental policy which engendered it. On the little island discontent was rife. The crises of England were nothing to the wrongs of the natives, smarting under personal grievances which cried out for redress. They would pay no more tithes. They could live very comfortably without a bishop, therefore desired none. And, most shocking of all, without any "by your leave," or "with your leave" to my Lord, a wholesale invitation to "foreigners" to visit the sacred preserve of the Isle of Man had been extended by the Manx.

A ship of the Manx navy—the island boasted a navy in those days—was seized by a prowling Parliamentary man-o'-war. Everything seemed to cry aloud for attention and arrangement. And the Earl set out for his territory—visiting it, as it is thought, for the first time—leaving his great Countess to defend Lathom House against Fairfax.

With consummate tact the artful noble met the simmering islanders in tolerant and engaging fashion. "When first I came among the people," he wrote, "I seemed affable and kind to all, so I offended none. For taking off your hat, a good word, a smile or the like, will cost you nothing, but may gain you much."

The rising discontent was caused mainly by the exactions and rapacity of the Church, and the unfair system of land tenure, and to quell the local excitement Lord Derby convened a meeting that he might judge of the complaints, "and give best remedy I could; by which I thought those that had entered into evil designs against me, or the country, might have time to

find some excuses for themselves by laying the blame and charge upon others. Thus I chose rather to give them hopes, and prevent them falling into violent measures before I could be provided for them. I gave them a few good words, upon which they appeared easy, and departed."

The dragon of discontent was only scotched by these methods, and rose again, hydra-headed, to menace the Lord's peace. A second mass meeting was appointed at "Castle Peel, where," writes his Lordship, "I expected some wrangling, and met with it, but had provided for my own safety, and if occasion were to curb the rest."

His prophetic soul had seen the need of a detective-like intelligence department, who mingled with the people to ascertain "what likeliest might best content them. I had spies," continues the careful Lord of Man, "among the busy ones, who, after they had spoken sufficiently ill of my officers, began to speak well of me, and of my good intent to give them all the satisfaction their grievances required, and that if any man were so unreasonable as to provoke me, they would run to great hazard, as I had to maintain my actions, from which there was no appeal."

There spoke with clarion note the autocratic statesman, and it may be that his firm front might have lulled the clamour of the people but for the dramatic fact that the ex-favourite and ex-Governor Edward Christian was present, who, to quote once more the words of his one-time patron, "at the rising of the Court asked me if we did not agree thus and thus,

mentioning something he had instructed the people to ask, which very happily they had forgot. Presently some catched thereat. . . . I assured the people that they needed no other advocate than myself to plead for them . . . so I bade the Court to rise, and no man to speak a word more." The Earl naïvely adds, "Christian hereat grew very blank."

The Nemesis which would naturally overtake a man who set himself against the steel-like will of the island's monarch overtook Edward Christian, and he was tried by the Keys, on the charges: "That he had said that the Keys should be elected by the people. That the Deemsters should be chosen out of the twenty-four Keys, one by the Lord, the other by the people, and that they should hold office for three years only. That he had encouraged the people to resist the payment of tithes. That he had endeavoured to get Peel Castle into his power. That he had urged the people to behave seditiously to the Lord."

For these "greate and manifest misdemeanors" Edward Christian was incarcerated at Peel, where he remained for many years. An entry in the register at Maughold Church, where Christian is buried, defines the offence for which the ex-Governor was imprisoned as "Some words spoken concerning ye King when ye great difference was betwixt King and Parliament."

In the little world outside the grim grey prison which had swallowed up the unfortunate sea-captain great things went forward. The Earl set about investigating some of the complaints, and by way of a

start called on the clergy for explanations, and made promises of reform. With characteristic impetuosity he did not wait for some of these to take effect, and of his own immediate command put an end to the delightful arrangement of ecclesiastical grabbing which directed that all small tithes must be paid on Easter Day, and unless they were so, the Sacrament should be withheld! Lord Derby artfully altered the day of payment to Monday or Tuesday in Easter week, thus giving anyone who desired to take the Sacrament the opportunity of doing so.

Unfortunately the matter of the land-tenure was not dealt with in the same broad-minded spirit. It will be remembered that six centuries before Godred Crovan had granted to his followers portions of the island, which they held from him as tenants-at-will. In the course of years the people had come to regard the holdings as their own, without charter certainly, but so much their own individual property that they claimed the right of land-transmission from father to son. If there was no heir in the direct line it had become the custom for proclamation to be made on three successive Sundays, when the next-of-kin succeeded.

The Earl of Derby never ceased to regard the latter-day land tenure system as detrimental, and laboured strenuously to enforce his absolute ownership. In 1645 he manœuvred and cajoled the Tynwald Court into newly defining the right of holdings, whereby the tenants became mere leaseholders by law. Everyone had to make over his land to the Lord, who handed

it back on a marvellous lease arrangement, which brought him into possession again after no great lapse of time. The direct consequence of all this was a complete neglect of agriculture, and everyone turned his attention to the more profitable livelihood of smuggling, for which the island was the most splendid natural *entrepot* imaginable.

Before the promulgation of his most unfair Act Lord Derby left for England and hied him to Lathom, where he received Prince Rupert on the raising of the famous siege. The Battle of Marston Moor saw the warrior Earl in the fighting line again. He then returned to Man, whither his Countess, his children, and his chaplain, Rutter, had preceded him.

At the end of 1644 the Parliamentary Committee offered to do their best towards procuring the reconciliation of the Earl with the Cromwellian Government. His English estates were to be restored if Lord Derby would but yield the Isle of Man. To this it would seem that the gallant Cavalier did not deign a reply. He amused himself with fortifying his small territory and holding high revelry at Castle Rushen.

The Rev. Thomas Parr, then vicar of Malew, the quaintest Manx cleric of his or any age, describes a typical entertainment of the time, in the vivid word-painting with which he was wont to adorn his episcopal and parish registers, an admiring eulogy, forerunner of the exclamatory notes abounding to-day in the social columns of the Society papers. Indeed, I think that to Thomas Parr instead of Mr. T. P. O'Connor really belongs the credit of discovering the so-called

new line of journalism for the most part composed of comments on a circle in which, *à propos de rien* or very little, all the women are hailed as beautiful houris, each one possessing the very finest pearl necklace in the whole world, and the men inevitably as handsome dashing creatures, distinguished and amazingly amiable. If by some unlucky chance the subject in hand is ugly enough to smash a looking-glass to smithereens, then is he juggled into an intellectual *rara avis*, that doubtful port in a storm. The women of the Rev. Thomas Parr's world, as in Mr. T. P. O'Connor's to-day, could never, I'm sure, lucky dames, be plain.

Now let us read the *M.A.P.* of Manxland of A.D. 1643. "The Right Hon. James Earle of Derbie, and his Right Hon^ble^ Countesse invited all the Officers, temporall and spirituall, the Clergie, the 24 Keyes of the Isle, the Crowners, with all their wives, and likewise the best sort of the rest of the inhabitance of the Isle, to a great maske, where the Right Hon^ble^ Charles Lo. Strange, with his traine, the Right Hon^ble^ Ladies, with their attendance, were most gloriously decked with silver and gould, broidered workes, and most costly ornaments, bracellets on there hands, chaines on there necks, jewels on there foreheads, earings in there ears, and crowns on there heads, and after the maske to a feast which was most royall and plentifull with shuttings of ornans, etc. And this was on the twelfth day (or last day) in Christmas, in the year 1644. All the men just with the Earle, and the wives with the Countesse; likewise, there was such another

feast that day was twelve moneth at night, being 1643."

For some reason or other the Cromwellian Government did nothing further in the matter of annexing the Island until 1649, when the Earl was formally required to hand over his kingdom, a procedure which wrung the following magnificent reply from *Yn Stanlagh Mooar :*

" I received your letter with indignation and scorn, and return you this answer : that I cannot but wonder whence you should have gathered any hopes of me that I should, like you, prove treacherous to my sovereign, since you cannot but be sensible of my former acting in his late Majesty's service, from which principles of loyalty I am not one whit departed. I scorn your offers, disdain your favours, and am so far from delivering up this island to your advantage, that I will keep it, to the utmost in my power to your destruction. Take this your final answer, and forbear any further solicitation. For if you trouble me with any more messages on this account I will burn the paper and hang the bearer. This is the immutable resolution and shall be the undoubted practise of him who accounts it his chiefest glory to be his Majesty's most loyal and obedient servant

DERBY.

" CASTLETOWN, *July 12th*, 1649."

Following these grand words and bold, the Earl made a declaration of fealty to His Majesty, and invited all other faithful subjects to hie them to the island,

" where we will unanimously employ our forces to the utter ruin of those unmatchable regicides."

The Government retaliated by presenting the Isle of Man to Lord Fairfax, but no written trace of this Deed of Gift by the Long Parliament, said to have been effected on the 29th September, 1649, is extant.

No further attempt was made to annex the little country until March, 1651, when the Manx navy beat the Parliamentary ships in a mighty affray, and drove them back in great disorder.

April of that year saw Lord Derby in England, whence he returned again, and gathering together a strong fleet, besides " men of qualitie, and some Manks soulders," the redoubtable Cavalier, accompanied by Greenhalgh, hurried to England to assist Charles II. Sir Philip Musgrave, an ardent Royalist, undertook the Governor's duties, and with Receiver-General William Christian, a son of the Deemster of that name, kinsman of Edward, still in prison, in command of the insular troops, the brave Countess of Derby faced the situation nobly.

At first the tidings which reached the island were hopeful and encouraging, but as the turmoil and stress of repeated captures and disasters crushed down the leaping hopes of the loyal Derby, sombre words succeeded " the comfortable lines." Three days before his execution the Stanlagh Mooar wrote to his wife and told her of the strength of the Parliamentary force about to proceed against the Isle of Man, advising her to make no resistance " to the end that you may go to some place of rest where you may not be concerned

in war." Through this bravely beautiful and pathetic letter, which is given in full in Seccombe's *House of Stanley*, we see rising above its commanding courage the grim tragedy of what Mr. Edward Dowden would call "the setting of thick darkness on a human soul."

The Earl of Derby was defeated in an affray with the forces of Cromwell between Chorley and Wigan in Lancashire, but managed to get through to his King at Worcester, only to be captured in Cheshire by one Major Edge, who took the Earl "upon condition of quarter."

The trial of Lord Derby took place at Chester. He was indicted under the "Act for Prohibiting Correspondence with Charles Stuart and his Party," which was enacted on the 12th August, 1651. The brave Cavalier was virtually sentenced before he was tried, for on the 20th September Cromwell wrote to Colonel Rich, "Darbie will be tried at Chester, and die at Boulton."

On the 15th October, 1651, at Bolton-le-Moors, the gallant Stanley was executed, giving his life for his Sovereign.

The Countess, meanwhile, ignorant of the death of her husband, was having a none too easy time on the isle. Though there were probably two parties, a very strong section of the natives advocated going over wholesale to Cromwell. On hearing of the capture of the Earl of Derby, the Countess had communicated with Colonel Duckenfield, offering to render up the Isle of Man if her husband might be released.

On the 25th October, Colonel Duckenfield, with

twenty-four sail, three regiments of foot, and two troops of horse, made the island, seeing "the country people in what numbers they could make, both horse and foot, mustering in what strength they could engage, which for aught we knew was against us." The amiable residents of Ramsey, where Duckenfield's fleet anchored, headed by Receiver-General Christian, backed up by his Deemster relative, assured the Parliamentary warrior that their true intent was all for his delight. Only two castles in the island still held out, Peel and the residence of the Countess of Derby, Castle Rushen. All other forts should be handed over *instanter*.

The importance of the actions of the Christians has been raised out of all focus mainly by the genius of Sir Walter Scott in *Peveril of the Peak*. In the eulogies which now hail William Christian as the Manx Martyr, we cannot, in spite of poet's licence, get away from the patent fact that he was also suspiciously like that unusual anomaly, a Manx traitor.

After a time of storm, in which the very elements fought the battle of the Countess, a night of surging sea which drove one of the Parliamentary ships to her doom, Duckenfield landed, summoning the Countess to surrender her fortress. The bluff warrior used the words "the late Earl of Derby," in his ultimatum, and this terse expression was the first intimation the Countess had received that her great lord was no more. At this the wonderful woman became "extreamely passionately affected, as in a kind of fury," and any idea she may have had of surrendering the castle

JURBY POINT

promptly left her. She stood practically alone in her resolve to hold the fortress. Her Council, her Receiver-General, her Deemster, all had gone over to the enemy. Even gallant Rutter, the chaplain who assisted at the defence of Lathom, who some years afterwards became Bishop of Man, counselled surrender. At last, listening to his advice, the Countess offered to give up the castle on condition that her jointure be secured to her, that her servants' property be assured to them, and that all be given safe conduct to England.

Duckenfield vouchsafed no answer, and laid siege to the castle.

Within the great stronghold discontent raged among the traitorous henchmen. Some joined the besiegers, others wrenched open a sally-port and provided the enemy with safe conduct to the outer wall and tower. The day was lost, and on the 1st November the Countess yielded up her castle with all its stores, and Peel on the following Monday. She was accorded safe conduct to England, and her knights and followers received passes enabling them to go wheresoever they desired.

The Government next voted the island a guard of two hundred and forty men and two vessels to guard " and defend them from pirates," and to the messenger who took the glad tidings of the capture of the isle a hundred pounds was awarded. Deemster Christian and Receiver-General Christian were bidden to London to attend a Council under the most unrecognizable description of " two of the honestest and ablest gentlemen in the Island." Lord Fairfax then came into his own, and in due course John Chaloner, one

of the judges who sat at the trial of Charles I, but who withdrew before the close, was appointed Governor.

On the 29th May, 1660, Charles II was proclaimed King at Castletown, and all over the island the news was hailed with every sign of joy and thankfulness.

Once more a scion of the House of Stanley received back the dominion which had been lost to his family for eight and a half years.

CHAPTER VI

LATER HISTORY

The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone.
Julius Cæsar.

With the coming of an Earl of Derby to his country the island settled down to the new-old condition of things as though the great change to the Parliamentary control had never been. The days of the short-lived Commonwealth were conveniently forgotten. If we seek a reason for this turncoat method of procedure we have it, I suppose, in that oracular remark, that all-embracing explainer of impenetrable situations, " the swing of the pendulum." The pendulum swinging hard-a-port saw the Earl of Derby meting out punishment quietly and unobtrusively to all who had failed in loyalty to his House, the while the islanders looked silently on and endeavoured to play-act that the feelings of the whole community had never wavered from sentiments of faith and fealty to the rightful Lord. Transcending every other thought in the mind of Lord Derby was the passionate desire to punish William Christian, whose actions had so materially assisted towards the temporary downfall of the House of Stanley in the island.

On coming to the throne Charles II, as is well known, promulgated a General Act of Indemnity, and under the cloak of this supposed powerful protection *Illiam Dhone* returned to Man from England. At once Lord Derby, choosing to ignore the Royal manifesto, wrote from Lancashire to order the immediate apprehension of the ex-Receiver-General.

" Soe far forth as I may to revenge a father's blood, I take it to be a duty to command you (which I doe with these presents) that forthwith upon sight thereof you proceed against William Christian of Ronasway for all his illegal actions and rebellion, and that he be proceeded against according to the lawes of my island."

With lightning rapidity Christian was apprehended, and forced to stand his preliminary trial at Castle Rushen, and the evidence adduced unquestionably went to prove that he was, at the time of Duckenfield's arrival in the isle, the ringleader of a proposed general insurrection, and the moving spirit in a secret scheme for an attack upon the garrison at Castletown. The next move in this great drama was the demand of the Lord of Man of his Deemsters and Keys as to whether or no " the case of Mr. William Christian of Ronasway was within the Statute of 1422," which gave it for law that " whosoever riseth against the lieutenant, he is a traytor by our law, for that is against the Lord's prerogative."

Did the Deemsters advocate a " sentence without quest, or to be tryed according to the ordinarye course of tryall for life and death in this country " ?

The law-givers gave it that Christian must be tried

by the course of life and death, and on the 26th November, 1661, at Castle Rushen, *Illiam Dhone* was brought before a Court of General Gaol Delivery. Deemster Norris sat alone, Deemster Edward Christian, the prisoner's nephew, and not entirely blameless himself, being absent.

The Earl of Derby, with his mind fully made up as to the course he intended should ultimately be followed, now affected a total ignorance and innocence of the judicial aspect of the case. He became a veritable Rosa Dartle in his desire for information on matters which none knew so well as he. First, my Lord would know what happened in the case of a prisoner refusing to plead—a mistaken policy Christian had followed—and it may be that in this one item the thirst for knowledge was genuine, for in the answer of the Deemster that such a person would be " in ye mercy of ye Lord for life and goods, as we find by ancient records," Lord Derby suddenly realized that the sentencing of Christian, which he intended to foist on to anyone else, was in a fair way to be flung upon his own shoulders. Again the wily Lord summoned his Deemster and Keys and desired to have the information whether a person who would not plead, and who was in consequence, under the laws of Man, adjudged a traitor, was entitled to be tried by a Grand Jury. If such a prisoner was not worthy of trial, ought not the Deemster to proceed to pass sentence, and if the Deemster did not see his way to doing so who would, or could, or should ?

The case of Christian was evidently considered one

for hearing by a Grand Jury, and a Gilbertian pre-arranged trial took place. Lord Derby set the stage for the wild drama with managerial care and forethought. Seven of the Keys were superseded altogether by the Lord's command, and seven amenable minions substituted, and, with Attorney-General Cannel sitting as second Deemster in Deemster Christian's stead, the Court found no difficulty in coming to a conclusion that William Christian had forfeited any right to any mortal thing at all, and gave it that "the doome and sentence for life and death" must be pronounced by the Deemsters, or the one of them, "in due obedience."

William Christian meanwhile had appealed to King Charles, reminding His Majesty of the Act of Indemnity, and pleading for a fair trial, which could not be had on the island, and but for the unconscionable time occupied in those days for news to travel, this demand would undoubtedly have been *Illiam Dhone's* salvation. Some idea of the isolation of the Isle of Man, and its complete aloofness from the great humming world outside, even up to quite recent years, may be gathered when we remember that the victory of Waterloo was not known in Mona for six weeks after the battle had been fought.

The matter being satisfactorily adjusted from the Earl of Derby's point of view, the Deemsters were commanded to pass this sentence upon the prisoner: "That hee bee brought to the place of execution called Hango Hill and there shott to death, that thereupon the lyfe may departe from his body."

We can imagine the unfortunate *Illiam Dhone* waiting and watching for the news from England, for the reprieve which never reached him. Realize also the anxiety of Lord Derby to wreak his vengeance ere it should be taken out of his power to do so. Does not Bacon call revenge "a kind of wild justice"? If may be that in this wolf-like and cruel procedure the Lord of Man saw the only way by which his great father's death might in some sort be avenged.

On the last day of the old year Deemster Norris, in due obedience, passed sentence on William Christian, "in a patheticall speech!" Two days afterwards, as the New Year dawned brightly on the world, Christian met his death at Hango Hill—the place of the hanging—a little eminence outside Castletown, upon which a block-house stood. The ruins of it are to be seen to-day, and the Manx have it that the spirit of the ex-Receiver-General haunts his death-place still.

The strange superstition against letting blood fall upon the ground, which was so prevalent among the Manx people, a superstition which exists in lesser degree to this day, prompted the executioners to lay blankets down for Christian to stand upon. To let blood fall on the bare earth was considered in those days to be an unnecessary flight right into the face of Providence. Just asking for trouble.

The soldiers wished to bind their prisoner, but he would none of it. Pinning a scrap of white paper over his heart as a plain-to-be-seen target, *Illiam Dhone* himself gave the signal "Fire!" by stretching out his arms, and thus, all valiant, tasted of death but once.

Whatever else he was or was not, the ex-Receiver-General had no taint of cowardice about him.

The parish register at Malew records the sinister revenge of Lord Derby in these words : " Mr. William Christian of Ronaldsway, late receiver, was shott to death at Hango Hill, the 2nd of January, 1662. He died most penitently and most curragiously, made a good end, prayed earnestly, made an excellent speech, and next day was buried in the chancel at Malew."

The quaint entry is one of the inimitable gems inserted in the register by the Rev. Thomas Parr—to whom I have referred elsewhere—one of two conspicuous brothers who were clerics in Man.

The dying speech protested against " the prompted and threatened jury, a pretended court of justice, of which the greater part were by no means qualified." Disavowing all thought of treason, the ex-Receiver-General claimed that his actions did not, in the least degree, intend the prejudice of the Derby family.

In ballad and prose the life history of *Illiam Dhone* has been recounted again and again. In *Peveril of the Peak* we find his semblance in a personality inextricably muddled up with Edward Christian, just as Peel Castle and distant Castle Rushen telescope and intermingle. All this, of course, was artistic licence. Sir Walter Scott, whose brother lived in Man, was well acquainted with the actual history and happenings of Mona's Isle. It is now the generally accepted theory that *Illiam Dhone* was a patriot, with the accent on the " riot " perhaps, but still a patriot, a loyal subject, a martyr sacrificed for the country. The ballad of

Iliam Dhone voices the popular attitude, as in softening touch the poignant narrative sets forth the woes and wrongs of the " murdered " Manxman.

> Let no one in greatness too confident be,
> Nor trust in his kindred, though high their degree;
> For envy and rage will lay any man low;
> Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

The old ballad, which is to be found in the *Mona Miscellany*, was originally translated by George Borrow and published in *Once a Week* in 1862. There are not wanting out-spoken critics who call William Christian by another name than " martyr," and pull him down from the full meridian of glory. Hall Caine, with his knowledge of, and insight into, things Manx, writing of his long-dead countryman, says: " *He* a hero. A Manx Vicar of Bray. Let us talk of him as little as we may, and boast of him not at all. Man and Manxmen have no need of him. No, thank God, we can tell of better men. Let us turn his picture to the wall."

On the 16th January the belated reprieve came to hand, and Lord Derby was ordered by the Secretary of State to bring his prisoner to London for trial, and all that remained of the one-time captive lay in Malew Church! Now the finesse of the Lord of Man rose to histrionic heights. With great acumen he affected to regard the matter as of no sort of moment whatever, —a method of allaying suspicion, and wholesale glossing over which ought, by its very audacity, to have carried all before it. In a communication full of every-

thing under the sun other than the important subject in hand, the Earl made casual passing reference to one Christian who had " been condemned and executed by the laws of the Isle of Man," much regretting that the Secretary of State should have had any bother or trouble " concernynge " so trifling an affair.

Unfortunately for the well-laid plans of Lord Derby, the sons of the late Receiver-General appealed to England for redress, and the Privy Council, moving with unwonted rapidity, commanded the presence of everyone who was in any way implicated in the trial. The King in Council sat in judgment, and the Earl of Derby himself was obliged to give account of his procedure.

The only rebuke which the Council managed to administer to the powerful noble was to the effect that the Act of Indemnity was of course a Public General Act of Parliament, and ought so to have been regarded in the Isle of Man. The estates of the late Receiver-General were restored to his sons, and all costs of the play-acting trial were ordered to be paid by Lord Derby. Cannell and Norris, who made " the patheticall speech," received " condign punishment," whatever that might be.

Edward Christian, the one-time favourite of the *Stanlagh Mooar*, and the immediate cause of all the trouble, had been released from his durance vile by Colonel Duckenfield ; but after the Restoration he was again clapped into prison, where he died in January, 1661.

The Earl of Derby bestowed the bishopric of Man

A VALLEY IN THE SOUTHERN HILLS

on the worthy Rutter, staunch adherent of the late Lord of Man. Isaac Barrow succeeded Rutter on the death of the latter, and this potentate was the last of the Manx "sword bishops," clerics who doubled the part of head of the ecclesiastical see with that of Governor. After three more unimportant bishops the great Thomas Wilson, so famous for his discipline and his long struggle with the civil powers, accepted the bishopric of the isle, where he laboured fifty-eight years.

One of the first crying questions for redress to which Bishop Wilson turned his attention was the still shocking evil of the system of land tenure. The far-reaching consequences of so unfair a method of tenancy being so apparent to the prelate as he went among his people, the attention of Lord Derby was asked for by the Bishop, who advocated the necessity for a drastic change. So strongly did Bishop Wilson plead the cause of the islanders that the Earl of Derby came from England expressly to talk matters over. Unfortunately this noble did not live to see any good intentions which he may have entertained towards the Bishop's project carried into effect.

James, Earl of Derby, who succeeded in 1702, being a broad-minded and generous man, readily continued the negotiations thus begun, and to this Stanley, the last Earl of Derby to rule in Man, belongs the proud and immortal honour of having passed the greatest and most far-reaching Act in the annals of Manx history, a palladium of liberty, the Magna Charta of Man, known as the "Act of Settlement." Under the

beneficent operation of this Act, by consent and acquiescence of this second Great Stanley, an entire people was converted from mere holders of fragile leases to tenants whose tenancy knew no end.

Smuggling in the Isle of Man, the natural concomitant of the phase of landlordism which had made it hardly worth the while of a farmer to become an ardent agriculturist, had attained such proportions that the annual loss to Great Britain was estimated at £350,000 !

Everyone, rich and poor, had thrown themselves enthusiastically into the fascinating business, and few countries were better equipped by Nature for the headquarters of a great smuggling trade. The illicit trade of the island was not wholly put under until 1853, when the diminution of duties and the vigilance of the armed revenue cutters suppressed what had been for many years the staple trade.

As James, Earl of Derby, neared the close of his life, the Treasury made tentative efforts to arrive at some idea of the value set upon the island by its Lord, with a view to purchasing what had become a serious menace to the home Exchequer. Negotiations were closed by the death of Lord Derby, whose title went to a distant kinsman, and the Isle of Man passed, under the conditions which governed the re-granting of the small domain to the sixth Earl, by James I of England (which grant was to the effect that, on failure of heirs male to the sixth Earl of Derby, the Isle of Man should descend to the heirs general of James, seventh Earl, the *Stanlagh Mooar*) to Lady Harriet Ashburn-

ham, grandchild of the ninth Earl of Derby. Lady Harriet died a minor, and her territory in the Irish Sea passed in 1736 to the Duke of Athol, whose maternal grandmother was a daughter of the great Stanley.

The island still continued a record-breaking centre for the smuggling trade, and the last straw to break the back of the British Government was the passing of an Act, at the instance of the Duke of Athol, which made the isle for wellnigh a hundred years afterwards the sanctuary of British and foreign debtors, who fled to this Utopia in myriads. Of this Train, the much-quoted chronicler, records that it "rendered Man the sanctuary of the unfortunate and profligate of surrounding nations, who flocked thither in such numbers as to make it a common receptacle for the basest of their kind."

Of this degenerate period a whimsical versifier relates :—

> When Satan tried his arts in vain
> The worship of our Lord to gain,
> "The world," said he, "and all be thine
> Except one spot, which must be mine,
> That little place—'tis but a span,
> By mortals called ye Isle of Man;
> This is a place I cannot spare,
> For all my choicest friends live there."

With the passing of the Act of 1814 by the Manx Legislature, which nullified the mistaken one of 1736, and again made it possible to prosecute a debtor on the island for debts contracted outside it, his Satanic Majesty presumably withdrew these shocking aspersions.

James, Duke of Athol, died in 1764, and his daughter Charlotte, having married her cousin John, heir to the dukedom, inherited Man, and thus kept the small country in the family.

After many abortive negotiations the Duke and Duchess were prevailed upon by the British Government to make over in some part their over-lordship of the island, receiving as a solatium the sum of £70,000 and an annuity of £2,000 a year, together with the retention of many of the ancient rights, the possession of all minerals, presentation to the bishopric, and the proud feudal service. On the death of her husband the Duchess transferred all her claims on the Isle of Man to her son, who at once began to formulate a series of demands against the British Government, contending that his parents were not legally entitled to make away with their island, and that, if they were, the sum awarded was not adequate. Vigorous claims were put forward in 1781 and 1790. In 1793 the Privy Council offered the Duke—a sop to Cerberus—the Governorship of the Isle of Man, which His Grace accepted, and thus, with many of his hereditary rights intact, the Duke of Athol commenced a semi-royal reign which lasted for many years.

The last feudal service was made by this Duke on the Coronation of George IV, and writing of the picturesque ceremony the *Manchester Guardian* thus described the scene : " Among the feudal services the two falcons from the Isle of Man were conspicuous. Seated on the wrist of His Grace's hawking gauntlet, the beautiful peregrine falcons appeared in their usual

ornaments. The birds sat perfectly tame on the arm of His Grace, completely hooded, and furnished with bells."

It is stated, on the authority of Mr. Kermode of Ramsey, that the last coronation falcons were taken from the cliffs of Maughold, by a relative of his.

In 1829 the British Government purchased out and out from the Duke of Athol all his hereditary rights, regalities, privileges, and franchises, and the Isle of Man passed unreservedly to the Crown for the princely sum of £417,000.

On the completion of the purchase Cornelius Smelt remained in office as Lieutenant-Governor, and upon his death Major-General Ready succeeded. And since nobody and no country can be really happy without a grievance, the inhabitants of the little island found one in the fact that they were getting rulers trained to the use of the sword rather than that of the law. Manx Constitution demands that its Pooh-Bah-like head must sit also as Chancellor. "Therefore," said the natives, "give us a Governor learned in the law." Ever willing to oblige, the powers that were appointed the Hon. Charles Hope, and, as he was a member of the Scotch and English Bars, it was thought he might be able to cope with the Manx variety as well. Mr. Hope wrestled with the intricacies of the laws remarkably well, and introduced some measures which benefited the country considerably. On his resignation Francis Pigott, M.P. for Reading, succeeded, and earned instant unpopularity because he moved the seat of local satrapy from Castletown, the ancient

locale, to Douglas. In selecting Douglas as the hub of the Manx Universe, it is possible that Lieut.-Governor Pigott saw that the trend of things all pointed to the town as a coming sea-port and centre. To-day the various Government departments are all in the newer town, and Castletown, with its old-world fortress, the home of the Kings or Lords of Man, through the centuries, is left to dream sleepily of its ancient and royal recollections.

On the death of Lieut.-Governor Pigott, in 1863, Henry Brougham Loch was appointed in his place. The career of this able officer is too well known to need comment. He was succeeded in May, 1882, by Spencer Walpole, who governed the isle until he was appointed Permanent Secretary of the Imperial Post Office. Sir West Ridgeway followed, and Lord Henniker afterwards held the reins of government. This peer died at Douglas in July, 1902, and to-day Lord Raglan is Lieut.-Governor in Manxland.

CHAPTER VII

HERRING FISHERY AND SOME INSULARITIES

His bark is stoutly timbered, his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance.
Othello.

THE herring fleet have anchored in the port, and the night's catch is being transported from the nickeys to the shore. The staccato chatter of the gulls, "*Tuk-a-tuk-a-tuk! Tuk-a-tuk-a-tuk!*" wakened me at daybreak. On every nickey the big brown lug-sails are furled, but the mizzens of all are set stiffly. Deep blue-green rolling waves, slumbrous and gentle, break in ripples of foaming, sparkling drops of crystal against the black rampart hulls of the stalwarts. Lop! lop! lop! The sleepy sound of the myriad craft spurning the small wavelets as they dash in mimic wrath on the tarred sides comes rhythmically on the still air. Not a capful of wind stirring, but a purple riband of misty haze ominously outlines the horizon. A Manxman pronounces that word with level intonation, and gives the "i" no special recognition.

To-night is a night of nights for the Warrior. He is going "out to the herrings" for the first time! I have been so often myself I am getting *blasé*. Still

—I am going again. It is so wonderful an experience that it well bears the strain of undue familiarity.

Of *course* I know that herring is plural as well as singular! Why do you ask me? Niceties of grammar trouble the great blue-jerseyed fishermen not at all. They go out to the herrings, they catch herrings, they sell herrings. The herring, according to the Manx, is the king of the sea, as the wren is of the air. Long, long ago the fishes were derelicts, driven hither and thither as disputes of territory arose, for there was nobody to arbitrate and settle quarrels. Tradition *naïvely* says, "They had no Deemster to tell them what was right." Time came when a sovereign must be chosen, and all the inhabitants of the deep hied them to the Great Congress. Every fish tried to make the best of himself. The *bollan* re-tinted all his wonderful tones of purple and red, the carp polished his glittering flanks until he glinted sparks of golden fire, the fluke bedaubed himself with disc-like spots of vermilion and was so long in doing it that he arrived at the fish Tynwald far too late to vote. The herring, sheathed in his silver coat of mail, was acclaimed monarch of the deep. The disappointed fluke, with the memory of his useless strenuous labour strong within him, sneered contemptuously at the bare idea of electing so insignificant a fish as the herring King of all the Seas! And the sneer has remained about his mouth ever since.

The sun is just setting, lighting up a path of glowing glory for so far as the eye can reach, and the little village is drowsing in the slanting evening shadows as

THE QUAY FROM THE CASTLE, PEEL

we make our way down to the quay preparatory to going aboard our chosen nickey, the "Amy Moore." Her skipper's wife waves us a smiling adieu from the door of her white-washed thatched cottage, as she sits rocking the cradle of an embryo skipper, hushing him to rest with the song of every Manx mother of olden days, the quavering, haunting, melodious chant of the little *Ushag-reaisht,* the golden plover. On the sleepy silence the lightsome lilt breaks in murmurous lullaby. It sets one pondering, thinking of all the many babies who have heard the weird sweet song, and the many, many gentle mothers who have sung it down the centuries. It is very slow, very haunting, and the basis of the tune is hum-drum, " Here we go round the mulberry bush."

Ushag veg ruy ny moanee doo,
Ushag veg ruy ny moanee doo,
Ushag veg ruy ny moanee doo,
C'raad chaddil oo riyr syn oie?
(Little red bird of the black turf ground,
Where did you sleep last night?)

Chaddil mish riyr er baare y dress,
Chaddil mish riyr er baare y dress,
Chaddil mish riyr er baare y dress,
As ugh my cadley cha treih!
(I slept last night on the top of the briar,
And oh, what a wretched sleep!)

Our kindly hosts, eight of them and a half, help us to clamber over the gunwale. The half pushes strenuously from behind as he stands in the none-too-clean jack-of-all-trades punt which we came off in.

Presently it is hauled to the deck and set amidships. One after the other the sails of each nickey are hoisted, the first and second weigh anchor and begin to move gracefully, then a compact bunch, bows almost level, leave port together. On no one nickey must fall the ill-luck of being third boat out!

As the last rays of the sun glint on the lofty shoulder of Cronk-ny-Irrey-Lhaa, the powerful vessels glide, lightly as strong-pinioned sea-birds, towards the fishing grounds. Gradually the little colony breaks up, and sails the seas at varying distances. The faint grey outline of the Mourne Mountains looms ahead; almost one can pick out landmarks! My fancy paints white-washed cottages pencilled against a world of green. The Warrior says it is just imagination, that we are so far from Ireland we cannot really see the substance, only a very shadowy shadow.

The faint odour of the nets is in the air, and the gigantic lug-sail keeps the best of a freshening breeze. A Manx fishing boat can stand up against a hurricane. Well-built and seaworthy, they combine lines of usefulness with the speed of a yacht. Fully equipped, the value of the latter-day nickey averages £750.

We are to have supper before the nets are shot. I always shrink before the lavish hospitality of these kindly seafarers. It is so overwhelming. My big blue-banded cup holds so very much, and ship's cocoa needs such a good sailor to tackle it with any sort of success. I am but a play-acting mariner, and the tiny cabin, *multum in parvo* of a fishing boat, is so close and stuffy. The small stove blazes away, and the boy—a

youth who does the odds and ends of everything—turns over the frizzling, spluttering herrings.

"One, please," I say, in trepidation.

"What's the good of one at you, at all?" quibbles the *chef*, obliterating my plate with a giant helping.

Furtively he watches me, ready to instruct. As though I did not know! Everyone in Manxland understands that you must not turn a herring on your plate, although it does not matter in a pan. You remove the backbone as the fish lies. If you do any ill-advised turning, then there is every probability of the ship from which the herring was caught turning turtle also.

If you do not regard herrings as your natural food, and take to them as an Englishman does to beef, or an Innuit to seal-oil, then you are not a real Manxman, only a make-believe. Tradition records that when the Duke of Athol came into his domain of Man, he was so desirous of converting himself into a colourable imitation of a Manxman that he ate twenty-four herrings straight off the first time he breakfasted in Mona,—a herring for each Member of the House of Keys! If His Grace didn't feel himself a Manxman when the meal was over, it certainly was not for want of trying.

Careful historians—the literary bandits who rudely shatter so many of our most cherished fancies—say that what the Duke really consumed was a small piece at the back of the head of twenty-four herrings, the most succulent morsel. They maintain—these tradition smashers—that twenty-four herrings whole would be rather much even for a duke!

I go on deck ere long, a combination of herrings and fo'castle driving me to seek the air. Below, in the depths of the cabin, prayers are being said, and up the companion the rugged extempore words of the skipper float murmurously, interspersed with the emphatic ejaculations, all very earnest and heartfelt, of the crew.

Now to the setting of the nets! In olden times the herring nets were home-made from home-spun hempen thread called by the Manx *jeebin*. The industry of manufacturing cotton nets sprang up early in the fifties.

The nickey is brought head on, and gradually the fathoms of brown mesh are paid out to starboard and drop astern. So on and on until the top of the nets is reached, and the great head-corks, inflated, tarred, whole sheep-skins, caricatures of former grace, float on the purple-black waves. Inaction sets in, a drowsy time of inertia. The stars, like little marguerites peeping out from a coverlet of ultramarine, overspread the heavens, and threading through the star-sown way trails the shimmering misty path which is called by the Manx "*Yn raad mooar ree Gorree*"—the great road of King Orry.

It was at the Lhane Mooar, near Ramsey, where the great artificial drains of the Curragh now meet the sea, that Orry, the first of the line of Norwegian Kings of Man, landed æons ago. His great fleet of shadowy Viking ships made the isle as night had fallen, and all the sky was luminous with a glorious wealth of stars. The wind was light, and the enormous lugsails could

PEEL BAY

not alone propel such weighty crews. Thirty-two great oars, or "sweeps," sixteen of a side, pulled by as many men, drove each ship over the quiet waters. That each vessel contained warrior crews of some strength was evidenced by the number of shields hung all round the gunwales. A large oar, the "steer-board," was affixed to the right-hand side of every ship, and at the peak of the foremost a flag, crimson, with a jet black raven, fluttered and realistically flapped in the gentle breeze. The bows of this mighty vessel were carved roughly into the form of a dragon's head, gilded, with lurid eyes aflame, and at the stern curved a monster tail, going up and up until it shadowed the giant Norseman standing at the "steer-arn." The wonderful Viking figure, now dear to Manx tradition as is Owen Glendywr to Wales, robed in a red tunic with a golden border, trousers of yellow leather, cross-gartered from knee to foot, with a trellis-work of golden bands, was the Orry of tradition, Godred, or Godred Crovan, to be precise.

The great ships were broached on the sandbanks, and the Berserk, his yellow hair crowned by a leather cap with a comb of red, the civil dress of warriors, stepped ashore to meet the few frightened natives who, wondering, questioning, would have the Viking tell whence he came and why.

"That is the road to my country," said King Orry, in the Volapuk or Esperanto of the time, pointing to the Milky Way, streaking off to the northward; and this beautiful symbolical remark has sung through the centuries, and up to our time the gossamer path

across the heavens is called by the Manx "*Yn raad mooar ree Gorree.*"

The gleaming lights of fifty fishing boats shine all about us—a little town at sea. Every one of the crew, save a solitary watch-dog, faithful attendant of the cheery skipper, is below, and the huge bunks, set around the fo'castle, airless compartments, Black Hole of Calcutta-like, receive the drowsy fishermen. Presently Morpheus holds them. Stentorian snores break the silence. Even such prosaic reminders cannot quench the romance and witchery of the night. A gull, lonely sentinel of the deep, cries somewhere, its chatter changed to indescribable desolation of solitude. The "lil islan'" is lost to sight. Up to a short time ago a gleaming necklace of lights had hung low about her shoulders. Gone now—the world is sleeping.

Sunrise! The first blush of the morning tinges the grey clouds, and from the amber-hearted dawn Phäethon in chariot of gold drives his molten steeds in shafts of quivering light across the dimness of night's still brooding shadows, putting the stars out. Afar on the dim horizon, wrapped about in a gauzy mantle outlined in fire, the little island is sighted once again.

Rising clear out of the enveloping mist stands Cronk-ny-Irrey-Lhaa, the Hill of the Rising Day, its summit touched with the splendour of the morning sun. This beautiful and poetical name has been bestowed because its rounded peak at sunrise gives the fishermen the time for the net-hauling.

The nickey's crew, clad in yellow oilskins and big

sea-boots, prepare to bring in the nets. The capstan clicks heroically, and slowly, laboriously, the dripping spoil come aboard, the water running in rivers to the scuppers.

The great still deeps of the nets seem an abyss of mystery. Such a well of possibilities, of secrets of the deep, of weird, grim, illimitable tragedy ! The memory still lingers with me of a golden dawn, of a laden net, heavy and sagging, ominously torn, and I see again the fearsome outline of a blue-clad form, terrible in stillness, with a knife upstanding between its shoulders !

There is nothing eerie this haul. Just a marvellous mass of fish, and curtaining the whole, enmeshed with the iridescence, is a wonderful tangle of every shade of weed, gorgeous sprays of blood-red sea-fern, pale star-like flowers of the deep smothered in leafy foliage, an artist's dream in colour. The myriad tints of browns and crimsons, delicate and æsthetic, push off into the silver of the shimmering herrings. Little arrow-like tongues of phosphorescent light outline the meshes.

The weed is ruthlessly tossed back to the sea, and in a Niagara of crystal the catch comes in, nets and all, into the net-hold.

Our ship heads for home, and every vessel of the little colony of the sea turns almost at the same moment with clock-work precision.

The boy serves breakfast, herrings again, the freshest herrings you have ever tasted ; but a short space ago and they were swimming free as the sea itself.

All the fishermen climb on the edge of the net-hold, and set about releasing the prisoned catch, throwing

the fish nonchalantly into the next compartment. There are a few other captures besides the glut of herring, monsters too large to be welcome, for such giants play sad havoc with the nets. Two huge cod-fish, a small writhing conger, small *for* a conger, a fearsome ray, some sportive dabs, who turn somersaults of vexation as they are taken from their element, strangely silent and inert now. The morning sun shines on the silver glory of the gleaming spoils. A good night's work. Our skipper says we have " done well, and a thrifle batthar."

A snow-white trio of majestic gannets fished assiduously in our wake, rising high, high into the blue, and then descending from the great height with arrow-like darts to the surface of the sea. It is a wonderful sight to see these winged fishermen at work. Such swoops, such darts, such marvels of spontaneous action, such command of the air, such knowledge of all the laws of graceful flight !

Gannets are sometimes caught in the herring-nets. Tempted by the glittering silver just below the surface of the sea they dive to destruction. I remember a sad day when one of these exquisite birds impaled itself through the beak on a too-near-the-surface hook of our long line. But it is a gloomy story, and I'll not tell it you.

In the Museum at Castletown there are some copies of unpublished sketches in the British Museum, dating from the seventeenth century, and one of them portrays " A landskip with gaunts." Two gannets sit on a rock, a thing they rarely, if ever, do in the Isle

of Man, and the words, " being birds that mount like falcons i' th' aire, and when they see their prey strike into the water," explain exactly how these seafaring creatures do conduct the *modus operandi* of their fishing. The gannets fly northward at night, towards Ailsa Craig, and never nest upon the island.

As we glide into port one after another, we see the waiting carts and would-be buyers standing on the quay. Each skipper disposes of his catch so much a maze, more often than not spelt "meaze," which is six hundred and twenty fish.

In the days before the Isle of Man passed to the British Crown the Lord claimed one maze, or its equivalent, out of every five, and his revenue from this source during the halycon days of the local herring fishery was considerable. The Church also, from such remote times as 1291, levied a toll on all fish caught, and received this tithe up to the end of the eighteenth century. Well might Bishop Wilson add the little petition to the Litany : " That it may please Thee to restore and continue to us the blessings of the sea," which is still used in the churches of Man.

The Warrior and I go ashore with a row of shimmering gift-herring, strung on a knotted osier thong. In the " little harbour," a sheltered cove tucked away in the greater, " Johnny-Polly " is adding to the number of the crabs in the " stews " half a dozen more. So the garnering goes on until a sufficient number are in hand to make it worth while to send the lot to the English market. In the big hamper the poor shellfish, just submerged in sea-water, live for a week or

more. Lobsters cannot be meted out such treatment or they go off in condition.

As we tread our way homewards through a short cut across the rock-strewn shore, two infinitesimal Manx boys are making pretence to gather limpets, " flitters," as they call them, playing pranks between whiles. One has a mind to form a miniature lake on a rounded boulder where no water ever lodges.

" You're squartin' the wather at me ! " complains the atom directly in the way of the irrigator.

" Come off the rock I want to squart the wather on to then ! " returns the enthusiastic splasher, in the high sing-song of the Manx children.

Tragedy hangs on the heels of our home-coming ! A wandering, marauding cat had eaten up the entire family of the blackbirds who had been a joy to us from earliest spring. Perhaps the parent birds will never nest near us any more ! There's a ruined *tholthan* at the bottom of my garden ; the roof is off, and in the still standing chimneys masses of ivy and green *tramman* run wild. In the tumbled-down grate overgrown with *cushag*—poor outlaw by Act of Tynwald !—our blackbirds had got well under way with a second family, nestlings who have made a Roman holiday for a treacherous feline. We held the *tholthan* sanctuary against all comers.

The Warrior's henchwoman says " the lil *Lhondhoo* " mother flew in the very face of the enemy until the sated creature fled away.

Manx people call the blackbird " *Lhondhoo* " because " *lhon* " is thrush, and " *dhoo* " means black. Black

PEEL HARBOUR

thrush. Is it not a poet's name? All the Manx are poets at heart.

Around the *Lhondhoo* and the golden plover, the *Ushag-reaisht* of Manx nomenclature, "bird of the waste," is hung one of the prettiest of the folk-legends abounding in the isle. It has been told very often, and told very well, but it is so charming it will bear repetition once again, I think.

Ancient history has it that once on a time, in a far-off bygone age, the golden plover did not live on the highlands, amid dreary wastes of heather-grown mountain scarps and wind-swept moors, but down in the sheltered glens, near the shady pools, where the blackberry grows a-riot. The blackbird had his habitat where the golden plover lives to-day, and never then sought the lowlands, because he knew them not, or their beauty and myriad comforts. One day the two birds met as they flew to the confines of their little worlds, and in an evil moment the *Ushag-reaisht* described the lush green glens and sequestered nooks where life was a smile and a song. The *Lhondhoo*, fascinated, begged to be allowed to change places for a week, and so it was arranged, each bird flying off into the unknown. The wily *Lhondhoo*, growing daily more in love with the dells and dingles and mild atmosphere of the lowlands, resolved never to go back to the bleak, windswept mountains,—to conveniently forget the day of returning. The *Ushag-reaisht* kept the tryst, but the *Lhondhoo* never came, and now the former calls for ever in sweet reproachful pipe :—

"*Lhondhoo, vel oo cheet, vel oo cheet?*"

("Blackbird, are you coming, are you coming?")

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And the well-contented blackbird, resolved to stay where he is so happily placed, answers briskly :—

" Cha-nel dy bragh ! Cha-nel dy bragh ! "
(" No, never ! No, never ! ")

Then very sadly, very mournfully, with philosophical acceptance of the situation, the poor *Ushag-reaisht* whistles forlornly :—

" T'eh feer feayr, t'eh feer feayr ! "
(" It is very cold, it is very cold ! ")

In this beautiful old legend it will be noticed what a wonderful imitation is given of the representative calls of the birds; the liquid notes of the blackbird and the alluring whistle of the plover both so perfectly reproduced. The birds of Manxland, as patriotic birds should do, sing their songs in the language of the country, and all have Manx names.

I believe I have kept you waiting all this long time until I am pleased to speak seriously of the celebrated Manx cats and chickens, tailless flesh and fowl of Mona. I have been silent the while I have been thinking, cogitating however I am to explain these strange phenomena. And—I just cannot ! I know that these freaks of Nature do exist in dozens in the isle, seem, indeed, indigenous ; but why and wherefore I am not clever enough to fathom. Perhaps only a Darwin could do it—only a Darwin determine the origin of species. That master mind held that all types have their exceptions. Perhaps the exceptions in the cat and chicken genus hied them, ages ago, to the Isle of Man, and there started the race of cats and fowls

which we speak of as Manx. One great naturalist considers that the tailless felines were imported from Japan somewhere about the seventeenth century. Others, again, maintain that the Manx cat is the outcome of a spontaneous deviation from the normal. It is difficult to account satisfactorily for the odd creatures, and perhaps the simplest of all would be to accept the poet's version. With an artist's licence he explains the whys and wherefores thoroughly :—

> Noah, sailing o'er the seas,
> Ran high and dry on Ararat;
> His dog then made a spring and took
> The tail from off a pussy cat.
> Puss through the window quick did fly,
> And bravely through the waters swam,
> And never stopped, till high and dry,
> She landed on the Isle of Man.
> This tailless puss earned Mona's thanks,
> And ever since was called Manx.

The islanders themselves always refer to their tailless felines and chickens indiscriminately as " rumpies," accenting the three last letters, and getting it to " ees." A self-respecting Manx housewife would not think of supporting a cat who boasts a tail ; she regards such an animal as an all too fashionable creature of impossible airs and graces. A " rumpee " it must be in a Manx cottage, or no cat at all.

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, we know (and if we did not we should soon grasp the fact from a regular perusal of the society papers), and in the sight of a loyal Manx citizen no cat is beautiful who waves aloft a tail, however furry and resplendent. *Pour moi*,

I cannot see much to admire in the pussy minus her caudal appendage. She looks ridiculously undressed and unfinished, almost a caricature ; but in the hens I can find quaint charms. With their " waterfall " backs of curving feathers they are the prettiest oddities of the hen-yards.

I wish I really knew, and if I knew I would tell you at once, how it is that Manx cats and chickens do seem to belong to, and thrive and flourish more upon, the Isle of Man than in any other part of the world. That they are not the exclusive property of Mona we know. Accidents will happen in the best regulated families. I once owned a couple of hum-drum cats in far distant Montana, U.S.A., a pair of grey mongrels fitted out with irreproachable tails ; and lo ! when the first batch of kittens appeared on the scene we were astonished to find that every furry atom was without a tail ! A good specimen of a Manx cat has no tail at all—nothing but a little tuft of fur, with a cobby body, and face of extraordinary cunning ; others, again, also real Manx cats, have an inch-long stump. I say " real Manx " because quite a lot of the pussies you see with tiny stumpy tails are manufactured articles. In the days of my inquisitive youth I discovered that many tailed felines were docked yearly to meet the insistent demands of the summer visitors who want to take back to England a living representative of the famous Manx cats. There are, I think, many more pussies in the island without tails than with, but still not enough to go round. When the docked tail is healed up few are the wiser. Ten shillings—the usual price asked—

is ten shillings, however you get it. The potent words of the philosopher have penetrated afar. "Get money, honestly if you can, but get money."

I know of an expensive crateful of chickens who sailed away to England, and after a short sojourn in a Lancashire hen-yard the new-comers all sprouted splendid tails! But the person who cannot tell a Manx rumpy hen from a make-believe affair is unsophisticated, indeed. The feathers of the real article are so wondrously fashioned, and rise over a comical little eminence, to curve over in graceful downward slant.

The Manx people are (naturally) so very used to their tailless cats that they find it difficult to understand the interest and astonishment of a visitor who views the famous animals for the first time. I heard a quaint little story the other day in this connexion. Kelly, the guard, a well-known local worthy, who died recently, was scurrying past the ticket office as the station cat walked out. An ecstatic visitor taking his ticket turned to the hurrying guard, and with delighted questioning appreciation said, "Manx?"

"No, 12.30 express," answered Kelly laconically.

Up to a century ago the common wild cat (*Felis catus*) was accounted the progenitor of all domestic cats, but to-day naturalists discover the origin of our "fireside sphinx" in the many-named Egyptian, Libyan, or Caffre cat (*Felis libyca*).

In the utilitarian rifling of the vast charnel-houses set in the fields of Speos Artemidos, many of the little swathed mummies, much-loved pensioners of ancient

Egypt, were found to be minus tails! Perhaps the sacred roamers of the temples of Bubastis and Beni Hasan were the ancestral prototypes of the cats of Manxland. If we might but unwrap some of the tightly bandaged mummied felines in the great collection at Boulak, we might perhaps be able to link the companions of the Pharaohs with the "rumpees" of Mona's Isle.

Archæologists and antiquarians, who know everything nowadays, and can lucidly connect the Chinese with the Hittites, the Chaldeans with the inhabitants of Mars, have not "hitched up," as the Americans say, the Egyptian pussy with the Manx. And yet the Roman colonists in Great Britain possessed many specimens of the "harmless, necessary cat," as is evidenced by discovered remains. The Romans traded with those ubiquitous inter-traders the Phœnicians, and with a little ingenuity and some imagination I see no reason why we should not trace the direct descent of the Manx cat, viâ the Romans, together with all domestic pussies, from the *Felis libyca* of Egypt.

Mommsen, the German historian, refers somewhat reproachfully to the manner in which antiquarians pass their time—he said "pass," but he meant waste really—in hunting for replies to questions which simply cannot be answered, and if answers were forthcoming they would probably be quite unimportant. Surely everything is important to the seeker after unpossessed knowledge, and therefore, however immaterial and trivial it seems, and absurd as the great Mommsen, an' he lived, would consider it, I beg some

delver into the abstruse to tell me whether the Manx "rumpee" really can trace a proud descent from the very dawn of history, back through dizzy centuries of time to the sacred cats of royal Egypt, or is he just a mere perpetuated freak?

There is an old existent tradition to the effect that the tailless cat came to Man viâ the Spanish Armada. From out the wrecked galleon thrown on to the scarps at the foot of Spanish Head came a half-drowned kitten, minus a tail, progenitor-to-be of the world-famous "rumpees." Unfortunately—for it is a charming little story, and I would it were really true—there is no record of a Spanish vessel ever having been cast on the rocks of Mona's Isle. Such an event would certainly have received official notice in the chronicles of the time.

Mr. Louis Wain, titular god of cats, on whom the mantle of the gracious Pasht has surely fallen, says that the Manx rumpy was called the Cornwall Cat a hundred years ago, and that the Cornish feline was arrived at from some imported Abyssinian cats. Cornwall may have had its tailless pussies also, but the Manx genus has been resident in Man for a much longer period than a hundred years. It is not very difficult to go back so long. By talking to the really aged folks of the island one may easily shake hands across the space of a century. They can delve into untold ages, and always in the luminous remembrance of the household of their mother's mother a Manx cat sits by the *chiollagh*, warming itself by the smouldering turf fire.

I am old enough to dimly remember the kitten which was considered beautiful enough by the inhabitants of Port Erin to present to Mr. Gladstone as truly representative of the island's tailless cats during his visit to Mona. Our gardener's wife had an inexhaustible supply of the real and manufactured article, and from her numerous treasures a comical black and white atom was selected and duly offered to the Grand Old Man. We decorated the kitten in readiness, tying a huge bow of red ribbon round its infinitesimal neck; but Mrs. Quilliam, with a fine disregard for colour meanings, tore it off, and adorned the baby creature with a vast blue tie, which she said "bet all," and, what was more, suited the small thing's complexion.

Certainly the black and white kitten looked "mortal gran', for all," as it was carried off for presentation to the island's welcome visitor. There were many quaint stories going about after Mr. Gladstone's sojourn. Some of them were chestnuts in the ripest stage before they were picked locally, but the following little tale will bear retelling because it so comprehensively illustrates the independence of the native character. Anything with a flavour of patronage, meant or unmeant, raises ire at once.

Mr. Gladstone made a detour across a small holding in Rushen, and his way lay through the *haggart* where the stacks are harvested. A strong, powerfully-built Manx woman stood throwing up the straw to the stack, using her fork as deftly and quickly as a farm labourer.

"That is very hard work, my good woman," the

Grand Old Man is reported to have said graciously, "but you look well and strong. May I ask how old you are?"

The toiler scarce turned as she answered sharply, "How oul' art thou thyself, thou imperent oul' man?"

The worst—or is it the best?—of these taking little stories of catapultic variety is that one never hears the end. There must *be* an end. We do so long to fathom it. But always the annoying veil falls to curtain the interesting finish, and we fear, if we question further, to be charged with a love of anti-climax.

CHAPTER VIII

A CRUISE ROUND THE ISLE

> And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
> The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile.
>
> *The Tempest.*

> Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
> Of watery Neptune.
>
> *Richard II.*

THERE are so many beauty spots in Mona which can only be viewed as a whole from the seaboard that I think you must set out with me on a mythical summer excursion, the while, like Ariel, I put a girdle round the little world and show you all the qualities o' th' isle. We set out from Douglas and curve across the semicircle of the beautiful bay towards the grass-covered cliffs of Banks Howe, passing directly in front of the modern town with its huge boarding establishments and dancing palaces nestling by the slumbrous summer sea, bordering the whole semilunar sweep of the inlet, its glaring whiteness backed by the green hills and highlands rising tier upon tier to merge with the lofty mountain peaks of the interior.

On, past the frowning escarpment of Clay Head, across whose seamed serrated edges the restless sea-birds streak in whirling bands of white and grey. The

MAUGHOLD HEAD

wonderful blue-green sea thuds into the caves, and on the face of the shining waters the opalescent clouds, fragile and filmy as gossamer, reflect in patches of fringed shadow their changing passing evolutions.

We are so close to the rocks that in the translucence of the sea we can watch the weed moving and waving in the flower garden of the deep, a world of labyrinthine colour, and follow for a moment the darting shoals of silver fish flashing with lightning speed through the phosphorescent green. Little glens burrow upwards from the coast-line, lovely emerald-tinted rifts lost in tree-filled luxuriance, but near Laxey the rocky rampart of the isle frowns fiercely once more, and black forbidding cliffs rise up and up in menacing grandeur. The little village of Laxey lies in the hollow cup of two green rounded *cronks*, and creeps down to the baby harbour, with its pier in miniature.

Many beautiful inlets indent the face of the rocky wall to the northward; Port Mooar, the Dhoon, all beauty spots of Mona, and Corna Glen, pronounced Cornay, bewitchingly pretty; and from here runs the cable to St. Bee's Head, which brings the island into telegraphic communication with England.

Southern outpost to Ramsey stands the humped outline of Maughold Head—you must pronounce the word with the fine abandon of a Scotsman giving ejaculatory point to a lightsome reel!—and on the landward side of the headland you may catch a glimpse of the old churchyard and the holy well. And now comes Ramsey town, replica in little of Douglas, backed by green wooded heights, with the Sulby River glinting

and gliding and tinkling its message from the heart of Mona.

The snake-like peninsula of the Ayre flings itself seawards, the great o'erhanging crags cease, and low dunes take the place of the Gargantuan precipices. The extreme point of jutting land is a flat uncultivated waste, with khaki-coloured sands gaily broidered with clumps of pink and white rock flowers, and tufts of purple heather, a matchless fairy carpet in labyrinthine tints of Nature's weaving. The stony beach slopes in steep contour to the marge of the sea, and the fine lighthouse keeps ever wakeful watch and ward o' nights. To the south-east, eight miles off, is the Bahama Lightship guarding the bank of treachery.

All the way to Peel is the flat monotonous line of boulder clay, whose dull tones contrast finely with the emerald slopes above. Here on these sandy reaches the Vikings of old time drew up their ships; here, at the Lhane Mooar, King Orry landed; here the great drains of the curraghs meet the sea.

Presently the great sandstone bluffs of Peel come in sight, and you see Peel itself, wonderful, historical, fascinating Peel. The word, you remember, means "fort," and there *is* the fortress, rearing its hoary walls, grey and glorious, on the little islet of St. Patrick. I do not know a more beautiful sight than the ruined pile of the old castle, standing alongside the still more ruinously ancient cathedral, with the blue line of the bay dotted with brown-sailed fishing craft, and the shafts of the sun tinting the ramparts of the stonework to flaming red and gold.

ST. PATRICK'S ISLE, PEEL

Peel islet, walled to its edge, was called in long-ago times Inis Patrick, in nearer, though still very distant days, Holme, and sometimes Sodor. The Northmen always called an island which stands at the mouth of a river—the Neb flows past the castle walls—Holme.

The cathedral, dedicated to St. German, built on a portion of the islet, was the ecclesiastical centre of the diocese of Sodor. Everyone knows that the style of the bishopric of Man is Sodor and Man. Historians differ about the exact derivation of the title. Professor Munch, in his translation of the *Chronicon Manniæ*, derives the name Sodor from the Norwegian Sudreyjar, or Southern Islands, which in the *Chronicon* was latinized into Sodorensis. The isle in Peel Harbour was for years known as Sodor, and as, moreover, the cathedral of the diocese was built upon it, the derivation of the name Sodor is probably to be found in itself of itself.

The ecclesiastical ruins on St. Patrick's Isle are the most interesting of their kind in Man. They are beautifully situated on a green slope at the east side of the walled-round islet. The outer wall surrounding the whole grey pile of ruins dates, it is thought, from the end of the fifteenth century, and the chancel of the old cathedral is probably of twelfth century origin, with added quotas of fourteenth and fifteenth century work. From the time of the Reformation the cathedral was allowed to decay and dilapidate, and by the eighteenth century the roof had entirely gone—a piece of vandalism for which the great Bishop Wilson, backed by Act of Tynwald, stands guilty. He needed

the lead for the roofing of a neighbouring church, so robbed Peter to pay Paul. The *Chronicon Manniæ* gives Bishop Simon as the builder of St. German's, and he is buried there. The last bishop to be enthroned in St. German's was Hildesley, in 1755.

Now beneath the bold Contrary Head we pass on towards the finest rock scenery of the island, and as far as the eye can reach the panorama of cliffs and cloven peaks continues until the vista is lost in the distant outline of the Calf of Man, standing out to sea.

Here are caves innumerable, old-time haunts of the smugglers, where the shags and the seagulls build. Glen Meay—the Vale of Luxuriance—creeps insidiously into the frowning wall, and, farther, the white beaches of Dalby glimmer in the sunshine.

The Niarbyl, with its reefs and rocks, is one of the most noted places on the coast for lobsters. So many times I have helped to haul the creels here ! So often shot the long line, for every sort of fish abounds.

From the Niarbyl onwards the vista holds one spell-bound. Each rounded height is succeeded by a mightier one, and all along this expanse wild desolation reigns sovereign, and the coast-line is uninhabited. This is the wonderland of the island. Here are dark, mysterious caves into whose hollow depths the waves tumble and roar ; there are vast grey-black, heather-crowned, Olympian heights, across whose sombre scarps the sea-birds fly and turn and whirl unceasingly ; dark, deep-set, rock-strewn beaches, backed by water of crystal clearness, contrast with luxuriant axe-like

clefts, where the honeysuckle and the hart's-tongue fern triumph on the verge of the rippling silver stream dancing to the sea.

From the jagged slits above the caves the snaky heads of nesting shags strike up, swaying to and fro in the rocky fastnesses like Indian well-serpents. Listening, with alert eyes, the long necks stretch out towards the light, then subside again out of sight within the cavity.

Colossal Cronk-ny-Irrey-Lhaa curves and slopes in great abrupt contours to the ocean, and its giant contorted sides swell onwards and continue ridge upon ridge into The Carnanes, until they meet and merge with the bluffs which rise and fall, fall and rise, to culminate in the great escarpment of Bradda Head, whose Titanic frontage, seamed across with rich metalliferous veins which catch the dancing sunbeams and hold them in myriad glinting sparks of golden light, beats back with mighty strength the never-ceasing surge of the sea. This splendid cliff ranks, to my mind, with Spanish Head, as the finest piece of masonry in Man which the hand of the Great Craftsman has devised. The copper and lead mines, ruined and forsaken now, lie at the sea's edge, and were worked at a very early date. Harald of Man granted them to the monks of Furness in 1246, and mining operations have gone on intermittently till towards the end of the nineteenth century.

As we cross the sweep of Port Erin Bay, with its natural harbour and ruined breakwater, the dark mass of *Ghaw Dhoo* conjures up memories to me, surging

recollections of childhood's golden age, of wonderful never-to-be-forgotten moments of swinging on a rope over the edge of the cliff, followed by the wild unexplainable joy of filching from the deep recesses of a vasty interstice the greeny eggs of the greyback, or a sienna-splashed treasure from out a hawk's nest. *Ghaw*, a word of Icelandic origin, means chasm or cleft, and is a familiar place-name in the south-west of the island.

The great crescent of the Mull, or Meall, Hills slopes to the sound, the narrow strait which divides the Calf of Man from the greater island. This south-western extremity of Mona is an uncultivated rocky expanse, gorgeous with rosy rock flowers dotted about the brilliant green turf. Between the mainland and the Calf surges the most furious tidal race of the coast, and through this channel of some five hundred yards wide the fretting seas rage and toss, and competing tides " set the wild waters in a roar." No boat, save a row boat or very small sailing vessel, undertakes the passage through or across with any safety. If they do so, it is at their own risk. Insurance companies waive payment here ! In this narrow channel another small island blocks the already congested way, Kitterland, called after the unfortunate Baron Kitter who, tradition has it, perished here.

Kitter was a Norwegian, who lived in the island during the reign of Olave, one of the Godred dynasty. The Baron was a prototype of the big-game hunter of to-day, and was only really happy when stalking something on four legs, so much so that, with the decimation

CRONK-NY-IRREY-LHAA

of all the wild animals, the Manx began to fear for the safety of the tame quadrupeds. On so small a place as the Isle of Man it did not take long for the redoubtable shikári to slay every undomesticated creature. The country had been alive with "bison and elk" before Baron Kitter came over from Norway, and in no time not a single specimen of the genus was left to tell the tale! The Baron was evidently what the Americans would call "a big-game hog" of the deepest dye.

The bones of elk have been found in the curraghs, but history is very silent about the bison! Deer lived in Man, and on the Calf, introduced by the House of Stanley. In 1653, someone pathetically remarks in an old record, "The deare of this island have been much neglected."

But all of this was ages after the day of the redoubtable Baron Kitter. Having cleared the isle of all the wild things, nothing remained but the few red deer upon the Calf, so leaving his baronial hall on Barrule in charge of his cook, off hurried the eager Nimrod to his new hunting grounds. The chef's name was Eaoch, which being translated means, "a person who can cry aloud."

In the middle of the dinner preparations Eaoch fell asleep, whereon a witch, with the comfortable and homely name of Ada, for no particular reason that can be adduced, save a desire to make a diversion, caused the fat boiling in the neglected frying pan to bubble over, and set fire. In an instant the house was in flames. The cook, awakening, used his powers of

crying aloud to such good purpose that, though Barrule is a goodish way off the Calf, Kitter heard him, and actually stopped chasing deer, which just shows how upset and astonished he must have been, considering that it was always said locally the Baron hunted in his sleep. Urged on by the yells of the cook Kitter made for Cow Harbour, seized his coracle, jumped into it, and began to paddle furiously across to the mainland. Alas, the tides were meeting, and the excited hunter drifted right on to the rock, which is now his memorial stone, and there was dashed to pieces. This is " an 'orrible tale," I know, but as it is history you must hear it.

The south of the Calf islet is a turfy expanse ablaze with blossoms, and away to the west this tiny territory frowns into chasms and mighty riven cliffs, going down, down to the grim forbidding stack. Stack, you know, is Norse for a columnar detached rock. Very many of the names on the Calf are of pure Norse origin.

The Calf island, which is some five miles in circumference, is of no importance now, but in ancient days it was strongly garrisoned and fortified. Landing is made at Cow Harbour on the north, and at the South Harbour near the Burrow. By the southern landing is the extraordinary natural formation called the Eye of the Calf, and at high tide we can sail right through this rocky optic as easily as the water which in the passing of the centuries has worn and won its way.

Where the turfy surface lies flat and low the purple heather fights for the mastery over a riot of bracken,

and in the spring such primroses and such hyacinths bloom, of such colour and such scent as would seem to be unmatchable elsewhere. Gorse does not flourish on the Calf, and perhaps that is why the summer lovers who go everywhere else cease here from love-making. They have a saying on the " lil islan'," " When the gorse is out of bloom, kissing is out of fashion."

The yellow glory is to be found flowering somewhere in Mona always. Possibly herein lies the secret of the unnatural exuberance of insular love affairs, which are unrivalled in publicity and abandon. I do not mean the quiet courtings of the Manx folk ; I refer to the variety of " affection " imported by the visitors.

Like its greater counterpart of the many glens, this little isle has one infinitesimal specimen, an exquisite in tiny glades, a green rift of interlacing ivy and miniature arching trees.

Rising up white and gaunt, three-quarters of a mile away, amid the wide waters, is the Chickens' Rock lighthouse, standing sentinel over a dangerous tidal reef.

Set high on the loftiest shoulder of the Calf are the ruins of an ancient *keeil*, which was unfortunately pulled to pieces by vandals who needed the stones for the building of modern walls. A very remarkable carven stone was discovered, and taken possession of by the then tenant of the Calf, Mr. Quayle, of Castletown, in whose family this priceless relic remains. It is perhaps the greatest treasure of all the treasures found in Man, and represents the Crucifixion. Mr. Kermode, our greatest Manx authority, writes of this

monument, which, we are told, dates at latest from the beginning of the ninth century, that " for fineness and delicacy of workmanship it exceeds anything that is known of stone-work of that early period, while in respect of the treatment, which is early Byzantine art, it is unique."

Down in the smiling valley lies the house where the lord of the Calf must live if he would reside on the lonely isle. Just now the little territory is in the market, and if you are a man who would be a king you must haste and make an offer for this faceted crown. It is not every day a country cries out for a monarch.

The small islet was in former times, if tradition can be believed, the refuge of sundry individuals seeking Nirvana. On almost the highest point of the Calf we come on a ruinous little hut, called Bushell's House, and the primitive abode is said to be the one-time home of a follower of Lord Bacon, who was involved in the failures of the celebrated English philosopher and statesman. Retiring from the Court, the broken adherent of the obsequious Bacon fled to " the desolate island called the Calf of Man, where, in obedience to my dead lord's philosophical advice, I resolved to make a perfect experiment upon myself for the obtaining a long and healthy life (most necessary for such a repentance as my former debauchedness required), as by a parsimonious diet of herbs, oil, mustard, and honey, with water sufficient, most like to that of our long-lived forefathers before the Flood (as was conceived by that lord), which I most strictly

observed, as if obliged by a religious vow, till Divine providence called me to more active life."

Kione Rouayr faces Spanish Head on the mainland of Mona with menacing mien, and of this last mighty headland,—so-called, tradition has it, because one of the ships of the Armada was wrecked at the foot of the perpendicular mass,—I find it almost impossible to speak. It is difficult for any ordinary pen to do the scene justice. I should like some Shakespeare to see it and try his art. What glory of words, save such as the Immortal One could command, can describe the unparalleled wonders of the Titan cliff! The etchings are so perfect, the contour so graceful, the rainbow effects on the rocks so bewilderingly beautiful. The seamed surface, veined and scored in myriad tones of purple, brown, and dull sombre splashes of crimson, is so bright in tint, so shimmering in the sunlit way, that the marvellous pigments in this artist's dream seem as yet wet upon the gigantic canvas. Below the tide-mark is an even yellow band, a demarcation line of contrasting paleness, and at its limit frets the wonderful iridescent sea, hushed now, its mighty power slumbering, with ceaseless low murmur and song filling the air with entrancing melody. On the face of the grim cliff a bunch of *cushag*, propagated by the winds of heaven, has taken root, and gives a gleam of gold to the great scarped battlements. A little handful, a tender flowering note of interrogation :

> Why Nature out of fifty seeds,
> Should bring but one to bear.

Go softly here, for all about is haunted ground.

Myriad on this coast are the spirits of the shipwrecked, of smugglers, trolls, and "goblins damn'd."

Waldron tells of the disturbed spirit of a shipwrecked person who "wanders about, and sometimes makes so terrible a yelling that it is heard at an incredible distance. Whenever it makes this incredible noise it is a sure prediction of an approaching storm." Mr. Ralfe, in his beautiful book on *The Birds of the Isle of Man*, suggests that this sound may have been due to the well-known nocturnal clamour of the celebrated Manx shearwaters, who once lived in their thousands on the Calf of Man.

All the old-time chroniclers had something to say of the "Puffines" of the Calf, which were a source of revenue, and, it is said, paid tithe to the Church. Bishop Wilson describes the birds as "almost one lump of fat," and adds, "They who will be at the expense of wine, spice, and other ingredients, to pickle them, make them very grateful to many palates, and send them abroad; but the greatest part are consumed at home, coming at a very proper time for the husbandman in harvest."

Governor Chaloner wrote of the flesh of the birds as "nothing pleasant fresh, because of their rank and fish-like taste; but, pickled or salted, they may be ranked with Anchoves, Caviare, or the like; but profitable they are in their feathers, and Oyl, of which they make great use about their Wooll."

Mr. Ralfe, who gave us such an interesting account of the Manx shearwaters in his recent book, says that the puffins (*Puffinus Anglorum*) disappeared from the Calf

THE SOUND

before the year 1827, but that individual birds are occasionally seen still. *Fratercula artica* is very numerous about the islet, and tosses on the wild waters of the narrow strait in serried throngs.

Near by is the cave where you may see, if you are there at just the right moment, on just the right day, a spectre boat, rowed by a spectre crew. Into the black mouth of the cavern the apparition disappears, and darkness envelops it. It is only a fleeting phantom, real as it seems, for once, many years ago, a venturesome fisherman followed hard on the tracks of this spirit boat, and lo! when he had penetrated the recesses of the cave it was quite, quite empty.

Out of The Chasms, the awful gaunt three-hundred-feet-high cliffs, rent and torn in mighty fissures from base to top, come weird sounds of Satanic revelry o' nights, the noise of clinking cups, and Bacchanalian drinking songs.

Guarding the riven heights, outermost crag of the deep, is the massive pillar known as the Sugar Loaf, one hundred and fifty feet high, its many-tinted colours curving round and round in fibrous lines. Governor Chaloner, Cromwell's myrmidon, used to call this rock "Chering Cross," because it reminded him of the Queen Eleanor Cross then standing in London town. Now comes Kione y Ghoggan, a line of rampart cliffs, with heights so magnificent and o'erwhelming that the sea-birds are dwarfed to sparrow size and

> The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
> Seem scarce so gross as beetles.

Little grey beaches burrow into the pinnacled walls, and on every ledge, crowding out the ubiquitous sea-pinks, is an amazing wealth of bird life. Gulls and jackdaws, choughs—which Train tells us were always called kegs by the Manx in his day—and greybacks, and on the cliffs of Spanish Head the peregrine falcon, royal bird of Man, still nests in lofty isolation. For many centuries the falcons have nested on the grim face of Spanish Head. Chaloner mentions them in 1656. "Here," he says, "are some Ayries of mettled falcons, that breed in the Rocks."

The beautiful birds were evidently held sacred, for we find in the Insular Statutes of centuries ago the following dictum emanating from the Deemsters, a law which had evidently previously existed for some years:—"Also we give for law that whosoever goeth to the Hough where the Hawkes do breed or Hyrons likewise, he forfeiteth for every of them, that is to sy, if he take any of the old or young ones, or Eggs, 111£ a piece for soe many as he or they may be proved to have in the Court."

Every ledge has a complement of guillemots, and at the sea's edge the blithe sea-lark skims gaily close to the water, to alight with flickering tail on wave-washed rocks.

Perched high on an isolated rocky pinnacle, with the swirl and dash of the waves below, was a solitary grey-back (hooded crow), one of the devastating "ravinous creatures" upon whose heads a price was set in 1687. Still as a carven stone, the large bird merges with the background, as he keeps watch over infinite space,

silently standing gazing out to sea, a mysterious spirit of the vasty deep.

Port St. Mary—*the* port—comes into view, its harbour set in the sheltered cove. The small town creeps up the rising shoulder of a green rounded *cronk*, termination of the stalwarts curving away behind it to the sound. In the vast inlet, Poolvaash, the Bay of Death, ominously wreathed in foaming surge, is the fateful Carrick Rock, whose cruel points have rent asunder many a ship, and with them hearts and homes. A beacon marks it out, and ever, even in a calm sea, the waters wash and swirl about it. The Bay of Death, however, does not take its grim name from the shipwrecks it has seen, but from a battle, one of the multitudinous fights which took place in the early history of Manxland, fought out upon its shores.

Battalions of snowy gulls, with outposts and flanking parties, dot the great stretch of sand below Mount Gawne, bodies equidistant from each other, heads all turned one way in quaint precision. Here and there among the elders stands an ugly duckling, a youthful mottled nursling, the lil *Gubb* of Manx nomenclature.

The seagulls of Man are protected by the Preservation Act of 1867, which lays it down that " the birds are considered of great importance to persons engaged in the herring fishing, inasmuch as they indicate localities where bodies of fish may be : And also that they are of much use for sanitary purposes by reason that they remove the offal of fish from the harbours and shores."

Away ahead of us—the land lies low once more—is

the Stack, another of the very many stacks, of Scarlett, the crater of an extinct volcano. In a little creek on the Scarlett side of Poolvaash Bay are the quarries where the black " marble " is obtained, black marble of a variety—I am no geologist—which requires to be adorned with a varnish to give it the necessary polish it has not of itself. One always hears of the steps at St. Paul's Cathedral as the product of the Scarlett quarries, but as a matter of fact, the great slabs presented to the cathedral by Bishop Wilson wore out long, long ago.

Towards the greensward of Scarlett, out beyond the Stack, you can see the little winding path among the boulders which is christened after the Protector, Cromwell's Walk. The name was probably given to the place by Colonel Duckenfield, or some other Parliamentarian, for Cromwell himself never came to the island.

The view from the great Stack is wonderfully striking, with the majestic sweep of the coast-line, rising higher and higher in mighty pinnacles, a vista of Nature's marvellous craft and workmanship, extending to the dim outline of the Calf of Man, through whose weirdly gleaming eye the shafts of the sun slant and sparkle like some living giant orb. And so white, so strong, so massive, the graceful lighthouse, lonely outpost of the deep, rears its lofty tower.

Inland, away and away, the green land swells upwards to the ramparts of high land whose solid walls here are rent only by the little sombre cleft of Fleshwick, and the wide opening where lies Port Erin.

CASTLETOWN

Afar to the south-east the summits of many peaks rise to Heaven's gate, their lofty wildness and gorse-crowned slopes dominating the witching scene with splendour of solemnity.

South Barrule rears an historical head, sovereign of all the southern mountains. The name Barrule comes from *Baareooyl*, the Manx for "top of an apple." The rounded summit has a resemblance to some green giant "Lord Suffield." Who first saw the likeness, I wonder, and changed the ancient name of Ward Fell to the present title? On the summit are the relics of a mighty entrenchment and fortification, and on this mountain *Mannanan*, the necromancer, had a country residence. Baron Kitter also, the great shikári, who was drowned in the sound.

In the field lying betwixt us and the hills the white gulls flutter and fly behind the plough, picking up the worms as they appear in the loamy furrows. Jackdaws too, with deep-set solemnity of purpose, follow on the heels of the ploughman, and the agile-pied wagtail, or *Ushag-vreck*, (pied bird), is of the little colony also. If the *Ushag-vreck* failed to put in an appearance, the luck would be out, and the crops not half so plentiful.

Castletown, with its hoary fortress, looms next in our line of vision. The vast grey bulk, ancient home of the Kings of Man, stands proudly up from the centre of the surrounding town. On the line of the bay, behind Hango Hill, with its ruined blockhouse, the dark pile of King William's College arrests attention. At this well-known public school many great men

have been educated, Field-Marshal Sir George White, General Sir Charles Warren, Dean Farrar, and the Rev. T. E. Brown among others. The origin of the institution lies in the forethought of *Yn Stanlagh Mooar*. Writing of his project, in 1643, the Earl said : " I had a design, and God may enable me to set up a university without much charge (as I have conceived it), which may much oblige the nations round about us. It may get friends into the country, and enrich this land. This would certainly please God and man."

The strenuous life and tragic end of the Great Stanley prevented the furthering of the splendid design, and it was not until the reign of the last sword bishop, Isaac Barrow, 1663-71, that the scheme was materially continued, with the result that an excellent school, with scholarships and exhibitions to Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, is now one of the valuable assets of the island.

Farther, towards the promontory of Langness Point, is the racecourse, where the Derby was run a full century and a half before the great race became indigenous to Epsom. *Yn Stanlagh Mooar* originated it in his island, to celebrate his birthday, the 28th July. The races were in abeyance during the tenure of Cromwell, but they were revived on the coming to his own again of the eighth Earl of Derby. " It is my good will and pleasure y^{t} y^{e} two prizes formerly granted for hors running and shooting shall continue as they did, to be run for, or shot for, and so continue dureing my good will and pleasure. Given under my hand att Lathom y^{e} 12 of July, 1669."

The Derby was evidently intended to encourage local horse breeding, for: "No horse, or gelding, or mair shall be admitted to run for the said plate, but such as was foaled within the said island, or in the Calfe of Mann. . . . That every person that puts in either horse, mair or gelding shall at the time of their entering depositt the sume of five shill. a piece, which is to goe towards the augmenting of the plate for the year following, besides one shill. a piece, to be given by them to the said cleark of the rolls for entering their names."

Towards Langness Point are many deep rocky caverns, disturbed, broken-up sea-caves, a ruinous battlefield of fallen stones dating from post-glacial times. At the end of the peninsula a lighthouse lifts its warning shaft, looking out in snow-white majesty over the dreadful Skerranes. On the east side of Langness are the cruel chasms and knife-edged rocks of Grave Gully, the last resting-place of many hapless mariners.

That is St. Michael's Isle, set in the natural harbour of Derbyhaven. The ruinous fort upon it is another monument to the *Stanlagh Mooar*, the fort builder. A very ancient treen chapel shares the miniature islet which Camden all erroneously labelled the Sodor of history.

Tucked away in the north-west corner of the haven is Ronaldsway, where lived the unfortunate *Illiam Dhone.* Hereabouts also was fought one of the fierce battles of ancient days, when the Manx were defeated by the Scots, immediately previous to the Scottish annexation of the little territory.

Port Greenilaugh—the word means "sunny"—closely guards the secret of its wonderfully wooded glen, covering it up jealously with verdant trees and encircling rounded slopes. The silvery stream flickers down the luxuriance, its little quavering, flashing light betraying its merry presence, until with a smile and a song it tumbles out on to the pebbles of the creek. Set high above the grim cavities of myriad black-mouthed caves, the remnants of one of the old-time Watch and Ward posts can be seen, and on an opposite cliff, where the heather and gorse commingle, is Cronk-ny-Marroo, the Hill of the Dead, a mighty burial place of immense size and antiquity. The Santon River pours its waters to the coast, winding among contorted natural archways and rocky caves down to the sea. Santon Head is the outpost for a return to a precipitous line of cliffs.

Nearing the great scarps of Pistol, the Titanic nature of the wild architecture continues to Port Soderick with its caves, decorated with the shells of the multitudinous oysters consumed in every month which has no "r" in it by the courageous summer visitors. The once lovely glen is exploited within an inch of its beauty. It is alive with people, making their way to the oyster stalls! They have come, Hall Caine says, "after eleven months and two weeks imprisonment in factories, with little more of the country than is to be got out of their town parks, and out of their back gardens, where they are like larks on a sod in a cage."

The cove is defaced by the Marine Drive, with its

OFF DOUGLAS HEAD

whirling, skirling trams, which continue along the façade of the precipices past the " Nuns' Chairs," the two water-worn rocks which, tradition says, were the punishment seats of refractory nuns from the Priory of St. Bridget, near Douglas. Of these two hollow places, set in the grim heights of the How, Waldron says : " Whether these are made by art or nature I cannot pretend to determine, nor did I ever hear ; but, on the slightest accusation, the poor nun was brought to the foot of this rock, when the sea was out, and obliged to climb to the first chair, where she sat till the tide had twice ebbed and flowed. Those who had given greater cause for suspicion went up to the second chair, and sat the same space of time. Those who endured this trial and descended unhurt, were cleared of the aspersion cast upon them ; but the number of the fortunate could not be great, for besides the danger of climbing the rugged and steep rock (which now very few men can do above thirty or forty paces) the extreme cold when you come to any height, the horror of being exposed alone to all the fury of the elements, and the horrid prospect of the sea, roaring through a thousand cavities, and foaming round you on every side, is enough to stagger the finest resolution and courage, and without all question has been the destruction of many of those unhappy wretches."

Here the rock scenery is awe-inspiring. Tiny beaches run up into the grey mass, insidiously claiming right of entry into the solid frontage. Vast pieces of masonry tremble on the brink of the slanting preci-

pices, and over all is the hum and the drone of the sea in the caves.

The white lighthouse and out-buildings herald Douglas once more. We have put a girdle round the golden island. Shall we penetrate now to the interior, and see the treasures and the wonders there?

CHAPTER IX

A TOUR INLAND

Pr'thee, see there ! behold ! look !
Our monuments.

Macbeth.

This Castle hath a pleasant seat, the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Macbeth.

An ecclesiastical tour of the " lil islan' " comes into our local colour scheme. We must visit some old-world churches and pre-Reformation fanes, besides historical castles and ancient ruins impossible to classify with any authenticity. Strictly modern churches we will not notice.

The established Church in Man is considerably outnumbered as a body by Dissenters, but a pleasing toleration exists among all sects. The travellers along the half-dozen different routes to Paradise show a delightful indisposition to throw the customary brickbats at each other—a spirit of " Live and let live," vastly different from the old Puritanical times, and the troublous days of Quaker prosecution in the seventeenth century. The Quakers' little colony in Maughold, where their burial-place, *Rhullick-ny-Quakeryn*, is

still to be seen, was broken up and ruthlessly destroyed during the over-lordship of Lord Fairfax. After suffering fines, imprisonment, and many deprivations, the Manx Quakers were banished the island. On the Restoration they straggled back again.

John Wesley visited Man on two occasions, and his followers to-day are the strongest religious denomination on the island. The serious-minded worshippers attend their often insignificant chapels without the baits and encouragements adopted by many of the proselytizing evangelical establishments "across the wather," the "Men Only" and "Side-talks with Women" services which revivify waning interest in remarkable and expectant fashion, and cause the walls of the holy place to bulge outwards. Don't you always smile at those wily notices? They give one so furiously to think. They remind me of the ingenious artist whose particular bent lay in the delineation of the "altogether," who was about to exhibit some of his works in a provincial city where the Committee of the local art gallery possessed Nonconformist consciences of the most active variety. Without delay the painter set about renaming his masterpieces, delicately disguising an insouciant Phryne under the title of "The Mother of Moses," labelling an enchanting Aphrodite and Dione as "Ruth and Naomi," whilst "rosy-fingered" Aurora obligingly turned into "Potiphar's Wife," thus casting an aura of sanctity over the exhibition which saved the situation.

The Bible and Prayer Book were translated into Manx by a little army of divines. Bishop Wilson com-

menced the great work, and on his death it was proceeded with by Bishop Hildesley, aided by the clergy of the diocese. The idea of Sunday schools originated with Bishop Hildesley, who successfully established them in Man, where they flourished for some time previous to their adoption elsewhere. Church service is never conducted now in the fast-dying language, but preaching in Manx continued in Nonconformist chapels until quite recently. Mr. A. W. Moore tells me that he listened to a most eloquent sermon in the old tongue but six years ago. This he heard in the Salisbury Street Chapel, Douglas. The Rev. John Qualtrough, who died in 1879, nearly always took morning and evening prayer in Manx. Either he or the Rev. W. Drury, the much-loved Vicar of Kirk Braddan, preached in the native tongue for the last time in the established Church.

Would you like to see how the Lord's Prayer looks in Manx? Its looks are nothing to the big deep tones of it.

Ayr ain t' ayns niau. Casherick dy row dt' Ennym. Dy jig dty reeriaght.

Father our Who art in heaven. Holy be Thy name. Come Thy kingdom.

Dt' aigney dy row jeant er y thalloo myr te ayns niau. Cur dooin nyn arran jiu as gagh laa. As leih dooin nyn loghtyn myr ta shin leih dauesyn ta jannoo loghtyn nyn 'oi.

Thy will may be done on the earth as it is in heaven. Give to us our bread to-day and every day. And for-

give to us our trespasses as are we to forgive to those are committing trespasses us against.

As ny leeid shin ayns miolagh ; agh livrey shin veih olk.

And not lead us into temptation ; but deliver us from evil.

Sons lhiats y reeriaght as y phooar as y ghloyr, son dy bragh as dy bragh.

For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

In the Manx tongue the adjective almost invariably follows the substantive, instead of coming before it. A " true Manx- man," as we should say in English, becomes *Mannanagh dooie,* Manxman true, and " a big man " lapses into *dooiney mooar,* a man big. Nouns are never neuter, always masculine or feminine.

Of all the ruinous ecclesiastical structures in Man the most important is St. German's Cathedral. St. Patrick's Church, also, lying close to the larger dilapidated pile, is in its decay and desolation a very fine relic indeed of early Christian times. Standing at its one-time door are the remains of the round tower about whose hoary pillar the battle of the archæologists rages as to whether the fine example is an Irish round tower, a purely Manx round tower, or an impossible-to-classify piece of masonry. Whatever it may be, and contrasted and compared as it has been with other shafts extant elsewhere, most authorities agree that the tower was erected in the tenth century. The Church itself is assigned to a still more remote period.

The ruined cathedral is built from the red sandstone of the neighbourhood, and eight bishops of Man are said to lie buried in the precincts. Of these Bishop Rutter is perhaps the best known, by reason of his intimate connexion with the life of the Great Stanley, and his gallant assistance in the defence of Lathom against Fairfax. Bishop Rutter's tomb was opened and examined in 1865, and was afterwards carefully repaired. The broken slab found some inches below the surface of the ground bore the following inscription, on a brass plate—a quaint requiem said to have been composed by the episcopal lord himself.

In Hac Domo Quam A Vermiculis
Accepi Confratribus Meis Spe
Resurrectionis Ad Vitam
Jaceo Sam : Permissione Divina
Episcopus Huius Insulæ
Siste Lector—Vide ; Ac Ride
Palatium Episcopi
Obiit : XXX Die Mensis Maiæ Anno 1662

("In this house, which I have received from the little worms, my brethren, in hope of the resurrection to life, I lie, Samuel, by divine permission Bishop of this Island. Stop, reader; behold! and smile at the palace of a bishop. Died on the 30th day of May, in the year 1662.")

The myriad-minded Samuel Rutter, when chaplain to the Great Stanley, was a verse-maker of some account. His rhymes, written avowedly for "the Right Hon. James, Earl of Derby, to divert his pensive spirit and deep concern for the calamities of his country,

occasioned by the Grand Rebellion," continued to be favourites in Man for many years.

> Let the world run round,
> Let the world run round,
> And know neither care nor sorrow.
> Our glory is the test of a merry, merry breast
> In this little quiet Nation,

sang the Touchstone of Castle Rushen in a merry lilt which formed the prologue to a playlet produced, "for the first time on any stage," at the old fortress of Castletown.

Grave and gay rhymes besides the worthy Rutter penned, eulogies on Mona's Isle, and musings sad and simple.

Descending to the crypt by a cleverly concealed passage in the wall, the terrible fastness used for the incarceration of ecclesiastical offenders may be seen. Here the Duchess of Gloucester is said to have passed eleven years, and here, tradition says, she died. Her troubled spirit, it is said, haunts the chill stone staircase still, and in the dead of every night the light sound of her dragging footstep can be distinctly heard. In this Black Hole of Calcutta, with the graves of the long dead above it, and the surge of the sea washing below, the great Bishop Wilson was imprisoned for refusing to pay certain tithes, and the decaying place was used as an ecclesiastical gaol until 1780.

The ruins of the Episcopal Palace, with vast roofless banqueting hall, and the civil prison, known as Warwick's Tower, are all breaths from the eternal past. Thomas, Earl of Warwick, was held captive at Peel,

by command of Richard II, during the time of Sir William le Scroop, who purchased the island from the Earl of Salisbury, " with all the right of being crowned with a golden crown." In later years Captain Edward Christian, the one-time favourite of the Great Stanley, dragged out here the pitiful ending to his adventurous life.

In Peel Castle itself, one of the fortified garrisons of old time, is the guard-room celebrated for its apparition, the ghostly visitant referred to by Scott, in his " Lay of the Last Minstrel," as a " spectre hound." The hound is not a hound really, but a black spaniel, which Irishism Waldron, the credulous chronicler of ancient days in Mona, shall explain for you :—

" They say that an apparition, called in their language, the '*Mauthe* Dhoo*,' in the shape of a large black spaniel, with curled shaggy hair, was used to haunt Peel Castle, and has been frequently seen in every room, but particularly in the guard chamber, where, as soon as the candles were lighted it came and lay down before the fire in the presence of the soldiers, who, at length, by being so much accustomed to it, lost great part of the terror they were seized with at its first appearance."

It will interest the psychic to be told that, during some excavation operations in which the skeleton of Bishop Simon was uncovered, the remains of a dog, with perfect teeth and jaw bones, lay at the feet of the rebuilder of the ancient cathedral. Archæologists had

* This should be "*Moddey*"; "*Mauthe*" is not a Manx word, although phonetic.

a good deal to say about this peculiar find at the time, but the matter was never, of course, satisfactorily elucidated.

The remains of Bishop Simon, with those of his canine companion, were carefully re-interred, and on the face of the stone erected we may read the following inscription :—

" In repairing the ruins of Peel Castle, in 1871, by the Authority of H. B. Loch, C.B., Lieut.-Governor, the Remains of Simon, Bishop of Sodor and Man and the Re-Builder of the Cathedral, were here discovered and Re-interred. He died 28th February, 1247, in the 21st year of his Episcopacy."

There is no reason why the ecclesiastical pile on St. Patrick's Isle should have reached such a state of dilapidation, save that at times all hands seemed to be against the upstanding of the ancient fabric. The stripping of the lead roofing by Bishop Wilson handed over the choir to the complete mercy of the elements, and was an action which Keble, Bishop Wilson's biographer, justly calls " passing sentence on the cathedral, and agreeing to despair of its restoration." At a later period the work of devastation was helped on materially by an energetic captain of engineers, who was instructed to fortify the islet in martial readiness for the expected onslaught of Napoleon Bonaparte. The gallant officer constructed some fine batteries, but at the pitiful expense of all facings, groins, and movable stones which could possibly be press-ganged into service.

It is said that the right of burial within the pre-

cincts of St. German's, which was the old-time privilege of all inhabitants of Peel, has never been rescinded. It is a right never exercised now, and was apparently beginning to be questioned during Bishop Wilson's time, if we may judge from the following characteristic letter from the prelate to the then Constable of the Castle :—

" Captain Mercer, complaint is made to me that you have refused to let the body of Isabel Cannon be buried in the parish church of K. K. German, and the place where her child is buried, unless her friends shall first obtain license from the governor so to do. You would do well to consider that this is the first instance of such a practise, and will be an invasion of the Church's rights and the subject's property ; for if a license must be asked, it may be refused, and then the bishop may be shut out of his own cathedral, and the people from their parish church, for such it ever was before it was a garrison. I think it fit to give you this hint, that you may not create new trouble to yourself or me. I am, your friend,

" Tho. Sodor and Man."

Any encroaching on ecclesiastical rights always roused the great Bishop, who held that " the Church should have nothing to do with the State," and whose strict regime warranted the supporting encomium of Lord Chancellor King to the effect that " if the ancient discipline of the Church were lost, it might be found in all its purity in the Isle of Man."

After the cessation of burials in St. German's—a

most inconvenient site one would imagine for funeral parties to get to—the people of Peel interred their dead in the churchyard of St. Peter's, an old undated structure, set in the Market Place.

All over the Isle of Man the little *treen* chapels or *keeils* abound, and some of these tiny places, where monks and the religious-minded lived in recluse fashion, are of immense age and interest.

Up to really quite recent years the wonderful memorials and remembrances, dating in some cases from primeval times, precious relics of the great past, have been remorselessly destroyed. Labour-saving vandals, disguised as stonemasons, have used many of the sacred stones and monoliths in building operations. Numberless historical masterpieces have been scattered ruthlessly, or have suffered utter demolition.

If the grim stones set here and there in the strong grey walls bordering the roads could speak, what tales they might unfold to us ! Of a little *keeil* where some *religieuse* lived in solitary deprivation, of a solemn funeral ceremony in Stone Age times, or the martial ringing call to arms of a Viking force in *lager* for the night, amid a stronghold of garnered rocks. Myriads of strange scenes have the vast silent broken monoliths witnessed, wonderful nights and days of stirring deeds and colossal happenings, gliding like shadows through the fleeting years.

One after another, historical remnants, ancient fortified camps, and stone barrows were cleared away. Happily a realization of the vandalism came to us ere it was too late to stay the mad sweeping career

of Juggernaut destruction. A trust for the care of the old monuments has power now to control and guard all the heirlooms of the past. Peel Castle and Cathedral and Castle Rushen are vested property of the Crown. The spirit of reverence is abroad, and regard for the remaining multitudinous standing evidences of the proud and royal history of the island grows and increases year by year.

My pen is like the Magic Carpet of *The Arabian Nights*, and flies whithersoever it listeth. It is gliding now right across the green swelling hills, high over the shoulder of Cronk-ny-Irrey-Lhaa, down, down, into Rushen parish. I have nothing very wonderful in the ecclesiastical line to show you here. Why did I come then? "Because," as the Manx say when pressed for an answer, "am'n't I lawngen for home? That's the for I came!"

Though Rushen Sheading is rich in ancient sepultures, a stone circle, and *keeils*, the parish church of the name built in 1770 is but the usual type of insular church, barn-like, white-washed, with exposed bell hanging in a little pepper-pot tower at the western end. Port St. Mary and Port Erin, two of the seaports of Rushen, possess very modern fanes, and the representative place of worship in Port Erin stands on high ground just above the old well sacred to St. Catherine.

That philosopher and thinker (free) of the Renaissance, François Rabelais, describes somewhere a spring where waning beauty may be stayed, and looks and youth renewed. Perhaps he was writing of St.

Catherine's Well at Port Erin. Its potent powers of rejuvenation were well known to all the Manx women. A little dabble in the charmed water, and you ought to emerge more fascinating at seventy than ever you were at seventeen. This is not an advertisement, a cruel attempt to spoil the businesses of Bond Street beauty specialists. There are so many methods of retaining youth without the necessity of resorting to the help of St. Catherine! They tell me that suffragetting—if you survive it—is a great set-back to the fiend Anno Domini, but this rejuvenating strenuous sport is denied to the ladies of Manxland.

Kirk Arbory, where the great naval hero, Captain Quilliam, is buried, is a replica of Rushen. In a sheltered copse not far away are the fragmentary remains of the Bimaken Friary, once the home of an establishment of Franciscans. A band of that order sojourned a while in Man, but were more or less overshadowed by their longer-established and more powerful neighbours of Ballasalla, the Cistercians.

Over the fields, towards Castletown, lies Malew, yet another twin to Rushen and Arbory.

Many interesting divines have ministered here, the two worthies Robert and Thomas Parr among the number. The Rev. Thomas was Vicar of Malew in 1641, and held the living for many years. He is celebrated for the quaint philosophies which he scattered, like the pebbles of Little Poucet, about his church register. Of these odd musings dotted about the parish record Archdeacon Gill says: "Thomas Parr has so impressed his own character upon almost

every page of the book, that it reads more like an autobiography than a Parish Register, and the very self of the worthy vicar stands out before us."

In the carefully worded sentences, the rounded periods dragged from afar, and the studied value of each insertion, we see the Rev. Thomas Parr as of the band of learned philologists whom Cowper told us of :—

> Who chase
> A panting syllable through time and space,
> Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark,
> To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's Ark.

Robert Parr held the living of Malew previous to the tenure of his brother. He was a diplomat, and very careful to observe the direction in which the traditionary cat—Manx, of course—jumped, so that he might be ready to jump with it. Derby or Cromwell, Cromwell or Derby, were all the same to the accommodating padre, who evinced a Gilbertian partiality for whichever side happened to be paramount.

At Malew the author of this book was confirmed, on an unforgettable day of completing dressing operations in a corner of the old Kirk, " doing " my hair—mysterious rite—with the curate's brush—whether his reverence would let me or no—before a diminutive cracked looking-glass propped against a window jamb. We had driven a long way in the teeth of a winter gale in a make-believe Irish car, and had " jaunted " tidiness and neatness to the winds. This little interlude is not meant to be taken as presumptively assuming ! I quite understand that it has no bearing on

the history of the Isle of Man, or its colour scheme. It is a "by the way," a sort of fill-gap, because I cannot think of anything else to tell you of Malew.

Of the ancient Abbey at Ballasalla there are but fragmentary remains. A square tower still guards the entrance, and the standing refectory does duty as a stable. The relics of the once great House are few,—a small collection of stones, and an uninscribed figured coffin lid, which probably encased a king. Olave the Black, his son Reginald, and Magnus, the last of the Orry dynasty, were all buried in Rushen Abbey. Over the mill dam, of which, it is thought, the Cistercians were the engineers and contractors, is the Monk's Bridge, the *Crossag*, a specimen of thirteenth century work in wonderful condition. How many great and venerable ascetics have plotted and planned as they paced their handiwork!

Seawards lies Castletown, and Castle Rushen, ancient home of the Kings of Man. This serenely quiet centre, with its large square into which the narrow streets open, is the oldest town in Man, and from Neolithic times some sort of a stronghold existed here. Tradition says that Godred Crovan built part of the castle now standing, but this is not thought to be probable, though the Northmen undoubtedly set up a fortress of sorts upon the present site. A castle was standing in the fourteenth century, for it was besieged by Robert Bruce in 1313, and we read in the *Chronicon* the fatal word "demolished." In dilapidated condition the grim pile held together for something like three hundred years after Bruce's day, when the Stanley of the

CASTLE RUSHEN

era set about repairing his " two garrisons of the Castles of Rushen and Peel."

The walls of the keep are of immense thickness, and surrounding the vast stronghold is a mighty embattled wall, twenty-five feet high, nine feet through, with square towers at intervals. Outside this wall runs the now filled-up moat, and the protective trench was supplemented by a glacis added, historical tradition records, by Cardinal Wolsey, during his guardianship of Edward, third Earl of Derby.

The hoary fortress was used until recent years as an insular gaol, a very happy-go-lucky gaol as I remember it. Not that I comprehensively sampled its inner mechanism. We are not suffragettes in Man. I often made one of a band of visitors going through the old place, and took a childish interest in the prisoners who wandered about in unprisoner-like haphazard fashion, as I followed a warder of immense girth, a character and a half. Pacing along close behind him I was always in imagination measuring his giant waist with a dream tape, averaging the circumference, and saying regretfully to myself, " Forty-five inches round, and then very likely it would not meet ! "

We knew the parrot-story of the wonders of the castle almost as well as the janitor, and sometimes knocked the ground from under his feet as he came to a chestnut joke, a jewel he placed so carefully in the hope that all would see it scintillate. It always came off in a large bare room, with great window embrasures, where the prisoners worshipped on Sundays. A thick partition of wood divided the apartment,

thus separating the sexes, and the pulpit was set on high, a lighthouse to command both seas of faces. "The men sit on that side, the women upon this," said the warder, casually, "and, *and*," impressively, "there's no looking over the garden wall!" He always smiled in a way which told everyone how often he had sprung the allusion before, and how very, very pleased he was with the coruscating gem. My sisters and I invariably prepared for it, and chanted the jokelet with the joker, which rather took off from its crisp effect.

Here, in the castle, temporarily gathered together, is the nucleus of a representative collection of insular antiquities, and among the many interesting relics there are some granite querns, or hand-mills, going back through the centuries to the Stone Age, a specimen of the antiquated obsolete push-plough, and the black and gold mace which was always carried before the Bishops of Man on ceremonial days. There are bronze weapons and ornaments in plenty to be marvelled over, stone implements from prehistoric days, and a fine specimen of an Irish elk recovered from Close-y-garey. Remnants of the big deer have been found in several boggy localities on the isle.

You reach the first portcullis of Castle Rushen by travelling down a long narrow strait, whose high walls at times exclude the light, and only a jagged line of blue tells us that the sky is there. The buildings in the outer court were added to by the Great Stanley, who lived in them. Many Governors in turn resided in the sombre pile.

In the ancient chapel in the tower is the clock of Queen Elizabeth's presenting. Clockmakers knew their business in her day! The old timepiece ticks on still, stolidly, dutifully, and the bell which tolls the hours was an addition to the castle's trophies made by the tenth Earl of Derby, in 1729. Here, in the solemn fortress, Time, "envious and calumniating time," as the Bard has it, seems nothing, and the whole structure gives the idea of immortality, and "Time, this vast fabric for him built."

From the top of the square tower, where a little army of agile starlings whirl and chatter, crowding each other off the battlemented walls, wrangling, jangling, discussing, a picture of Nature's limning spreads itself in glory of lavishness before us. The colours are Nature's own, and therefore perfect. Range on range of dark, low, rounded hills block our landward vision, and up their slopes the multi-coloured fields, in oddly-cut shapes, cover the face of the baby territory. It is such a tiny land. Smaller than any English county, save Rutland, and from the top of the old tower a great part of the isle lies in its witchery before you. Across the mystery of waters Santon Head, Langness Point, and Scarlett, and afar, in the blue haze, the sweep of the Mull Hills swelling to the treasure caves of Spanish Head, backed by the outline of the Calf, with its watchful outpost, sentinel of the surfy deep.

Sacredly historical apartments abound in the fortress, and deep, dark underground cells into which the prisoners of long-gone times had to be lowered by

means of ropes. Weird subterranean burrowings, built into the very foundations, exist, and tradition tells of a lengthy passage-way which runs to Rushen Abbey, a track used but by the priests, which no other foot has ever trod. Nobody knows to-day where to look for the entrance, and if we discovered it—dare we penetrate! Might it not be the doorway to that terrible place Waldron wrote of, the very spot "which has never been opened in the memory of man," the weird corner of the castle which every native of the isle knows has "something of enchantment in it"? For down, down in the bowels of the earth, far below the foundations, the spellbound giants live, and of all who in former times went to explore the secrets of the vasty depths none ever returned.

The Parish Church of Santon is now quite modern, but the surrounding country is rich in memorials of the historical past. Almost every part of the isle has its ruinously ancient *keeils*, old-time *tumuli*, stone circles, and here and there the foundations of what archæologists call "Hut circles," in which flint implements and other treasures have been unearthed. A very wonderful relic of the kind is set on the Mull, or Meayll, Hills, below the fine stone circle. The natives call it *Lag-ny-Boirey*, meaning "hollow of trouble," or an Iliad of woes. Nobody can tell with any authenticity why so depressing a name has been bestowed upon this remnant of the ages.

The great standing stones, or *Menhirs*, which are scattered about the face of the little country, in single file or in very small battalions, are thought to

be almost certainly of sepulchral origin. A beautiful example at Glen Mooar in Michael parish has the cup-marks for the holding of oblations, cut in the rock at the foot of the unhewn stone.

Old Kirk Braddan is the best known of all the insular churches. Its summer services, held in the open churchyard—for the old kirk is seldom used now—with the clergyman preaching from a flat tombstone, have become one of the features of the Douglas season, to which town the ancient fane is conveniently near. The tower is of 1773 origin, the rest of the church probably much older, and therefore we have here a most interesting collection of tombstones dating from bygone centuries to almost the present era, as well as very many fine specimens of Scandinavian pieces. On these Scandinavian sepulchral slabs, inscribed in runes, we see the odd intermixture of Norse mythological traceries used as adornments for Christian sepulchres.

An obelisk, with a little frill of menacing cannon balls, stands up amid the grey stones, a lofty shaft erected to Lord Henry Murray, of the House of Athol, by the officers of the Royal Manx Fencibles, a regiment formed in Man, as part of the regular army, to serve only in the British Isles, in 1780. The force was disbanded in 1810.

The remains of the Priory of St. Bridget, which is situated very close to Douglas, are sparse, and the fragmentary portions of the chapel and few collected stones give but small idea of the once great stronghold of a Prioress who was a Baron in Man, with powers

and rights of amazing importance. On the site of the ancient religious establishment a fairly modern house now stands, which is known as The Nunnery.

The Priory, which tradition says was founded in or about the year 567 A.D. by Bridget of sacred memory, who came from Ireland, and received the veil from the hands of St. Maughold, is referred to in the *Chronicon*, and for many centuries was the home of Sisters who retired to the Manx nunnery from all parts.

Ecclesiastical strongholds in Man of "ould tyme" were always of unimposing architecture, and when compared to similar retreats in the adjacent isles quite insignificant, therefore the pen picture drawn for us by Governor Sacheverell, in 1703, suggests that the Priory must have been very considerably improved and added to during the latter years of its history, or that the chronicler was possessed in no slight degree of the divine attribute of imagination which Washington Irving told us of, the necromantic power which "can conjure up glorious shapes and forms, and brilliant visions."

Here is a sketch of the Priory of St. Bridget's as Governor Sacheverell saw it: "Few monasteries ever exceeded it, either in largeness or fine building. There are still some of the cloisters remaining, the ceilings of which discover they were the workmanship of the most masterly hands. Nothing in the whole creation but is imitated in curious carvings on it. The pillars supporting the arches are so thick as if the edifice was erected with a design to baffle the efforts of time; nor could it, in more years than have elapsed since

the coming of Christ, have been so greatly defaced, had it received no injury but from time. But in some of the dreadful revolutions this Island has sustained, it doubtless has suffered much from the outrage of the soldiers; as may be gathered from the niches yet standing in the chapel, which has been one of the finest in the world, and the images of saints deposited in them torn out. Some pieces of broken columns are still to be seen; but the greatest part of them have been removed."

We must to Douglas for a space, the Douglas which is really the capital of the isle now, whatever Castletown may formerly have been.

The Douglas that was lay for the most part close around the square where the modern market stands to-day, extending down the quay-side, spreading away to Castle Street in a maze of twisting, winding alleys and narrow, confusing streets, all built with the idea of furthering the trade which practically gave Douglas its inception, for it is not an old town as we count time in Man, not ancient in the sense that Castletown is ancient, or Peel, or Ramsey. Since the demolition of St. Matthew's Church, St. George's, of 1761-80 date, is the oldest religious edifice. The old-time cobble-paved streets and uneven houses, now small, now large, with vast cellars and twisting underground passage-ways running in all directions, where the great Free-traders lived and loved, are falling, almost they have all gone, before the housebreaker, and the Town Improvement Scheme. Very soon the last remaining misshapen buildings, with their histories and

memories, will give place to the interminable mansions of glazed red brick, Elizabethan or Stuart period, or to frankly glaring cemented piles, where the dinner-tables are ever set, and brilliant red and blue wine glasses eternally support the twisted spiral damasks which Suburbia calls " serviettes."

The surroundings of Douglas are very, very beautiful, and in olden days, with its long odd houses, winding streets, low-tide landing pier, the scene must have been picturesquely effective, as indeed enthusiasts say the city is in every particular to-day. Given money, anyone can manufacture a huge magical Margate, and, save for the perfection of its surroundings, Douglas is very much the same as many another seaside resort. Any lapidary can set a pinchbeck stone in a rim of gold, but all lapidaries are not lucky enough to have the pure metal to work upon.

The old Red Pier, built of sandstone faced by Castletown limestone, once the general meeting place of Douglas society, is but little used now, save by the seagulls, who preen themselves at its edge. " Seeing the boat in " was the only excitement of the week in Douglas in the early days of the nineteenth century. It was a custom, also, with the old-time wedding parties to walk round and round the beacon tower at the wide end of the old Pier—a curious unexplainable usage with some occult advantage about it.

Government House of to-day stands on the heights above Douglas, and is an unpretentious building, press-ganged into official service, and has been added to and altered as occasion demanded.

DOUGLAS HEAD

The fine grey stone house situated in the centre of the crescent-shaped bay, near the sea, is Castle Mona, the home of the last Duke of Athol who reigned in Man. The proud Athol Arms still adorn the walls on either side of the majestic frontage. The ducal castle is now a popular hotel, and the once extensive grounds adjoining have been split up, and for the most part form the play-ground of the great dancing palace adjoining.

From the Douglas of the eighteenth century, and the commencement of the nineteenth, when the "town" was just a mass of odd houses, intersected by the maze of lanes common in all seaports of the time, the road, lonely then, ran past His Grace's house, right away by the east, to Ramsey. Castle Mona was built "in the country," almost a journey away from the little primitive hamlet lying around and along the quay-side.

Bishop's Court is in Michael parish, and the prelates of Man have lived here for hundreds of years. Simon, who is buried in the cathedral at St. German's, died at the "Palace" so long ago as 1239. There are still some remains of the ancient fabric, traces of a one-time moat and tower. The elm trees are said to have been planted as saplings by Bishop Wilson as he commenced his reign, and the wood from one of his forest children made his coffin. The great prelate, whose private life was as beautiful as his written works, but whose ecclesiastical policy was of Inquisition-like character, lived and worked in the diocese for fifty-eight years.

The village of Michael covers quite a large area,

and lies on a flat expanse of tableland stretching away to the sea on one hand, and on the other to a romantic range, intersected by glens innumerable, splitting the hearts of the mountains.

In Glen Wyllin, south of Michael, an exploited beauty spot, is the Hill of Raneurling, a one-time Parliament place for the northern inhabitants of Mona. A Tynwald was held here on one occasion by the second Stanley who reigned over the island.

The parish church was rebuilt in 1835, and in the graveyard Bishops Wilson, Hildesley, and Crigan sleep.

Michael is singularly rich in old monuments, and among the wonderful Scandinavian specimens is the cross known as Gaut's, carven by the first Scandinavian sculptor of whom we have any knowledge. He invented, or brought to Man, one or two graceful patterns of tracery which were adopted by subsequent stone-workers, thus making of the designs a distinctive and characteristic insular art, by which a Manx cross could be recognized anywhere. The inscription runs along the outside edge of the stones and has been translated into :—

" Mail Brigde, Son of Athakan, the Smith, erected this cross for his own soul, (and that of) his brother's wife. Gaut made this cross and all in Man."

This proud and comprehensive claim was probably true of that era, as Gaut is the first Scandinavian sculptor whose work archæologists can trace and authenticate.

The Mal-Lomchen cross is also at Michael, among the many treasures. It is by the church-gate, on the

north wall. The runic inscription, reading upwards, has been given by Mr. Kermode, in his monumental work on the Manx crosses, as the following :—

" Mal-Lomchen erected this cross to the memory of Mal-Mura his foster (mother) daughter of Dugald, the wife whom Atheol had."

And on the left-hand edge, running upwards :—

" Better is it to leave a good foster than a bad son."

To the ordinary visitor, unversed in archæology, Bishop Wilson's tomb will be the most interesting. The inscription on it reads :—

" Sleeping in Jesus. Here lieth the Body of Thomas Wilson, D.D., Lord Bishop of the Isle, who Died March 17th, 1755, aged 93, in the 58th year of his consecration. This monument was erected by his son, Thomas Wilson, D.D., a Native of this parish, who, in obedience to the express commands of his worthy Father, declines giving Him the Character he so Justly Deserves. Let this Island Speak the Rest."

The island can never forget its greatest Bishop, so narrow in some ways, so broad-viewed in others, outstripping at times the advanced civilization of the present. As a Baron of the isle the ecclesiastical lord, previous to the passing of the island to the Crown, was the head of a civil court which possessed almost unlimited jurisdiction over felons, and included rights and prerogatives of all kinds.

Bishop Wilson hated sin with fanatical zeal. He would have applied St. Matthew's drastic remedy to every evil-doer had it been possible or practicable,

and in grappling with the traitor Sin with all his strength, the valiant ecclesiastic thought he would perchance give the devil time to sleep. And so we read with mixed feelings the long list of offenders who were punished by the Church during the reign of the great cleric. We must not forget that many of the archaic punishments were in vogue when Bishop Wilson came to Man, and that in numerous cases he intervened and set aside the cruel usages of generations. We must remember this when we read of Katherine Kinrade, whom the Bishop ordered to be dragged behind a boat across Peel Harbour in the cold month of March, for an example to others and to " prevent her own utter destruction." Katherine Kinrade, with " the defect of understanding ! "

Well, in every one of us exists a Jekyll and a Hyde. And so it was with the serenely gentle, fiercely tyrannous Thomas Wilson. There abode with him a tenderness " deeper than plummet ever sounded," tenderness which more than atoned for the few harshnesses of his long reign. If he punished sinners in cruel-to-be-kind fashion, it was done with the idea of saving souls in peril. All those in any way afflicted and distressed were his constant care. In the great famine which fell on the little land, Bishop's Court was open to all comers. Poor himself, the Bishop gave all the substance of his house to his people, and when that came to a speedy end, he pledged his revenue and bought corn from England, potatoes from Ireland, and dealt them out in brimming measures.

Over and over again Bishop Wilson could have

THE CURRAGH COUNTRY

taken preferment, but he would not leave the small territory which needed him so badly. To each tempting offer he made reply, " Shall I leave my wife in her old age because she is poor ? "

The little story of the Bishop's coat is the favourite of the many anecdotes woven about the great character. It is a very simple tale, but it shows you the man who was going to wear the garment as distinctly as any modern photograph could do.

In olden days, even up to the last century, the clothes which Manxmen wore were made for them at home, by a nomadic tailor. The cloth was bought from the local *fidder*, and when the journeyman tailor came along, with his " newses " and his gossip, for he was always a raconteur, the homespun was fashioned into the required garments.

The Bishop was trying on a long coat one day, and his sartorial artist made comprehensive chalk markings all down the front, guides to show where a multitude of buttons must go.

" Only one button, just to fasten it together, Danny," ordered the Bishop. " A poor man like me must not wear a row of glittering buttons."

But the little tailor had the buttons bought and ready, so he drew an artful picture of the parlous condition of the button-makers if everyone thought like his lordship. The miserable button-workers would scarce be able to live at all.

The coat was taken off and laid aside. Fingering it thoughtfully, " Danny," said the Bishop, " Danny, button it all over."

In the fights for what he considered the right Bishop Wilson came into collision with the State, and was imprisoned in Peel ecclesiastical prison and in Castle Rushen.

In spite of many of his narrow rulings, the complex ecclesiastic showed the way very often to clerics unborn. Keble, the biographer of Mona's best-known Bishop, tells us of an action which might set an example to the behind-the-age administrators of to-day. Bishop Wilson sanctioned the remarrying of a Manxman whose wife was alive and transported. Taking into consideration all the facts—the woman was not to be permitted to set foot in Man again without permission of the Lord,—the prelate wrote :

" I have considered yo^{r} petition, and I find nothing in it contrary to y^{e} rules of our holy religion, or y^{e} ors (orders) and determinations of learned and judicious Christians in all ages, and therefore I give you liberty to make such a choice as shall be most for yo^{r} support and comfort, and I pray God to direct you in it.

" Tho. Sodor and Man."

Ballaugh old church, a most quaintly fashioned building, lies in the curragh country, right in the heart of the romantic, mysterious, flowering wilderness, and the name *laugh*, or *lough*, a lake, perpetuates the time of long ago when the great boggy hollows 'twixt the sand-dunes by the sea and the green hill-sides were set with permanent stretches of water. The vast territory of the Curragh Mooar

sweeps north and east, draining its superabundant moisture to the sea.

Jurby parish church, St. Patrick's, stands sentinel-wise on rising ground near the sea. It has its Scandinavian monuments in common with most of the insular parish churches, and at the West Nappin a little *treen* chapel repays a visit.

Old Kirk Bride was pulled down in 1869, but there are ancient remains still to lure us here. The celebrated Thor cross, with its wealth of carvings and wonder of design, has sanctuary in the precincts of the churchyard. Bride is the most northern parish on the island.

Ramsey, in Scandinavian *Hrafnsey*, lies in the parishes of Lezayre and Maughold, and is second only to Douglas as a popular seaside resort. The historical records of the place are comprehensively interesting. Battles innumerable have been fought in the environs, and the great wide bay has sheltered fleets, very often marauders, of all sorts and kinds from the days of the Vikings. Here Bruce anchored in 1313, and, later again, another band of "our enemies, the Red Shanks" as the Statute-book terms the Scotsmen, visited the port on pillage and spoliation bent. The Manx of old time hated the Scotch nation, and regarded them all as piratical ravaging cut-throats, and though as a rule the little country philosophically accepted any ruler thrust upon it, the suzerainty of Scotland was never regarded with contentment. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* The seven days hallowed by recent custom by the presence of riotous hundreds

of " Red Shanks," when the workers from the city of Glasgow spend their " Fair Week," and many bawbees, in Douglas, is now one of the features of the lucrative visiting season.

Across the bay from the Ayre the vast King William Banks sweep towards Laxey. The royal name was bestowed in commemoration of the escape from shipwreck of William III, who was " held up " on the treacherous waste of shallow waters during a voyage to Ireland.

In the remaining parts of old Ramsey we see again the winding tortuous lanes, intersecting each other at all sorts of surprising moments, and the irregularly built, unmatched houses, now of large size, now of small, the typical representative architectural features which hallmark the smuggling centres of bygone times.

Away to the westward runs out the Ayre—we call all the lowlands of the extreme north the Ayre,—and off the point, rapidly growing by the aid of the silting sand, is the foamy line of competing tides, contending forces which the Manx call the *Streeus*, meaning strife.

Andreas is a treasure house of ancient relics. At Ballachurry is the " loyall fourt " of the Great Stanley's building, with its ramparts and fosse. Here Major Thomas Stanley was taken prisoner by Ewan Curghey, *Illiam Dhone's* brother-in-law, when some of the islanders went over to Cromwell, and captured the fortified places for handing over to Colonel Duckenfield.

The imposing tower of Kirk Andreas, which crowns

THE AYRE

quite a modern structure, is a beacon plainly to be seen from most points in the north. Fine specimens of Scandinavian stone-work rest here, and of all in Andreas the most interesting is the grey block which records that "Gaut Björnson of Cooley made it." There is still a farm in Michael which bears the name of the sculptor's home.

Maughold is one of the real old-world corners of the isle, with a church of great antiquity, rich in ancient monuments. The finest examples of pre-Scandinavian and Scandinavian crosses are found here, and the beautiful stone which stands at the gate of the kirk is the only one of its kind on the island. Roolwer, the first Norwegian Bishop of Man, lies buried in Maughold churchyard, and all about him are some of the island's best. Somewhere within the peaceful acre of God St. Maughold is said to lie. St. Maughold, whose history makes such "a wonderous tale, yett so trewe ytt is, That noe bodye ytt denyes." The holy man, a disciple of St. Patrick, spent the days of his youth as a gallant freebooter in Ireland, where he was the dashing leader of a pitiless mob of banditti. Suddenly the error of his ways struck home to the embryo saint, and as a self-elected punishment Macc Cuill or Macaldus—for he changed his name with his life—had a fragile craft constructed of plaited alder stems, and, commanding his men to bind him down in the fragile boat, directed that the tiny coracle should be delivered to the sea and the judgment of God. Instead of filling at once, as his followers naturally expected, lo! the cockleshell craft rode the waves high and

secure, and Maughold was cast ashore on the Isle of Man, where high destiny awaited him. For a time the now thoroughly repentant bandit lived hermit-wise in the mountains, to emerge later to preach the Word with "two wonderful men who were in the island before him." The two are thought to be Conindrius and Romuilus, who, tradition says, were the first Bishops in Man.

At Maughold the converted free-lance built his church, and on the face of the cliff, north-east of the churchyard, if you search carefully among the riot of gorse, you will come upon the Holy Well, wherein the Saint christened his flock.

The old sundial on the green at Maughold bears the name of Evan Christian, son of Captain Edward Christian, the displaced favourite of *Yn Stanlagh Mooar*. The inscription runs: "Ev. Christian fecit 1666."

Lonan old Church is quite the tiniest edifice of its kind on the island. The churchyard has its share of Scandinavian relics (including a very fine cross some six feet high), as has also Onchan, the latter-day name for the parish of Conchan.

Almost all the insular churchyards are interesting in their old-world memorials, so many great and even illustrious names are carven on such simple tombs. Onchan is particularly blessed with reminders. Near the stile is the grave of the last surviving officer who fought with Nelson on the *Victory* at Trafalgar, Lieutenant Edward Reeves, R.N., and not very far away rests a soldier of later date who served the Prince

Consort as Equerry. Away on the other side of the church, with its lichen-covered spire, amid a tangle of wild roses, where a blackbird builds each year, is a flat stone, emblazoned with a proud coat-of-arms, which tells you that the warrior who sleeps beneath fought for his country " in the four corners of the globe. "

Of the conducting of funerals of nearly two hundred years ago Waldron writes : " As to their funerals, they give no invitation, but everybody, that had any acquaintance with the deceased, comes on foot or horseback. I have sometimes seen at a Manks burial upwards of a hundred horsemen, and twice the number on foot : all these are entertained at long tables, spread with all sorts of cold provision, and rum and brandy flies about at a lavish rate. The procession of carrying the corpse to the grave is in this manner : When they come within a quarter of a mile from Church, they are met by the Parson, who walks before them singing a psalm, all the company joining with him. In every Church-yard there is a cross round which they go three times before they enter the Church. But these are funerals of the better sort, for the poor are carried only on a bier, with an old blanket round them fastened with a skewer."

Nowadays the funeral of one of the people is conducted with arresting simplicity. The coffin is brought outside the cottage door, and set down, and, with all the mourners standing close about it, a hymn is sung. Almost invariably it is the same hymn, " Safe in the arms of Jesus." If possible, and it is nearly always made so, funerals take place on Sundays, and

relays of friends carry the coffin to the parish church. In the country districts hearses were never used until quite recently. The old custom which required the immediate relatives to attend service at the parish church on the next Sunday but one after a funeral, when they should none of them rise throughout, is still observed in all parts of the Isle of Man.

The old parish church of Marown—the one parish on the island which does not touch the fringe of the sea on any corner—is set on the shoulders of Archallagan. It is quite a simple structure, of the usual barn-like variety, but it is very ancient, and was restored so long ago as 1753. The registers are interestingly antiquated, and delve back into the enshrouding mists of centuries. Tradition has it that three of the earliest Bishops lie in the graveyard.

Marown, with its verdant fields and slumbrous glens, is a treasure-house of ancient relics. In the *Maegher-y-chiarn*, the lord's field, stands St. Patrick's chair, and all about are sacred remnants of the great historical past. On this majestic chair, a group of rough-hewn upright stones, with deeply incised crosses, it is said that Saint Patrick preached the Word to the early Christians in Man.

The parish also encompasses the ruined chapel of St. Trinian's, lately made over to the good care of the Ancient Monuments Trustees. This fine old chapel, unroofed, hidden among the trees at the foot of the great crags of Greeba, is quite unpretentious, though many of its architectural beauties are in excellent

preservation. Tradition has woven many silken strands around the desolate place. Legendary lore has it that the little building was erected æons ago as the result of a vow made by a mariner who was saved in a storm at sea. They say—the understanding, comprehending " they "—that the edifice never had a roof, and never could have one, as the result of the machinations of a local *Buggane*, a particularly cussed specimen, who, Train tells us, " for want of better employment amused himself with tossing the roof to the ground, as often as it was on the eve of being finished, accompanying his achievements with a loud fiendish laugh of satisfaction. The only attempt to counteract this singular propensity of the evil one, which tradition has conveyed to us, was made by Timothy, a tailor of great pretensions to sanctity of character. On the occasion alluded to, the roof of St. Trinian's Church was, as usual, nearly finished, when the valorous tailor undertook to make a pair of breeches under it, before the *Buggane* could commence his old trick. He accordingly seated himself in the chancel, and began to work in great haste ; but ere he had completed his job the head of the frightful *Buggane* rose out of the ground before him, and addressed him thus : ' Do you see my great head, large eyes, and long teeth ? ' ' Hee ! Hee ! ' that is ' Yes ! yes ! ' replied the tailor, at the same time stitching with all his might, without raising his eyes from his work. The *Buggane*, still rising slowly out of the ground, cried in a more angry voice than before : ' Do you see my great body, large hands, and long

nails ?' 'Hee! Hee!' rejoined Tim, as before, but continuing to *pull out* with all his strength. The *Buggane*, having now risen wholly from the ground, inquired in a terrified voice: 'Do you see my great limbs, large feet, and long——?' but ere he could utter the last word the tailor put the finishing touch into the breeches, and jumped out of the church, just as the roof fell in with a crash. The fiendish laugh of the *Buggane* arose behind him, as he bounded off in a flight, to which terror lent its utmost speed. Timothy leaped into consecrated ground, where, happily, the *Buggane* had not power to follow. But the Church of St. Trinian's remained without a roof."

CHAPTER X

FOLKLORE

This is the fairy land!
We talk with goblins and elfish sprites.
Comedy of Errors.

My old acquaintance of this isle.
Othello.

THE Isle of Man is particularly rich in folk-lore. Tradition tells of myriad giants, *bugganes*, trolls, witches, elves, and mysterious sprites of all varieties. The mermaid is called by the Manx *Ben-varrey*, Woman of the Sea.

"All nations have their omens drear,
Their legends wild of woe and fear,"

and the belief in the supernatural was, in former times, profound and universal all over the isle. Every Manx boy and girl of to-day who is born into this world alive starts with a belief in fairies, but nowadays the faith is crushed in early youth. There is nothing to foster it. Romance and lodging-house keeping do not run together. There is no connexion between a seaside landlady and romance. She is quite the most realistic thing in Nature.

Waldron, the much-quoted chronicler of ancient

days, after ascribing the extraordinary superstitions of the people to their colossal ignorance, says: "I know not, idolizers as they are of the clergy, whether they would ever be refractory to them, were they to preach against the existence of fairies, or even against their being commonly seen; for though the priesthood are a kind of gods among them, yet still tradition is a greater god than they; and, as they confidently assert that the first inhabitants of their island were fairies, so do they maintain that these little people have still their residence among them. They call them the good people, and say they live in wilds and forests, and on mountains, and shun great cities because of the wickedness therein. All the houses are blessed where they visit, for they fly vice. A person would be thought impudently profane who should suffer his family to go to bed without first having set a tub or pailful of clean water for these guests to bathe themselves in, which the natives aver they constantly do as soon as ever the eyes of the family are closed wherever they vouchsafe to come."

Cumming also, at a much more recent date, wrote: "It would be a mistake to suppose that the minds of the Manx peasantry are uninfluenced by a superstitious feeling of reverence for the fairy elves, and for places which tradition has rendered sacred to their revels."

I know from personal experience that in the more remote corners of the Isle of Man many of the cottagers believed in fairies and spirits generally, up to twenty years ago. At that time, as a child, I saw much of the

natives, and chatted with many old and middle-aged and young who did not doubt the existence of the "little people," or the "good people," in the least. The word "fairies" was always ostentatiously avoided, as the small sprites were supposed to dislike the use of it exceedingly.

Our old gardener, a walking volume of folklore, had many a yarn to tell of the ways and whims of the indefatigable *Phynnodderee*, a sort of hairy hobgoblin of the elves, good and bad, trolls and mermaids. The particular supernatural being which appealed to the old man most was the *Lhiannan-Shee*, or "spirit-friend," a feminine fairy of a very coming-on disposition, a sort of Lady Jane on the look-out for a Bunthorne whom she could follow round and flow over.

Quilliam had actually seen one of these mysterious creatures. She was waiting for him one night as he crossed the Rowany fields in Rushen. Charmed she never so wisely—and according to Quilliam she was very taking indeed—he would not speak to her. Had he done so, by so much as one word, that fairy would have followed him, invisible to everyone else, for ever. This catastrophe did befall a tailor in the village, a friend of Quilliam's, who stupidly spoke to a chance *Lhiannan-Shee*, without thinking of what he was doing, and wherever he went afterwards that *Lhiannan-Shee*, like Mary's lamb, was sure to go. This pertinacious fairy even went the length of accompanying her hero into the bars of public houses, where he often offered the shadowy presence a drink from his mug of beer to the amazement of the rest

of the company. That the beer mug was most probably the *causa sine quâ non* of the whole episode does not appear to have struck anyone.

A very ancient Manx worthy lived in Port Erin—the natives call the place Port Iron—a grubby old fisherman of giant stature, who did not agree at all with the theory of Thales of Miletus that water is the origin of all things. He wore habitually a drill coat, fashioned somewhat like a jersey, which had been white once, but that was ages ago. It had a settled appearance, a look of long residence, in fact gave you the idea that its wearer went to bed in it. An old woman told me that many years previously the "little people" caught the Great Unwashed as he passed the scene of their revels in the depths of Lagny-Killey one starry night, and forcibly bathed him in a big deep *dubb*. When he returned home in the morning a second white coat hung over his arm, of which he could give no account. Everyone accounted for the phenomenon by saying that the fairies excavated this garment as they scrubbed away the dirt of ages. But of all this the old man would say nothing. I could not get him to admit that he had ever been touched by a sprite. The sort of fairies the old fisherman had seen the most of were always clad in brilliant blues and greens, with small red caps; and as they danced gleefully about the rings, or swung on the branches of the flowering gorse, a little flickering light always accompanied them, a tiny glinting brilliancy which could never be explained. I know now all about the elusive will-o'-the-wisp. It was the "Tinkerbell"

of Mr. Barrie's discovering. "Just a common girl. She washes the fairies' pots and pans."

If one has been brought up among a people steeped in folklore, with few companions, and those not the little know-alls of the cities, one is apt to eat greedily of the bread of Faëry, and drink deeply of the wine of dreams. Some of the stories heard so constantly carried conviction to our minds, and often, with my enthusiastic sisters and a brother inclined to play "doubting Thomas," I made a reconaissance in force to find the fairies. We waited patiently for them o' nights on the top of the *brooghs* of the Mull, and sat shivering, and very much afraid, at the foot of the Fairy Hill in Rushen, at midnight on Midsummer's Eve, the feast night of the elves. Our longing ears strained for the notes of the spirit music, for in this green *tumulus* the king of all the Manx fairies was said to hold his court. Alas! no sound save the tinkling murmur of the wind through the heather bells, and the dry rustle of the plumed heads of the myriad nodding grasses. Nobody would have given the sprites a warmer welcome! We were prepared to receive them so royally, but they never came! They never came!

The old people always told us that the thrilling sound of Elysian music, "strains inaudible to ears unblest," might often be heard coming from ancient *tumuli*. The well-known air of *The Bollan Bane*, or White Herb, an indispensable to witch-doctors—the herb, not the air!—was evolved from the witching lilt of a fairy chorus overheard by an interested musician.

The gnomes of Mona, like those in all parts of the world, seem to be divided into two classes, the amiable, well-meaning, helpful spirits, and the malevolent spiteful variety, stealers of babies, spoilers of the crops, and destroyers of family peace and quiet. Sometimes child abduction is not meant cruelly by the little people, and in this connexion I well remember an episode which was told to me by a hunchback, the cause of all the trouble. The little romance took place in Surby, in Rushen Parish, not far from the *tumulus Cronk-Mooar*, or Fairy Hill. The sprites of the island are said to prefer as residences these ancient places of sepulture, and hundreds of years ago learned to use the flint arrow heads found therein.

The fairy hill at Rushen, however, is something more than a one-time barrow, or burial-place, for it shows unquestionably by its breastwork, and traces of a wide moat, that it had its uses as a fortified stronghold. Such an entrenchment—the hill is some forty feet high, with steep sides—would be most valuable against on-coming forces from Port Erin and Port St. Mary. Tradition says that upon this eminence the then King of Man was slain in 1249 by Ivar, the knight.

In a simple cottage, looking down on to the green *cronk*, many years ago, a fisherman and his wife lived, and every night, in the cold winter, they went to bed early, in order that the "good people" might come in and warm themselves by the embers of the peat fire—a practice said to be very general among

the fairies at that time. The careful housewife never failed to keep a bit of dough from the baking of the griddle cakes, never forgot to fill the crock with water, which she set in readiness for the sprites. The cottagers were childless, and, though very poor, longed for a son more than anything else in all the world. At last a son was born, a poor pitiful hunchback creature, fearsome in feature and in form. The mother cried for three days and three nights in her bitter grief and disappointment, and on the fourth morning, wakening from exhausted sleep, she noticed that her crippled boy was not by her side. In his place lay the smallest creature imaginable, perfect in body, and in his wide-open blue eyes lay all the wisdom of the ages. His wee face was afire with expression, brimful of possibilities, and varieties, and shades, and meanings, and illuminations, and imaginings, without a trace of sulkiness. But he was not pretty; that would have been too much to expect, seeing that he had taken more than his fair share of wits. He laughed incessantly, and every note was as a chime of silver bells. Instead of receiving the changeling gratefully, as the well-meaning fairies evidently hoped she would, the mother cried more than before, and, like Rachel, refused to be comforted. Contrary as a woman, she saw no perfection in this perfect child, fairy though he was; she just wept and wept for the misshapen baby she had lost. In between paroxysms of tears she fell asleep, and lo, when she opened her eyes, the deformed figure of the poor hunchback lay beside her once more, quite unharmed.

But the fairies never came again. The glowing embers of the flickering fire tempted them not at all, and as the disappointed sprites tossed on the keen breath of the snow-sheeted mountains they sang, with the Immortal One :—

> Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
> Thou art not so unkind
> As man's ingratitude.

All sorts of weird happenings occurred in Manx fairyland at Christmas time. Every *Phynnodderee*, troll, and spirit was bereft of supernatural power, and no care was exerted to guard a Yule baby from the thievish elves. At ordinary seasons the most drastic measures must needs be taken, such as a tight necklace of red cord wound about the infant's neck, or the tongs—iron is a non-conductor to the sprites—were laid across the little wooden cradle. The sartorial developments—I think, don't you, that amid such a poetical setting that looks better than the unvarnished humdrumidity of the word "trousers" ?—of the baby's father were also extraordinarily efficacious in heading off predatory fairies. A pair, however decrepit, placed nonchalantly on the bed saved a whole world of trouble and anxiety.

To keep bad fairies away all manner of charms were common. Branches of *cuirn*, mountain ash, fashioned into a cross without the aid of a knife—a fatal assistance which would at once have nullified and ruined everything—were put up over the doors of stables. Yellow flowers also, gorse, primroses, and *cushag*, laid

A MANX GLEN

across a threshold gave sanctuary against the machinations of the evil spirits.

Fairies, as is well known, object to any noise, and therefore we always hear of them haunting the great silences of the isle. The green hill-tops, the recesses of the glens, and lonely meadow lands lent their swards and level nooks to further the fairy revelries. If the humming world came nearer, and the sound of the sweep of life insistent, then the disturbed gnomes would quit the neighbourhood for somewhere more retired. When the flour mill was built by the glen side at Colby, the old Manx folk predicted that the good people would leave their haunts of olden time, and so it fell out. One early morning a ploughman going to his work heard a low, pathetic, forlorn moaning, like the gentle breaking of rippling waves on a stony beach, and there, pressing up to the hills, in scurrying, hurrying myriads, were many sprites, carrying on their tiny backs their household goods, climbing on and on, until the mists of the mountains enveloped their energetic little figures.

Of stories of the *Phynnodderee* and the *Glashtin* there are dozens. These merry trolls have prodigious strength, and are sympathetically inclined to man on occasion, and equally vengeful if the whim seizes them. If you look for the definition of a *Phynnodderee* in the Manx dictionary, you will see that Cregeen calls him a "satyr," and tells us that the Manx Bible refers to the spirit in that form. *Hig beishtyn oaldey yn aasagh dy cheilley marish beishtyn oaldey yn ellan, as nee yn phynnodderee gyllagh da e heshey.* (The wild beasts

of the desert shall also meet with the wild beasts of the island, and the satyr shall cry to his fellow.) But the *Phynnnodderee* is not exactly a satyr, for all that. The word probably just fitted the requirements of the translator, and the title of the elf was taken in consonant vainness.

We cannot tell whereabouts the *Phynnodderee* keeps himself to-day. He may be deep in the green *tumuli*, oppressed in this age of sceptical unbelief, or he may have returned to his brother in Scandinavia. For the little troll surely came to the Isle of Man with Orry, perhaps in a fold of the giant Viking's tunic, perhaps beneath the wings of his golden helmet. When the fairy made the venturesome journey, he left behind him a tiny twin, whose name was Swartalfar.

He has hidden himself somewhere, our blithe little Brownie, and never now flits about the island, or swings on the branches of the *tramman* tree. We miss him, we miss him very much. "There has not been a merry world since he lost his ground."

The fairies remained *en evidence* in Mona's Isle for a longer period than anywhere else, I think. Chaucer reported the fairies of England to be on the eve of packing up, if indeed they had not already departed, in his time, though some savants learned in necromantic lore declare that the sprites continued to exist until the Reformation, which, for some occult reason, affected the little people to vanishing point.

The elves of Manxland survived the *sturm und drang* of the sixteenth century happenings, and since the small creatures cannot die utterly—no archæo-

logist has ever yet found the Pygmæan grave of an inhabitant of fairyland—they must be near us somewhere still.

Many years ago an insular Wesleyan minister claimed to have actually *seen* the passing of the local sprites. He told his congregation that the island would luckily be fairyless for ever, for he had watched the little people set out to sea, and their ships were empty rum casks. In hurrying myriads the tiny elves packed themselves away as tightly as could be, and then off they went across Douglas Bay in the teeth of a freshening breeze.

That is not the way in which a fairy would travel! In an empty rum puncheon! So we do not believe the story. It is a most unmitigated misstatement. He never saw the *Mooinjer-Veggey* "little people" pass away.

The *Phynnodderee* would sometimes gather the harvest if he saw it in danger of spoliation, and fold the cattle of an evening. He was a simple little fairy, too, for all. He could not discriminate between a sheep and a hare. Once upon a time, in amiable mood, the sprite intended to bring in the herds ere the tempest, sullenly brewing, broke upon the mountain slopes. With the sheep, nibbling the grass spears, was an agile hare, and the fairy would shepherd him too, thinking the small brown thing was certainly of the band. To do this the *Phynnodderee* had first to chase his quarry three times round Snaefell, and when at last the worn-out hare was captured and folded willy-nilly with the sheep, the breathless sprite told the farmer that

the "*loghtan beg*" (little native sheep) had given him more trouble than all the rest!

The words *beg* and *veg*, literally translated, mean "small," but they are Manx terms of endearment also. A mother sometimes adds *beg* or *veg* to her child's name, as for instance Tommy *Beg* or Tommy *Veg*. It depends a lot for its meaning on how it is used. If your mother says it, the tiny syllable is more than small. It is just the biggest, sweetest, tenderest, most lovable word in all the Manx language.

Train tells us of a day when the *Phynnodderee* cut down and gathered up the grass in a certain meadow which would have been injured if left out any longer. The farmer—ungrateful specimen—expressed his dissatisfaction with the work, and upbraided the fairy for not having cut the grass closer to the ground. In the following year the *Phynnodderee* allowed the farmer to cut it down himself, but went after him stubbing up the roots so fast that it was with difficulty the farmer escaped having his legs cut off by the angry sprite. For several years afterwards no person could be found to mow the meadow, until a fearless soldier from one of the garrisons at length undertook the task. He commenced in the centre of the field, and by cutting round as if on the edge of a circle, keeping one eye on the progress of the *yiarn folderagh*, or scythe, while the other

> Was turned round with prudent care
> Lest *Phynnodderee* catched him unaware,

he succeeded in finishing his task unmolested, and

this field, situated in the parish of Marown, hard by the ruins of St. Trinian's, is, from the circumstances just related, still called *yn lheeanee rhunt*, or "the round meadow."

Work never daunted the *Phynnodderee*. Train recalls yet another kindly action of the sprite in the story of a house which was to be built near Tholt-e-Will, for which it was necessary to haul the building materials from a great distance. One white block in particular, desired as a corner stone of the domestic temple, resisted all efforts to transport it to the required site. Evidently the constructor was not superstitious. The Manxman of long gone times would have nothing to do with white stones, and if such were included in the ballast of a ship the voyage was "off" until the offenders were removed. Many little white shore pebbles were found scattered about in the ancient graves of Man, and the dread which enveloped the old-time places of sepulture probably descended to all white stones. Even to this day it is not every Manxman who will include one in the masonry of his home. The familiar saying, "*T'on cha doaney-myr clagh vane*" (Thou art as impudent as a white stone), is a pretty simile suggested by the noticeably conspicuous blocks of quartz which gleam brightly on the mountain slopes, and wink in the sun like myriad Argus eyes. "Imperent" is a word which occurs very often in the insular vocabulary.

But I am digressing, and that badly.

Forced with the superhuman task of removing the great stone to the slopes of Tholt-e-Will, the discon-

solate builder saw his work at a standstill, until, hey presto ! the *Phynnodderee* to the rescue. In one night the elf conveyed the huge *clagh-bane*, and all the other necessary building material, to the chosen site. You can see the white stone for yourself to-day. Naturally the gratified Manxman wished to reward his little coadjutor, who was apparently dressed in more or less, rather less than more, elfish " altogether." Some tiny garments were prepared, and scattered haphazard about the haunts beloved of the *Phynnodderee*, deep down in the woodland glades by a rushing stream, o'erhung with green *tramman*. Presently the sprite came—the grateful house-builder had concealed himself that he might watch proceedings—and, looking a gift horse very much in the mouth, took up the clothes one by one, examining them carefully. Then with a disconsolate cry the little elf voiced his feelings thus :—

" *Bayrn da'n chione, dy doogh d'an chione,*
Cooat da'n dreeymn, dy doogh da'n dreeym,
Breechyn da'n toin, dy doogh da'n toin,
Agh my she lhiat ooilley, shoh cha nee lhiat Glen reagh Rushen.

(Cap for the head, alas ! poor head,
Coat for the back, alas ! poor back,
Breeches for the breech, alas ! poor breech,
If these be all thine, thine cannot be the merry Glen of Rushen.)

With a sobbing moan the fairy fled away on the breath of the wind, leaving the discarded garments behind him.

The *Glashtin* was a goblin, with attributes very similar to those of the *Phynnodderee*, and sometimes

this spirit is confounded with the masculine counterpart of the *Lhiannan-Shee*, the *Dooiney-oie*, or night man. This friendly supernatural creature attached himself to particular families, to whom he played herald of events, or warner of disasters. His voice, we learn from Train, "was very dismal, and when heard at night on the mountains, sounded something like H-o-w-l-a-a, or H-o-w-a-a." Really a depressing domestic demon.

Bugganes were creatures of evil nature. St. Trinian's was afflicted with the presence of a very active specimen of the *buggane* genus.

The mermaid, or *Ben-varrey*—history has very little to say of the merman, *Dooiney-varrey*—is no relation to the *Cughtagh*, a spirit of the sea, whose *raison d'être* was just singing to herself in the spectral gloom of the caves. She sang because she loved to sing, from sheer *joie de vivre* apparently, and being woven into the labyrinthine muffled noises of the waves surging into the rocky crannies, and always so far from human habitation, the everlasting chant bored nobody, least of all the *Cughtagh*, who was born for no other purpose than to manufacture carols of the coast. The *Ben-varrey* was much more active. Waldron tells us of his astonishment when he realized that the Manx had a whole-hearted belief in mermaids, and records several yarns about the fascinating sea-maidens. He says that during Cromwell's government the Isle of Man was little resorted to by trading vessels, and that "uninterruption and solitude of the sea gave the mermen and mermaids (who are enemies to any company but

those of their own species) frequent opportunities of visiting the shore, where, on moonlight nights, they have been seen to sit, combing their heads, and playing with each other ; but as soon as they perceived anybody coming near them, jumped into the water, and were out of sight immediately." The exclusiveness which Waldron observed would appear to have been but transitory, for at some periods the special line of the *Ben-varrey* was an overwhelming affection for every personable Manxman. So frequent and violent were her amatory affairs that she must have been a perfect nuisance to herself, and it is no wonder that, with so many love interests running concurrently, a few of them ran into one another, and were telescoped, necessitating stone-throwing at the young mortal—a rude manner of reprisal for which a highly incensed *Ben-varrey* showed great partiality. A mortal hit by one of these fairy-thrown missiles at first suffered no pain, only very suddenly, an hour or so afterwards, with an acute stab where the stone had struck, down sank the victim quite dead.

A gentle spirit, *Keimagh*, haunted the stiles which lead to all the old churchyards, and it may be she does so still. Her thought was all for the dead, and unless the everlasting sleep of her silent army was disturbed, the brooding tender *Keimagh* had no terrors for anyone. To her the storm-tossed phantom spirits of the little unchristened babies took their griefs, burying their tear-stained eyes in the filmy folds of her misty gown.

In the Isle of Man the stillborn children are buried

in the night—it may be so everywhere, I do not know—as though they would apologize for encroaching even so far as on consecrated ground. This phase of Christian Christianity makes my unlogical feminine mind turn pagan and run *amok*. It seems so altogether unexplainable why a parson has to withhold his kindly attentions from an unbaptized baby, and bestow it, full measure, running over, on some perhaps utterly worthless grown-up. This by the way.

There is a quaintly charming story of an old Manxman passing Arbory Church at midnight one Christmas Eve, and as he came level with the giant fuchsia hedge which borders the vicarage garden, he heard a soft low wailing, piteously insistent, coming from the shadowy graveyard. As he drew nearer and nearer, the trailing gentle murmur took voice and words, the sad grieving lament of an unchristened infant: "*Lhiannoo dyn ennym me! Lhiannoo dyn ennym me!*" said the quiet sighing breath over and over again. (A child without name am I! A child without name am I!)

The old man paused by the wall, and looking up towards the old kirk, with its white bell-turret outlined in the moonlight, he said clearly, and very tenderly: "*My she gilley eu, ta mee bashtey eu Juan, as my she inneen eu ta me bashtey eu Joney.*" (If thou art a boy I christen thee John, and if thou art a girl I christen thee Joney.)

With a happy sigh, like the wind sinking to rest, the little ghost lay content and at peace.

This story rather reminds me of the haphazard

christening of a small relative of my own, a poor weakling, born apparently but to die at once. He lay upon his nurse's knee, and everything looked as though the end was at hand. Imbued with the prevalent idea that at such times anyone who had the presence of mind to fling himself or herself into the breach may conclusively and effectively play padre, the nurse hurriedly damped her finger from a bottle of dill-water standing beside her, and, like a drowning man clutching at a straw, seized upon the first names which happened to flit across the disturbed surface of her inner consciousness. "Wellington Napoleon!" she said solemnly, "I christen thee Wellington Napoleon!"

Instead of this thunderbolt flattening out the infant utterly, the mere pronunciation of these martial nominations seemed to help it rally its forces. Like its great namesakes, the atom held the foe at bay, and Death drew off with averted head. Sometimes it falls out that life is not worth the price one pays for it, and this thought came to the mother as she saw the possibility of her boy having to go through the world burdened with the high-sounding, impossible-to-live-up-to designation, unwittingly bestowed. For nurse maintained stoutly that under all the circumstances she was fully qualified to undertake the christening process, and there was no getting away from the patent fact that the baby was named, if unsatisfactorily. How *did* they get out of it? Well, they could not—entirely. They compromised. And made things a trifle easier for the youthful hope by juggling him into Arthur Bonaparte.

I am wandering from the subject! But—a big but—did you ever know a woman stick to the point? Inevitably she must wander off down every byway and tempting bridle-path.

Giants, too, we had in Man. One spell-bound monster, a Triton among the Minnows, lived somewhere—I cannot exactly localize the spot—in the subterraneous passages of Castle Rushen.

Apparitions of all kinds haunt the "great waste places," and a stalwart spirit was abroad in the *Tarroo-Ushtey*, a water bull, fairy frequenter of the curraghs, an amphibious creature who has been known to join the herds of domestic cattle in the fields and lure away the finest heifer of them all to destruction. Even so late as 1859 a *Tarroo-Ushtey* was reported to be frequently seen in a field near Ballure Glen, and people journeyed thither from all parts of the island to "put a sight on it."

Witchcraft, in all its devious branches, flourished vigorously, in spite of the drastic punishments meted out to sundry of the necromancers. Suspected witches—we hear very little of wizards—were subjected to the water ordeal until the seventeenth century. This method of obtaining evidence of the guilt or innocence of the suspect may have been satisfactory from the point of view of the promoters, but scarcely so satisfying and excellent to the witch herself, who derived no justice at all from the rough tribunal, the inevitable result being fatal to her in any case. The accused of "sorcerie and witchcraft" was thrown into a big deep pool of the Curragh. If she swam, or managed

in some fashion to keep herself afloat, every allegation made against her was held to be amply proven, and a roll down Slieau Whuallian in a spiked barrel, or a fearsome pile of burning faggots, ended the life which the bogs of the Curragh had failed to take. If, on the other hand, a suspected witch allowed herself to drown decently, with some degree of dignity, her " innocencie was declared," and she was enthusiastically accorded Christian burial.

References to the practice and punishment of witchcraft occur very frequently in the episcopal and civil histories of the isle ; but the names of the sorcerers are not now, save in isolated cases, island-wide. The personalities of the once celebrated myriads who practised the black art have passed to the dim and hazy land of forgotten things. Few are labelled and bracketed as fit to stand by Cæsar, who is, of course, *Mannanan*, the greatest wizard of them all.

Mannanan Mac Lir, necromancer and navigator, looms large in the early history of Ireland as a sort of god of the sea, and in some periods he merges into a famous merchant-pilot who " understood the dangerous parts of harbours ; and, from his prescience of the change of weather, always avoided tempests." We glean much of his character and attributes from this old literature, for throughout the Irish legends the name of *Mannanan* in one form or another is scattered about the ancient manuscripts in most generous profusion.

Local tradition sometimes exalts the magician into a giant who dashed about his little territory

on three legs, and at other times it compresses him into a Pygmæan creature, so insignificant as to be almost unnoticeable. Oftenest of all he is a redoubtable warrior, girt about with an unpierceable coat of chain mail, and an infallible sword sarcastically named "The Answerer"—not because the mighty blade made a habit of replying to parleying quibblers—contrariwise; its terrible whispers never could receive response. The canoe used by the famous necromancer was called "The Wave-sweeper"; and altogether *Mannanan* forces upon our notice the fact that he had a very nice taste in the christening of things. I wonder how the high-sounding names of the modern lodging-houses would strike his artistic mind.

Caillagh-ny-Ghueshag managed to impress her dominant character on the shifting sands of time, and the name and fame of *Tehi-Tegi*, the beautiful enchantress, linger yet in the annals of necromancy in Man. Of different calibre was Teare, the great witch-doctor of Ballawhane, a well-remembered sorcerer of sorts.

Caillagh-ny-Ghueshag was an inspired prophetess. The words mean, so far as they can be correctly translated, "Old woman of sorcery" or spells. At one time the word *Caillagh* meant any old dame; but at last it was only used in connexion with witches and those suspected of dealings with the supernatural. The manifold predictions of this great and clever *Caillagh* are very difficult to fathom, and her ordinary remarks on every-day affairs possess the same baffling qualities as do her inspired messages. The majority

of her erudite prophecies altogether elude interpretation. The homely brain is hopelessly puzzled and befogged by the profound depth of "*Dy nee ass claghyn glassey yoghe sleih nyn arran,*" an oracular sentence meaning, "people would get their bread from grey stones," and "*Dy beagh chimlee caardagh ayns chooilley hie roish jerrey yn theill*" remains an unravelled mystery to the effect that "There will be a smithy chimney in every house before the end of the world."

We have no idea what *Caillagh* meant to hint at, but it is evidently something very uncomfortable. She was a privileged orator, and, like one or two leaders of our own time, was a licensed coiner of involved remarks which, from their very unintelligibility, seem so ingenuously ingenious that ordinary hum-drum brains accept them gratefully as too Socrates-like and profound to be trifled with or derided. A "Let sleeping dogs lie" principle which is not without its advantages.

Tehi-Tegi was an altogether mythical personage, an irresistible charmer who enslaved the hearts and minds of every man until the island became a dreary waste, untilled, unsown, overgrown, neglected; for the one aim and object of Manx masculinity was to make love to *Tehi*.

Teare of Ballawhane was a popular charmer, counteracter of spells, and manufacturer of ceremonies for use against the machinations of fairies and evil spirits. He had power over the birds of the air and the beasts of the field. He is described by Train, in his *History of the Isle of Man*, as "a little man, far advanced into the

vale of life. In appearance he was healthy and active ; he wore a low slouched hat, evidently too large for his head, with broad brim; his coat of an old-fashioned make, with his vest and breeches, were all of *loaghtyn* wool, which had never undergone any process of dyeing ; his shoes, also, were of a colour not to be distinguished from his stockings, which were likewise of *loaghtyn* wool. He is said to have been the most powerful of all these practitioners, and when their prescriptions had failed in producing the desired effect, he was applied to. The messenger that was despatched to him on such occasions was neither to eat nor to drink by the way nor even to tell any person of his mission. The recovery was supposed to be perceptible from the time the case was stated to him."

After the death of Teare his daughter carried on the witch doctor business. It was always held that the peculiar gifts which go to make a successful charmer were hereditary, and descended through the generations, viâ alternate sexes. A father would transmit the recondite virtues to his daughter, that daughter to her son, and so on. The only possible way for anyone having the faculty of second sight to dispossess himself or herself of it was to marry someone equally blessed, or afflicted—it all depends on the point of view. Then the great gift died utterly. One nullified the other, I suppose, just as it will often fall out with our voting arrangements when we give the franchise in England to married suffragettes.

Besides the people who inherited the power of second sight, many babies came into the world fore-

doomed to it. Posthumous children, and a seventh son of a seventh son, were of a band who could lift the mysterious veil of the Unknown and look behind.

The services of a witch doctor were often requisitioned in a bad herring season, and charms were laid upon the nets. The witches, who were thought to be invisibly wreathed about the boats, to the complete ruination of the harvest of the sea, had to be exorcized. This driving out of the witches by fire was a very general practice up to the eighteenth century. Colonel Townley, who watched the process as performed by the fishermen at Douglas in 1789, tells us: "They set fire to bunches of heather, going one at the head, another at the stern, others along the sides, so that every part of the boat might be touched."

Written charms and chanted charms were powers in the land, and the echo of them lingers faintly today in the memory of the old people. I well remember hearing an old crone in Cregneish, one of the most primitive villages on the island, use the invocation against King's Evil upon an afflicted grandchild. She was not an accepted witch-charmer, or dabbler in the occult, although we held her in considerable awe and respect in consequence of the many strange tales which were current about her. Mystery and illusion surrounded her like an aura. Perhaps she represented the last of a line of great witch-charmers. Touching the pitiful scar with gnarled brown fingers, the old crone repeated with great solemnity: "I am to divide it in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; whether it be a sprite's evil, or a King's Evil, may

this divided blemish banish this distemper to the sands of the sea."

This was said three times over in Manx, with great deliberation.

The celebrated *Cadley-Jiargan* of the old-time necromancers is still used playfully to charm away "pins and needles." "*Ping, ping, prash, Cur yn cadley-jiargan ass my chass.*"

It is too comprehensively elusive for translation and relies for its complete effectiveness on its mysterious impregnability. "*Ping, ping, prash*" is almost "a terminological inexactitude." To begin with, it wants a few more "y's" scattered about it to be really representatively Manx. "Y" in the Manx language is an abounding necessity, and is voluminously recurrent. All languages seem to possess an all-pervading letter, as all great writers have an all-pervading word. "Glamour" permeated De Quincey, and "wingëd" perfectly haunted Shelley. "Y" enfilades the Manx, and forms the bed-rock of most of the words.

There is an unaccountable insular superstition that some of the island creatures hibernate. They are seven in number, and known as *ny shiaght cadlagyn*, or the seven sleepers. The "We are seven" has elongated in the passing of years, making the original list larger, and varying the names of the drowsy band; but the ones who can make good their prehistorical right to inclusion are *Cadlag*, a "Let's pretendia" animal of Jabberwock variety, *Cooag*, the cuckoo, *Craitnag*, the bat, *Cloghan-ny-cleigh*, the stone-chat, *gollan-geayee*,

the swallow, *foillican*, the butterfly, and *shellan*, the bee.

When a baby was born the old-time folk saw to it that the little one remained in the room where it first saw the light until after the baptism. This was the simplest way by which the threatening dangers of predatory fairies and the Evil Eye might be reduced to a minimum.

Train tells us that, in the room where the mother and baby lay, a wooden hoop arrangement was set, with lining of sheepskin, evidently a rough tray of sorts; and on this a heap of oat cakes was laid, and cheese, a hospitable offering to the mortal visitors who flocked to "put a sight on the *bogh millish*." "*Bogh millish*" means "poor dear," and is a frequent term of endearment.

The fairies had scraps of cheese and bread scattered all about for the picking up, and this was called the *blithe meat*. Cheese seemed to be a *sine quâ non* at birthday celebrations. The woman who carried the baby to church for the christening had a pocketful of the ubiquitous fare, which she presented to the first passer-by, whether he required it or not, and this gift was considered to be an infallible recipe against all kinds of magic and sorcery.

The green *tramman*, or elder tree, possessed remarkable fending-off properties. A witch kept her distance from a cottage so o'ershadowed, and there is hardly an old *tholthan*, or well, without its flourishing protection. In insular superstition the *tramman* was the tree selected by Judas Iscariot for his gallows.

CHAPTER XI

CUSTOMS PAST AND PRESENT

Nice customs curt'sy to great Kings.

Henry V.

Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all.

Cymbeline.

It seems to me that in essaying a chapter on a few of the customs, past and present, the dress of the old-time Manx peasantry would make a good beginning. Being a woman, the sartorial aspect of anything naturally appeals to my mind. It is *place aux robes* with me every time. I can remember two decades ago going so very often to watch the local *fidder*, weaving the undyed fleece, which was *keeir* (dark brown) of the *loghtan* (native sheep) into woollen cloth. He lived in Surby, near the little chapel, and manœuvred his primitive loom in a tiny thatched cottage, working away, early and late, through the year. Not many, if any, home weavers are to be found in the island to-day, but in bygone times the weaver was a concomitant of every village. The dress of Manx villagers was invariably of this *kialter*, or woollen homespun, fashioned into trousers, coat, and waistcoat for a man, and into a baggy petticoat, called *oanrey*,

dyed red or blue, for a woman. A home-spun linen jacket—forerunner perhaps of the ubiquitous blouse of to-day—went with the useful skirt. Footgear also was home-manufactured. Waldron thus describes the primitive covering which did duty as a shoe: "Small pieces of cow's or horse's hide at the bottom of their feet, tyed on with pack thread, which they call *carranes*."

Stockings without feet, *oashyr-voynee* and *oashyr-slobbagh*, must have added to the already overwhelming discomfort of things. *Oashyr-voynee* was just a stocking leg, with a bit of twine at each side to fasten beneath the foot, and *oashyr-slobbagh* was extravagantly lavish in a sort of continuation flap which covered the instep, and looped round the big toe!

Manxmen affected a cap arrangement, and the women wore sun-bonnets or mob caps. Early in the nineteenth century buckled shoes and knee breeches came to the isle—brought across, doubtless, by some local Beau Brummell—and also a fearsome tall hat, perpetrated by home milliners, made from rabbit skins. One representative old Manxman in Port Erin wore this weird headgear, summer and winter, up to fifteen years ago. As children we used to call him "Old rabbit-skin hat." He seemed a mysterious relic of the past to us, a something to be greatly feared.

The 26th December, St. Stephen's Day, *Laa'l Steaoin* in Manx, is the date set apart for the celebration of one of the strangest rites in Manx history. It has been the custom from the recesses of remote times to "Hunt the Wren," a practice not, as is well-

known, entirely insular. The wren, held sacred through all the rest of the year, was hunted from early dawn of *Laa'l Steaoin* by various parties of boys armed with sticks and stones, who chased and harried the little brown birds until at last each band of lads secured a piteous feathered corpse, which was immediately placed amidst a mass of evergreens and gay flaunting ribbons wreathed about a pole, and carried from house to house, the while the "wren boys" chanted in rough and ready fashion these verses, set to the old Manx air which follows. The music was given by Barrow in his *Mona Melodies*, in 1820, and has been used in Man as the sacrificial song for generations.

HUNTING THE WREN.

We'll away to the woods, says Robin to Bobbin ;
We'll away to the woods, says Richard to Robin ;
We'll away to the woods, says Jack of the Land ;
We'll away to the woods, says every one.

What shall we do there ? says Robin to Bobbin ;
What shall we do there ? says Richard to Robin ;
What shall we do there ? says Jack of the Land ;
What shall we do there ? says every one.

The following lines, which for brevity's sake are not given in full, are chanted the usual four times over, in the wearisome repetition of the previous verses.

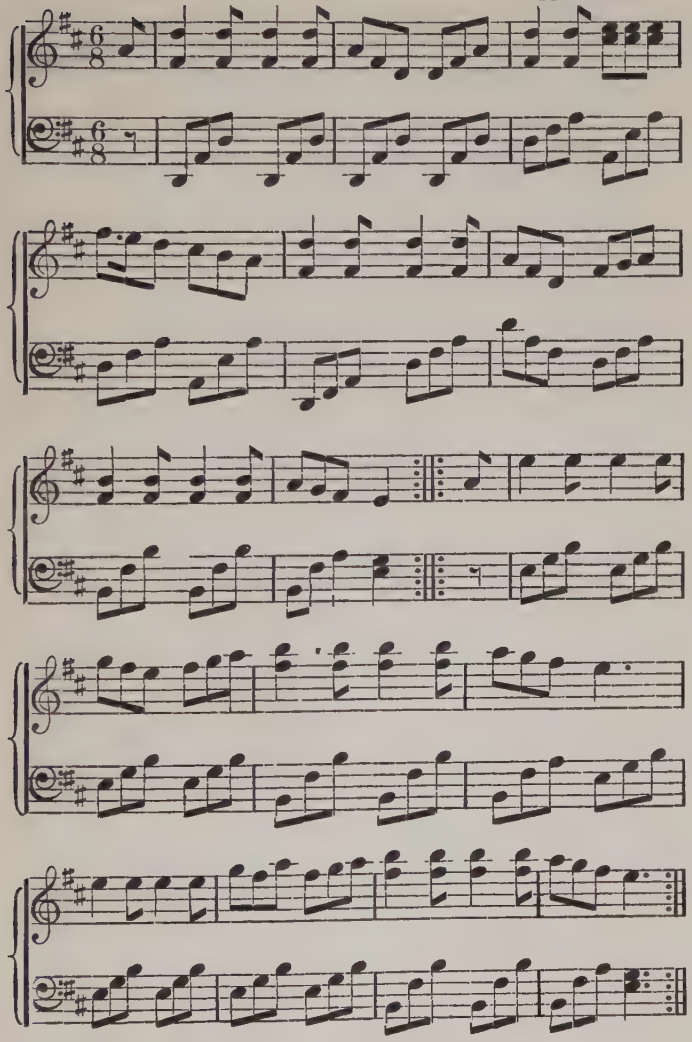
We will hunt the wren, says Robin to Bobbin ;
Where is he, where is he ? says Robin to Bobbin ;
In yonder green bush, says Robin to Bobbin ;
I see him, I see him, says Robin to Bobbin ;

How shall we get him down ? says Robin to Bobbin ;
With sticks and stones, says Robin to Bobbin ;
He is dead, he is dead, says Robin to Bobbin ;
How shall we get him home, says Robin to Bobbin ;
We'll hire a cart, says Robin to Bobbin ;
Whose cart shall we hire ? says Robin to Bobbin ;
Johnny Bill Fell's, says Robin to Bobbin ;
Who will stand driver ? says Robin to Bobbin ;
Filley the Tweet, says Robin to Bobbin ;
He's home, he's home, says Robin to Bobbin ;
How shall we get him boiled ? says Robin to Bobbin ;
In the brewery pan, says Robin to Bobbin ;
How shall we get him in ? says Robin to Bobbin ;
With iron bars and a rope, says Robin to Bobbin ;
He's in, he's in, says Robin to Bobbin ;
He is boiled, he is boiled, says Robin to Bobbin ;
How shall we get him out ? says Robin to Bobbin ;
With a long pitchfork, says Robin to Bobbin ;
He is out, he is out, says Robin to Bobbin ;
Who's to dine at dinner ? says Robin to Bobbin ;
The King and the Queen, says Robin to Bobbin ;
How shall we get him eat ? says Robin to Bobbin ;
With knives and forks, says Robin to Bobbin ;
He is eat, he is eat, says Robin to Bobbin ;
The eyes for the blind, says Robin to Bobbin ;
The legs for the lame, says Robin to Bobbin ;
The pluck for the poor, says Robin to Bobbin ;
The bones for the dogs, says Robin to Bobbin ;
The wren, the wren, the king of all birds ;
We have caught St. Stephen's Day, in the furze ;
Although he is little, his family's great ;
I pray you, good dame, do give us a treat.

As the Manx boys invariably pronounce the last word " trate," the assonance is preserved. Wren also they get to " wran."

HUNT THE WREN

Manx Air



"If they can catch and kill a poor wren before sunrising," writes Colonel Townley in 1789, "they firmly believe it ensures a good herring fishery," and all the historians appear to agree that the practice had this central idea as its objective. At every house visited a feather would be left for luck, in return, of course, for largesse; and this feather was considered an effective security. Shipwreck, witchcraft, evil-eye, and the like had no fears for the carrier of the wren's feather. In the dim twilight hours it was the old custom to bury the piteous little plucked body of the tiny bird in a corner of consecrated ground, amid a scene of solemn lamentation, which was immediately followed by an orgy of games and general rejoicings.

For many years now the whole performance has been enacted in wrenless fashion—"Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark. I have only once ever seen a wren suspended from the gay sad pole, and that twenty years ago. The play-acting "Hunt the Wren" parties still go about the villages of the island; but in ever-lessening numbers, haphazard, like the May Queen nuisances in some parts of England, and signs are not wanting that the whole ancient practice is falling into desuetude. Nowadays we are all too clever to believe in the efficacy of a wren's feather as a protection against anything. The pendulum has swung to the philosophical "Kismet"; to the cynical "If you must be shipwrecked you must, and there's an end o't."

The old, old story of the wren conquering the

eagle in open flight, and thus obtaining sovereignty of all the birds, has been told in the Manx to the children for many ages. The Manx mothers of olden days used to say that the great competition was held in Mona, and nowhere else at all. Representatives of the feathered tribe came from every land, and all the betting was on the champion of the eagle species. He never doubted, of course, but that he could fly the highest, and sailed up and up to the sun, to the gate of Heaven itself. Then, completely tired, unable to ascend another inch, the splendid bird triumphantly proclaimed himself king over every wingëd creature. Suddenly a little humble wren, concealed 'neath the great feathers of the lordly eagle, sped from the soft hiding place, higher and higher, farther than sight could follow. Chirruping loudly, the small brown bird cried out that he and he alone was the monarch of the air.

The Manx do not acknowledge, as so many nations do, the kingly dignity of the wren in the name they give him. We do not even know the exact meaning of his Manx title, "*Dreain*," though in Kelly's Dictionary the derivation is suggested as *Druai-een*, "The Druid's bird."

Another prevalent custom in Man was memorized just before Christmas, when the quaint mummers, called locally the "White Boys," used to come round and "mum" energetically, and I am told that this performance, which has for its *raison d'être* the glorification of St. George of England, still continues in some parts of the island. The lads at Port Erin never

could manage the pronunciation of the letter "w," and called themselves in consequence the "Quite Boys." How we children revelled in their entertainment! The greatest actor in all the world could not have charmed us half so much as the primitive histrionics of our gardener's boy, playing the King of Egypt, demanding in resonant tones, overlaid with a strong Manx accent, "O docther, docther, is there a docther to be foun'? Who can cure Saint Gurge of his deep and deadly woun'?"

"Wound" pronounced to rhyme with "found."

The *dramatis personæ* of the tragi-comedy were decked out very much after the haphazard fashion of the "Wren Boys," only with more dabs of white about them. White cardboard hats, strangely reminiscent of a mere common or garden bandbox, crowded with scraps of ribbon and holly leaves, crowned the energetic heads. Paste-board swords, if nothing more stalwart was forthcoming, clanked (of course, you had to pretend a lot about the clank) against the agile white-trousered legs, and spotless shirts, adorned with odds and ends of Christmas decoration variety, completed the taking outfit. Only one of the players departed from the general scheme, and he wore unrelieved black, raven-like and dolorous, even to face and hands. He was the "docther," the invaluable Æsculapius who was called in to "cure St. Gurge of his deep and deadly woun'."

Very sheepishly the "White Boys" trailed into the big kitchen, which had been cleared for the occasion, and the entertainment commenced. First of all,

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" Sambo " weighed in with explanatory prologue. No relation to the dusky physician, he is called " Sambo " just to make things more difficult. He played comic relief, laugh-maker, jester, Touchstone to the whole affair, which was not lengthy, and ended in a complete triumph of St. George over all enemies. Then solemnly the " White Boys " in Rushen, whatever they did elsewhere, walked, with martial tread and slow, round and round the room singing at the top of their lungs : " God bless the master of this house, likewise the mistress too, and all the little childer-en that round the table go, that round the table go."

Supper followed, and after a more lasting reward the well-graced players went off to enact St. George for someone else.

All Hallow's Eve, *Oie houiney* as the Manx call it, was the day for another visitation from another company of mummers, this time in *Hog-annaa*, a short piece of elusive mysterious rhyming. Again our gardener's boy—one man in his time plays many parts—carrying a wand overbalanced by a weighty turnip at the tip, led the company, who sang, or, more properly speaking, shouted, this extraordinary doggerel, the meaning of which we, as children, never even grasped by the outside edge :—

" *Hog-annaa* — This is old Hollantide night," Edward, the deputy gardener, asserted in strident tones, dwelling unmercifully on the double " a."

" *Trolla-laa*—The moon shines fair and bright," the junior cobbler of the village returned, in non-contradictory spirit.

" *Hog-annaa*—I went to the well,
Trolla-laa—And drank my fill ;
Hog-annaa—On my way back,
Trolla-laa—I met a witch-cat ;
Hog-annaa—The cat began to grin,
Trolla-laa—And I began to run ;
Hog-annaa—Where did you run to ?
Trolla-laa—I ran to Scotland.
Hog-annaa—What were they doing there ?
Trolla-laa—Baking bannocks and roasting collops.
Hog-annaa—Trolla-laa !
If you are going to give us anything, give it us soon,
Or we'll be away by the light of the moon—*Hog-annaa !* "

This strange archaic custom is now almost, if not quite, dead in the island. Of myself, I cannot pretend to explain its meaning, if it has any, or its significance. I always just accepted it as one of the strangely fascinating delights of being a child in Manxland. At one time the whole thing was said in the native tongue.

Our greatest living authority on the history and customs of the Isle of Man, Mr. A. W. Moore, explains *Hog-annaa* thus : " The words of the chorus *Hog-annaa, trolla-laa,* are probably identical with *Hog-manaye, trollalay,* the words of a Scotch song which is sung on New Year's Eve. In France, too, there is a similar custom and word, as " *En basse Normandie les pauvres le dernier jour en demandant l'aumosne, disent Hoguinanno.*" As to the meaning of this word *Hog-*

annaa, Hogmanaye, or *Hoguinanno,* we may venture to suggest that, supposing the Scotch form to be the most accurate, both it and *trollalay* are of Scandinavian origin, and refer to the fairies and the trolls. We know that on this night it was considered necessary to propitiate the dwellers in fairyland, who, with the *Phynnodderees,* witches, and spirits of all kinds, were abroad and especially powerful. We may, therefore, translate *Hog-man-aye* into *Hogga-man-ey*—" mound-men (for) ever," the fairies being considered as dwellers in the *hows* (or *tumuli,* or green mounds)—and *trollalay* into *trolla-a-la,* " trolls into the surf." The fairies, who were considered the most powerful of these creatures, being thus propitiated, would then protect their suppliants against the rest."

Christmas Eve in Mona sees everyone attending the *Oie'l Verrey* service in the nearest parish church. All over the island this feast of carol-singing is celebrated every year. From time immemorial *Oie'l Verrey* has been kept. These entertainments—for such, indeed, they were in olden times—exploited the Manx " *carvals,*" descriptive chants, which went on and on into the wee sma' hours, wearing out the parson, who left early. Everyone who attended brought a candle, so that the lighting arrangements were not dimly religious, but glaringly irrelevant. Anyone who liked could sing a *carval,* of home manufacture or otherwise, and the service ended in an orgy of pea-throwing and sounds of revelry by night. I cannot, of course, recall the real uncorrupted variety of *Oie'l Verrey,* the wild, riotous *carval* singing of long ago. The custom has

resolved itself of late years into orderly carol singing by the choir and congregation. It is still a great festivity. Not for worlds would I, in the days of my youth, have missed the universal Christmas appeal for eventful deliverance—the stirring " No-hell ! No-hell ! " an unconscious paraphrase of the gracious Noël into which everyone tumbled. For my own part I always thought it was " No-hell ! "

In 1855 George Borrow spent some time in wandering about the Isle of Man, and, being acquainted with Scotch Gaelic, together with a smattering of Manx, he had little difficulty in making himself understood by the people. Winning the confidence of the rough peasants of the time, he was shown much of the representative literature, examples of the *carvals* — the word is, of course, a corruption of carol—which were composed, he tells us, for recitation in the churches, by people who thought themselves endowed with the poetic gift. The sacred manuscripts were kept in the archives of the poet's family, and some of the grimy, smoky, time-stained booklets trace back through the years to distant ages.

A collection of Manx *carvals* has been published. They are fascinating in their weirdness, and deal with a wide range of biblical subjects. One of the most interesting is the *carval* of the Evil Women, a cynical record of all the ill-conditioned feminines who darken the pages of the Bible. This quaint bit of literature is said to be the swan song of a redoubtable smuggler who lived in the eighteenth century.

The old-time love of *carval* singing and *carval* manu-

facture in Man may be ascribed, I think, to the influence of the Franciscans of the thirteenth century, a small number of whom established themselves at Bimaken in Arbory. The followers of St. Francis of Assisi were the originators of carols, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that they were the evolvers of carols. The originals were there to be pirated, skeleton scaffoldings of weird ballads, and primeval folk-songs, and under the skilful manipulation of the Grey Friars the primordial chants ceased to be as ballads, and rose from the smoking ashes in the bloom of religious themes which were sung before the altars.

The literature of the old-time Manx, such literature as they had, as George Borrow among others observed, was all in manuscript form. No printed book in the vernacular has come to light bearing a date earlier than 1699. "There is nothing either written or printed in their language," wrote Bishop Barrow in the ecclesiastical records in 1663. Therefore it can be imagined what excitement and thankfulness greeted the translation and publication of the Bible. For the first time many of the islanders became really familiar with the Scriptures, and no longer depended entirely on oral teachings.

The harvest festival of long ago, once so great a feature in Man, is moribund, and the name *yn mheillea*, or colloquially the Melliah, harvest-home, is now only perpetuated by the harvest supper. Perhaps the modern "reaper" slew the old romantic custom, cut with a keen knife-edge the strange usage handed down

to us from distant years. The Melliah died as the labour-savers entered the fields.

All the harvest of a holding would be garnered save a little compact patch of waving barley or shimmering golden corn. The workers, their toil wellnigh finished, gathered to see the taking of the Melliah. Quickly a queen was chosen from out the band of gleaners, the prettiest and the youngest of them all, and with straight sheer cut of the sickle her majesty swept away the last of the harvest. The golden ears fell among the stubble, with the queen of a day smiling and blushing over the spoils. " The Melliah's took ! " rang out across the green valleys. " The Melliah's took ! "

From the few cut ears, the last bunch of the harvest, was then fashioned roughly a semblance of a tiny woman, with a face—which was beautiful or plain according to the imagination—made of the upstanding grains, and loose crinoline-like garment of flowing stalks. *Baban yn Mheillea*, doll of the harvest, was then carried with much fun and merriment to the farmhouse, and set on the high mantelpiece in the kitchen to remain until ousted by another straw effigy next harvesting.

When " Himself " came through the gate into the harvest field to watch or work, he was bound by the reapers with ropes of straw, and held captive until a small forfeit tax was paid. This, I remember, was an elastic practice extended to ordinary visitors. I was often caught in the *sugganes* as a child, but my ransom, I'm sure, was " not worth," which is the Manx way of expressing inadequacy.

In the evening the Melliah was kept up with much more spirit than it is to-day. There was feasting and revelry, *jough* (home-brewed beer) to drink, and plenty to eat, for " Himself " was a generous provider. Games of all sorts amused the company, always the *laare vane*, the white mare. This indispensable part of old-time rollicking was a make-believe horse's head, very make-believe indeed, contrived of wool, a bit of home taxidermy which would not have deceived a mouse. The *laare vane* could open its mouth, when the engineer-in-charge beneath, a lumpy bulging personage very much hampered by the tripping-up proclivities of a too-long enveloping sheet, touched the spring, and snap ! snap ! went the snowy equine head. That was all it did. All it was meant to do, just snap aggressively at the harvesters, who had to rush at the rather inane effigy and turn it out of the room.

In these days of each man for himself, a Manx lover dispenses with the once necessary *dooinney-moyllee*, or praising man, until recent years a *sine quâ non* in insular love affairs. He was a sort of go-between, whose pleasant duty it was to murmur sweet nothings to the lass, and impress upon her what a wonderful impossible-to-match-elsewhere husband was hers for the taking. The *dooinney-moyllee* had also to persuade unwilling parents to countenance the match, and take charge of a girl in the absence of her betrothed. Very often the proxy courtship led to changes all round, and the praising man stepped into the other fellow's shoes.

I am not quite sure whether *Ping-jaagh*, or the toll

of the " smoke penny," would be described as a custom or a compulsory usage. It was a tax levied on every house or hovel boasting a chimney, which was collected by the parish clerk as a perquisite. In far gone-by days Manx cottages possessed no chimneys. The smoke from the *chiollagh*, or hearth, a simple affair enough, composed of a few rough stones a-heap with smouldering peat, or turf, as it is called locally, went out through a hole cut in the thatched roof. With the advent of the assuming chimney the smoke tax came in. There is an old yarn of a cottager Dalby way, whose new chimney refused to play the game at all. Carrying away the smoke was the last idea it had in the world. It received it and politely returned it. Bunches of gorse lit beneath the fractious funnel did no good ; it simply would not do its work.

Into the grey pall came the parish clerk, John Robbat.

" You're wantin' the penny, iss lek ? " demanded the incensed peasant. " An' quat for ? "

" For the chimney the smook goes up," answered John Robbat, " Is't forgot at you ? "

" There's chimney, here's smook," waving his arms amid the fog, " Do thee bes', and my gough, thou'll get all the pennies thass in ! "

The ancient law authorizing the yarding of servants, a system of insular press-ganging, has long been repealed. This quaint usage consisted of the laying a straw by the general sumner across the shoulders of the impressed, with the words : " You are hereby Yarded for the service of the Lord of Man, in the house

of his Deemster, Moar, Coroner, or Sergeant of Barony." Servants refusing to comply with the command to serve in one of the privileged establishments were imprisoned and kept on meagre allowance "till they yielded obedience to perform their service." The name of the yarded one was given out next Sunday at the parish church. The family treasure of any farm might be wrested at any minute, but the servants of certain people, as for instance all members of the House of Keys, were immune from compulsory service.

There was also in the fourteenth century an Act which forced the services of unemployed agricultural labourers. These vagrants were "made liable," and, if they refused to serve, had to "suffer punishment till they submitt."

The sumner of a parish was an occupied individual. During the time of Divine service it was his duty to stand at the door and "whip and beat all the doggs." The bridle, one of the old-time punishment horrors, was also the peculiar care of this worthy. The invention, intended for the terrorizing of evil tongues, was a contrivance which went round the head, fastening behind, and held in position a cruel bit of iron which forced the tongue of the unfortunate wearing it flat with pressure. Waldron, who lived in Man in 1720, wrote of this rough penance—a punishment frequently meted out by Bishop Wilson: "If any person be convicted of making a scandalous report, and cannot make good the assertion, instead of being fined or imprisoned, they are sentenced to stand in the Market-place on a sort of scaffold erected for that purpose,

with their tongue in a noose of leather, which they call a bridle, and having been thus exposed to the view of the people for some time, on the taking off this machine they are obliged to say three times: 'Tongue, thou hast lied.'"

Stocks were in vogue in Man, as also the pillory, and the odd punishment called the wooden horse. The Statute of 1629, which governed this stern reprisal,—a sort of rough cure by the hair of the dog that bit you,—laid it down that: "Whosoever shall be found or detected to pull Horse Tayles shall be punished upon the Wooden Horse, thereon to continue for the space of two hours and to be whipped naked from the waist downwards."

Stealing "mutton, sheep, or lambe" was a "fellony in like manner to death," and the theft or damaging of bee-hives was regarded with the same seriousness.

We can only learn of the happenings of other days from tradition or ancient records, and this must be my excuse for such constant quotation. In the writings of Bishop Wilson we hear of "many lawes and customs which are peculiar to this place and singular." There is one of striking dignity, a proceeding going back to Saxon times. The prelate records that "the Bishop, or some priest appointed by him, do always sit in the great court along with the Governor, till sentence of death (if any) be pronounced; the Deemster asking the jury (instead of "Guilty or not guilty?") *Vod fir-charree soie?* which, literally translated, is, "May the man of the chancel sit?" If the foreman answers in the negative, the Bishop or his sub-

LEAD MINE AT LAXEY

stitute withdraws, and the sentence is then pronounced on the criminal.

Of all weird old customs, full of the fierce sad glamour of the time, the Act which justified a man by the oath of others, a purgation smiled upon by the Statutes of 1665, strikes us to-day as the strangest of all the sombrely strange usages of Manxland. It was an enactment which made it possible for the living " without bill, bond of evidence " to claim an unacknowledged debt from the dead, provided that the claim-maker " shall prove the same upon the grave of him or her from whom the debt was due with lawful compurgators according to the ancient form ; that is to say, lying on his back with the Bible on his breast and his compurgators on either side." This imaginative old custom, " one of our best lawes (the nature of that people considered, vizt., the oath for swearing on the grave, in case where there is not specialty," as Bishop Phillips wrote in 1609, has something of the simplicity of totally untutored peoples about it. It reminds me—reminds me very strongly—of a quaint little story of superstition, not a custom, wherein the grave—most doleful of " sets "—formed the necessary stage background for a telling drama in a country very far away from Mona's Isle, a land of limitless space and desolate mournful silences, Alaska. A withered old native, with face furrowed into deepest lines which Time can plough, played Chorus for me by a flickering fire, beneath a sky of deepest blue, dotted with a wreath of silver stars.

The mighty chief of a settlement of Innuits, the

most numerous of any tribe allied to the Eskimo, who inhabit the Bering Sea-coast from Bristol Bay to the mouth of the Yukon River, had just died, and the two likeliest men of the little colony squabbled between themselves for the reversion of power. They were of an age, and with equal claims. Both maintained that the old chief ever meant to bestow his all on either of them, both laid claim to the piles of skins lying in the chief's *barabora* in readiness for the advent of the fur trader, both seized the dead man's *bidarka* and spearing outfit, and last of all, perhaps most important of all, each young man swore that their late Headman had bequeathed his daughter, a veritable belle Innuit, to his successor in the chieftainship. The tribe took sides, and championed one cause or the other, and as to the young lady, she was of " How happy could I be with either were t'other dear charmer away " variety. A way out of the *impasse* had to be found, and the wisest patriarch in all the tribe sat in judgment. Let the two would-be chiefs lie out on the new-made grave one after the other, on nights to be chosen, with two witnesses, or, as the Manx Statutes would call them, compurgators. Then would the wraith of the departed, brooding round his sepulchre, announce his desires. Legatee Number 1 tried the gruesome plan, and lay down between the wooden paddles, relics of strenuous days, set at the head and foot of the frozen grave, marks to show above the snow-line, for the Innuits like not to walk over their dead.

Before the wraith had time to really consider the

matter, if indeed it happened to be in the vicinity that night at all, the vengeful spirits who live in the Nunatacks, or peaks, which are to be seen in the heart of the opalescent glaciers, descended with tempestuous wings, and carried off the—perhaps—residuary legatee with his compurgators, leaving nothing but the shell wherein life had been lived. There the tribe found them next morning, frozen stiff, each with a smile on Its face. So look all who are smitten by the Immortals from the Nunatacks. The natives say that no man can look upon the internal wonders of the ice-palaces and survive. And so the would-be chief Number 2 succeeded without the necessity of wrestling with justice upon a frozen grave. The furs were his, the light *bidarka* fashioned from the skins of hair seals, the belle of the settlement also. But—there is a but. All triumphs are defeats. This one was no exception to the rule. The old Innuit who spun the yarn wrinkled yet more his wrinkly face as he told of the new chief spending the latter part of his honeymoon in trying to inveigle the ice-spirits into taking him away also! Because he was so eager they would none of him. Just like the real people of the world.

Am I writing the text for a colour book on Alaska or on the Isle of Man, you ask? Forgive me, for the moment I had forgotten. I am nearly "through," as the Americans say, with the Manx customs, and as you know when a writer nears the end, he is always allowed a page or two in which to moralize, to point conclusions, to make comparisons.

Transgression of the ecclesiastical laws, and wrong-

doing of many kinds, was followed by a committal to do rigorous penance, on pain of excommunication. Bishop Wilson describes the severe enactment of his time as "primitive and edifying. The penitent clothed in a sheet, etc., is brought into church immediately before the Litany; and there continues till the sermon be ended; after which, and a proper exhortation, the congregation are desired to pray for him in a form provided for that purpose; and thus he is dealt with, till by his behaviour he has given some satisfaction that all this is not feigned, which being certified to the bishop, he orders him to be received by a very solemn form for receiving penitents into the peace of the church."

Excommunicated persons who did not correct the error of their ways, and appeared more or less indifferent to the attitude of the church were imprisoned, and "delivered over, body and goods, to the Lord's mercy." This was the formula of excommunication used in Man in olden days:—

"For as much as your crimes have been so great, repeated, and continued in so long as to give offence to all sober Christians, and even to cry to Heaven for vengeance. And you having had sufficient time given you to consider of the consequence of continuing in them, without any visible or sincere remorse or probability of reformation. Therefore, in the name of our Lord Christ and before this congregation, we pronounce and declare you, ——, Excommunicate and shut out of the Communion of all faithful Christians. And may Almighty God, who by His Holy Spirit has

appointed this sentence for removing of scandal and offence out of the Church and for reducing of sinners to a sense of their sins and danger, make this censure to all good ends for which it was ordained. And that your Heart may be filled with fear and dread that you may be recovered out of the same and power of the Devil and your Soul may be saved, and that others may be warned by your sad example not to sin nor continue in sin so presumptuously."

Customs relating to the "first foot," or *qualtagh*, are much the same in Manxland as in England. The *qualtagh* of New Year must be dark, preferably of masculine gender, and should never make the mistake of calling at a house empty handed.

Oie Ynnyd, Shrove Tuesday, saw the pancakes made for supper, and upon Good Friday, *Jy-heiney chaist*, it was the old-time custom, in vogue until to-day, for young people to gather limpets for boiling as the time of the tide permitted. We often involved ourselves in this odd practice, although we had no special predilection for the shell-fish after we had got them. The edible seaweed, *dullish*, was also a feature of the Good Friday harvest from the sea. Every iron implement in a household was studiously avoided, and a stem of *cuirn*, or mountain ash, *anathema* to fairies, supplanted the family poker.

CHAPTER XII

MANX WORTHIES

For mine own part
I shall be glad to hear of noble men.

Julius Cæsar.

Unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine.

Julius Cæsar.

CARLYLE tells us, "We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining something by him." That is just how the island feels about her hero sons.

"Those who have boldly ventured to explore
Unsounded seas, and lands unknown before,
Soar'd on the wings of science, wide and far,
Measured the sun, and weighed each distant star,
Pierced the dark depths of the ocean and of earth,
And brought uncounted wonders into birth,
Repell'd the pestilence, restrain'd the storm,
Waken'd the voice of reason, and unfurl'd
The page of truthful knowledge to the world."

Of all the great men surely he who bestrides insular history like a Colossus is Orry, otherwise Godred Crovan, Orry the Scandinavian freebooter, Orry the legislator, Orry, the best king who ever reigned in Man. The Sagas do not sing to us of the wild sea-

rover, and therefore we cannot be certain whether or no he came of a princely house, or was the Viking son of a Viking father who lived by pillage and high-sea piracy. That "enormous camera-obscura magnifier," as Carlyle calls tradition, says both. After all, it only matters to us to-day that Orry was the most worthy leader the Manx nation ever had. He found them freedom-loving, and he gave them a free system of government. That is the finest thing in all the world—to give freedom. Orry, in his understanding, dealt out to his simple subjects just what they were ready and waiting for, and all his laws were for the good of the community, common-sense, roughly thorough, and just withal. Bringing to Man the legislative mechanism of the kingdom of Iceland, Orry appointed two Deemsters, one for the north, another for the south, and divided up the little land into six ship-shires, which we now call Sheadings, each to be represented by four members at Tynwald. The method of government in the island to-day is a graft on the very first Tynwald, and it all traces to Orry.

If the many burial-places scattered about the isle which bear the illustrious name are to be credited, then the Scandinavian monarch of Man must have been in death, as in life, a man of many parts. Historians differ in regard to the death-place of the old warrior; some say that Orry died in his kingdom of Man, or in Islay during a marauding expedition, others that he died at sea, and others again declare that no man knows where the sovereign lies.

It is my own idea that his sepulchre is set, facing seawards, high on the summit of Cronk-ny-Irrey-Lhaa, one of the greenest hills in Manxland, which curves down in abrupt slopes to the deeper green edge of the water, and trails off northward into ghosts of shores towards Peel, southward to the dim horizons of Bradda. Here, just where the first glint of the morning sun touches the Cronk with lances of gold, lies the Viking. And I don't know how my assumption can ever be conclusively disproved.

If we have but one name which we can confidently claim as immortal—only once in a long time is born such a one—we can number many Manxmen among the meteoric great, who have distinguished themselves not only in the services, the glittering stage whereon a brilliant actor shines constellation-wise even among a firmament of stars, but in civil, ecclesiastical, and scientific walks of life.

To the Royal Navy and Army Mona has from long-ago times contributed of her best. Writing in 1829 of conspicuous service rendered, Lord Teignmouth put on record that: "The Isle of Man has perhaps furnished a much larger number of able and excellent men to the public service in proportion to its population than any other district of the British Empire."

The last Duke of Athol to reign in Man used all his influence to protect the fishermen from being impressed for the Navy; and, in a rescript from the House of Keys to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, we gather that from a population of less than twenty-eight thousand, "without a port that

GLEN AULDYN

can boast a square-rigged vessel," the small island supplied above three thousand seamen to the British naval service.

Numberless officers in the Navy and Army have upheld the honour of Manxland in the four corners of the globe. It was represented in the Indian Mutiny, the Abyssinian campaign, and the Zulu War, and at Chitral. Many "Manx ones" lie out on the grim khaki-coloured veldt of South Africa. The far-flung battle line has ever had a Manxman at its edge.

Among great sea captains we very proudly number Rear-Admiral Sir Hugh Christian, who died in 1798, just as a peerage was about to be bestowed on him. The illustrious sailor, in acknowledgment of his direct descent from *Illiam Dhone*, proposed to take his seat in the House of Lords as Lord Ronaldsway.

Another naval hero is Captain John Quilliam, Nelson's first lieutenant on the *Victory*. Quilliam first distinguished himself at the Battle of Camperdown, where he was made lieutenant. At the Battle of Copenhagen he added more laurels to his already budding wreath. This notable Manxman piloted the *Victory* to victory at Trafalgar. The steering gear having been seriously damaged, it became necessary to repair the mischief at once, which was done after some plan of the quick-witted lieutenant's, who, having some doubts as to the efficiency of the mended mechanism, undertook to steer the ship into action himself. He retired from the Navy in 1815, and was a member of the House of Keys for some years

afterwards. His grave is in Kirk Arbory, and his epitaph records his services as follows :—

" Sacred to the memory of John Quilliam, Esq., Captain in the Royal Navy. In his early service he was appointed by Adml. Lord Duncan to act as lieutenant at the Battle of Camperdown ; after the victory was achieved this appointment was confirmed. His gallantry and professional skill at the Battle of Copenhagen attracted the attention of Lord Nelson, who subsequently sought for his services on board his own ship, and as his Lordship's first lieutenant he steered the *Victory* into action at the Battle of Trafalgar. By the example of Duncan and Nelson he learned to conquer. By his own merit he rose to command ; above all this he was an honest man, the noblest work of God. After many years of honour and distinguished public service, he retired to this land of his affectionate solicitude and birth, where, in his public station as a member of the House of Keys and in private life, he was in arduous times the uncompromising defender of the rights and privileges of his countrymen, and the zealous and able supporter of every measure tending to promote the welfare and the best interests of his country. He departed this life on the 10th October, 1829, in the 59th year of his age. "

Another great Manx sailor, Rear-Admiral H. H. Christian, who died in 1849, obtained the rank of commander in the Royal Navy at the extraordinarily early age of sixteen years ! This circumstance was

the direct result of his able handling of a flotilla at the siege of Genoa.

The Cosnahans, an old Manx family, served their country in all sorts of capacities. Philip Cosnahan is perhaps, because of his youth and bravery, one of the most beloved of Manx heroes. When he came home " to put a sight on " his people,

> Ev'n to the dullest peasant standing by
> Who fastened on him a wondering eye,
> He seemed the master spirit of the land.

As a midshipman on the *Shannon* he fought in the great action with the U.S. frigate *Chesapeake*, and was specially mentioned in Captain Broke's despatches.

" I must mention," reported that officer, " when the ship's yards were locked together, that Mr. Cosnahan, who commanded in our maintop, finding himself screened from the enemy by the foot of the topsail, laid out on the mainyard to fire at them, and shot three men."

Young Lieutenant Cosnahan was drowned in 1819 in the foundering of a Manx sailing ship which carried mails and passengers to and from England. The young sailor arrived at the Red Pier in Douglas rather after the scheduled time, and the vessel was just loosing her hawsers and sheering away. With a mighty spring the agile lieutenant lighted on deck, and gained his passage, to lose his life in the untimely disaster which overtook everyone on board.

Sir Baldwin Wake Walker, also an admiral, is another distinguished Manxman. He died in 1876.

Many natives of the isle have distinguished them-

selves before the mast. John Cowell, press-ganged into the *Temeraire*, left a fine record of good deeds behind him, and John Lace, of Bride, who lost his arm at Trafalgar on the *Victory*, always maintained that the bullet which gave Nelson his mortal wound passed first through his own arm.

A Manxman accompanied Captain Cook on his first expedition. This was Peter Fannin, who commanded the *Adventure.*

We have likewise many notable soldiers among out great men. Colonel Mark Wilks, warrior and diplomat, was governor at St. Helena at the time of Napoleon's arrival. The ex-Emperor had a great liking for the judicious and kindly Manxman. Speaking of him afterwards, doubtless making odious comparisons between the thoughtful diplomat and the inconsiderate Sir Hudson Lowe, Napoleon asked: "*Pourquoi n'ont-ils pas laissé ce vieux gouverneur? Avec lui je me serais arrangé; nous n'aurions pas eu de querelles!*" (Why have they not left that old governor? I could have got on with him. We should not have quarrelled.)

Sir Mark Cubbon, like his uncle, Colonel Wilks, was the son of a Manx parson. He went to India as a cadet, and in 1834 was Commissioner of Mysore. He adminstered that province of 5,000,000 people with four European helpers at a cost of £13,000 a year! His state remained perfectly tranquil throughout the Mutiny. Few statesmen or rulers have been more beloved. Sir Mark died at Suez in 1861 on his homeward voyage, and on the report reaching his

former province business ceased everywhere for three days, and the entire population mourned. "Were Mysore in rebellion to-morrow," the *Bangalore Herald* wrote, "his word would be sufficient to suppress it . . . no army was required to overawe the millions subject to his rule." Sir Mark Cubbon's body is buried in his native island, and lies in Maughold Churchyard, close to the vicarage where he was born.

Caesar Bacon, who died in 1876, of the old Manx family of Seafield House, fought gallantly at Quatre-Bras and Waterloo, and Thomas Leigh Goldie, of the Nunnery, near Douglas, fell at Inkerman at the head of his Brigade of the 4th Division.

In every churchyard are remnants of the great host of public servants. They are so numerous. 'Tis such a little country to have bred so many worthies.

The name of John Christian Curwen, who died in 1828, politician, legislator, agriculturist, is still remembered gratefully. He was a member of the House of Keys as well as of the House of Commons.

In science the island is notably represented by Professor Edward Forbes, one of the greatest palæontologists, geologists, and naturalists of the nineteenth century. His brother David also attained considerable eminence as a geologist and scientist.

Dr. Charles Bland Radcliffe, the late eminent physician, was a Radcliffe of Ballaradcliffe in Andreas. His younger brother distinguished himself as a surgeon in the Crimea, and afterwards made name and fame as an expert on the cholera scourge.

Of Manx worthies of to-day—and they are very

many—it would be invidious to write. Perhaps it is even too soon to refer to the celebrated Dr. Clague, of Castletown. His little pill-box carriage, on errands of mercy bent, and his bluff interrogatory "'Joy your fud?" are bound up with my earliest recollections. He was indeed a worthy in the best sense.

Manxland has literary lights to-day, and a few shining like tiny stars from out the past. Minor verse-makers also touched the lute prettily. In John Quirk, of Rushen, we had the composer of many noted Manx carols, and the Rev. T. E. Brown, one of our greatest, called Esther Nelson, of Bride, who wrote *The Carrasdhoo Men* and *The Island Penitent*, "a woman of genius."

I think also the many translators of the Bible into Manx should be hailed as *littérateurs*. If you know the Manx you will understand how great was the work.

Sometimes jealous Britishers say that the Rev. T. E. Brown was not really a native of the Isle of Man; but it does not trouble us at all. We know he was a *Mannanagh dooie*, a true Manxman. Both his parents were island-born, and on all sides his descent was Manx.

His poems, all murmurous with the song of the sea, full of vivid fire and the joy of life, his wonderful prose writings, and his letters, are among the proudest assets of Mona. Her great son made them. We cannot let anyone else claim him.

After being vice-principal at King William's College, near Castletown, "Tom Brown" migrated to Clifton, as second master, where he laboured for thirty years.

He worked and strove at Clifton, but we all know where his heart was.

> I'm here at Clifton, grinding at the mill
> My feet for thrice nine barren years have trod,
> But there are rocks and waves at Scarlett still,
> And gorse runs riot in Glen Chass—Thank God !

Of the famous Christians I have written elsewhere. Ewan, father of *Illiam Dhone*, was a Deemster at twenty-six, and a law-giver for fifty-one years.

The name Christian is a very common one in Man, perhaps one of the most usual. The great Stanley noticed this. " There be many Christians in this country," he wrote, in that comprehensive diary of his. And indeed there are such a number that almost we could get along without the myriad proselytizing missionaries of revivalist variety, who devote a lot of time to the conversion of the Manx !

One of these ardent soul-savers stopped a Maughold farmer at his plough one winter day of long ago, and desired to be told the place of worship which the tiller of the ground attended.

Did he go to chapel ?

" A chance time, mebbe. *Chee-back !* " to the big brown mare.

" You go to church likely ? "

" A chance time. *Commotha !* " to the dapple grey.

" So," very solemnly, " you are not a Christian ? "

" Christian ? No. I'm a Kerruish."

The revivalist was reduced to amazed astonishment. Joss, Mary Baker Eddy, and the Ali Babas he had

heard of, but Kerruish! This was a brand of religion which had never yet come within his ken.

"Iss lek you're a stranger in the islan'," said the farmer pityingly, "there's Christian Bemahague, and Christian Balldrine, and Christian Baldroma, or is't Christian Lewaigue you're wantin'?"

The difficulty of individual identification where so many people have the same name is readily solved by tacking on the name of a man's house or farm to his own. As, for instance, Moore Ballacottier, or Quine Slegaby. Sometimes a landowner is referred to only by the name of his farm. "Aw, lek enough 'tis the Ballacottier callin' me."

Certain surnames appear to be aboundingly recurrent in a given radius. In Maughold the inhabitants are said to consist almost exclusively of—

> Christian, Callow, and Kerruish;
> All the rest are mere refuse.

Unlanded mortals take on the name of either parent. Johnny Polly is the son of Polly, and Harry Nickey means that Harry is the son and heir of Nicholas. So on and so forth.

If I did not trouble to tell you that Hugh Shimmin, founder of the once celebrated paper *The Porcupine*, was of Manx origin, you would guess it at once, wouldn't you, from his name? *The Porcupine* was a quill which Shimmin drove with fine effect, and to its potent power Liverpool owes many striking reforms.

The little island also furnished a President for the Mormons! John Quayle Cannon, nicknamed in con-

gress "Small-bore Cannon," from the "persuasive way at him," was a native of Mona.

The champion of Women's Rights was Deemster Richard Sherwood, who introduced Women's Suffrage.

In a slight record like this one cannot hope to mention half the notable names which come rushing to the tip of my pen crying, "Put me down! Put me down!" There are so very many celebrities which strike one as being typical of their order. Merchants, headed by John Murrey, issuer of the first Manx coinage; farmers, represented by grand old Columbus Key, to whom an Earl of Derby granted the right of free shooting all over the isle, an honour meaning a great deal in the days of the Stanleys; buccaneers, lawyers, sailors, poets, soldiers, smugglers. Of these last Quilliam, the quaint clever king of his kind, deserves a passing mention. This worthy was engaged in the "running trade," which was how the islanders politely referred to contrabandism, between the island and Whitehaven, where he had a feminine confederate of Manx origin who stored the smuggled spirits in the cellars of her public-house. Quilliam himself was a strict teetotaller. There are wonderful stories of the histrionic ability of the old sailor, romances wherein he play-acted that all his crew were down and dying with cholera, which frightened the revenue cutter's officer so much that a withdrawal was ordered, and the wily Quilliam immediately landed his entire cargo of spirits cased in *mollags*, sheep skins skinned out from the neck. Sometimes the smuggler, when hard pressed, would submerge his contraband in the dinghy,

and leave it to the tender mercies of the deep, the while he clapped all sail on his sloop the *Moddey Dhoo* (black dog) and gave the revenue cutter a run worth remembering. The derelict dinghy was always found again, for Quilliam knew a thing or two. We had many smuggler kings, but Quilliam was the monarch of them all.

The great labyrinthine caves of the coast played their parts in this drama of olden times, and often made effectual temporary store-houses for many a contraband cargo. Only temporary though, for " the Customs " knew the ins and outs of the rocky fastnesses. Peel and Douglas, Ramsey and Castletown, with their narrow streets, typical smuggling lairs, and great cellared houses, tunnelled and channelled from one to another in a network of subterranean passages, gave safer sanctuary than the storm-swept caves and caverns watched over and guarded by the lynx-like Revenue men. The majority of the islanders had a hand in the great game, and the words of the old ditty—

> And there's ne'er an old wife that loves a dram,
> But will mourn for the sale of the Isle of Man,

meant a lot to the singers. For with the purchase of the small territory by the Crown the era of smuggling was practically ended, and before many years the once flourishing " running trade " was put down.

A little army of successful Manxmen have " gone foreign," and settled beyond the seas. The sons of Mona make excellent colonists, and all over the world, at the very back of beyond, you meet them. By their

THE CAVES OF BRADDA

names ye shall know them. The representative names of the Isle of Man are peculiar, and things apart. And the clannish they are for all!

To be able in a foreign country to say to a Manxman, "I am from the island," or to own a Manx name which will mark you out for "Manx ones" to recognize, is to be armed with a passport to a freemasonry of the staunchest description.

I remember, more years ago than I care to count up now, arriving in a fearsome mining camp in the heart of the Western States—a camp of a few primitive huts, and eighteen saloons, going night and day—feeling that the bottom had dropped out of the world, and I hadn't a friend or a hope left in it. Suddenly a little tap came on the door of the sort of dog-kennel which was masquerading as my "home," and a big, brown, breezy stalwart stood on the threshold. He was dressed as a miner, but I seemed to see him in a blue knitted Jersey, with trousers of homespun, and big, well-greased sea-boots reaching to his knees. The smell of the ocean and the breath of the mountains clung about him, and crept into the odious little room.

"They're tellin' me you're from the islan'," he said simply, laying down on an upturned packing case a wealth of welcome in the shape of primitive luxuries bought haphazard from the general store. "I'm from Marown," he volunteered.

"And I'm from Rushen," I said, giving him my hand to grip.

The shadow of the "green hills by the sea" seemed over us as we solemnly shook hands.

Jim Cannell from Marown is one of our Manx heroes, too, a worthy fit to stand by the best, but no poet has ever sung of him. Great as any, he is quite unknown. Listen. You shall hear about him now.

One night, a hot sultry horror of blackness, just recovering from the onslaughts of a sandstorm, the filthy quarter we called Chinatown took fire and flared up like tinder; the fierce flames, fanned by the swirling, curling breeze licked up the wooden shacks in the all-consuming, gulping mouthfuls of a famishing demon. In and out their burning dwellings the Chinese crept, coming laden like loaded ants with salved household treasures. One house, shooting up flames to high heaven amid wreathed flumes of smoke, stood silent and deserted. It crackled to its doom unnoticed. Evidently its owner was away. Had there been water to spare, it seemed likely that the desolate homestead would not get any. I stood with Jim Cannell gazing at the spectral cabin with its outlining flames of trickling gold. The light shone full on his curly hair, and flickered on his firm-set mouth. So must his forefathers have looked as they lit the beacon fires of old times on some Hill of the Watch at home.

A white face framed in a mass of black hair peered up at us, and a strange harsh, eager voice began to speak. I knew her. She was the only Chinese woman in the place; not many Chinese men cart their feminine belongings into the heart of the Western States. Round about her was a bright red shawl, dotted with black discs, and I suddenly found myself repeating in my mind the quaint little verse we used to address

to the ladybirds who lived in the tree stems of the Manx glens—

> Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home,
> Your house is on fire, your children are gone.

She looked such a little small insect-like creature. I did not understand her pressing needs, though I saw she kept including the lonely hecatomb in her gesticulations. Jim knew! Dragging his arm from the clinging clasp, before I could gather his purpose, the big Manxman was in the lurid doorway, a shower of sparks signalling his entrance as he displaced the lintel. We waited breathlessly; the surging crowd of excited miners, the chattering Chinese, and the little woman huddled up on the ground moaning, moaning, and I——

Ah, there he is! The cruel flames run up his sleeve, leap to his hair, and curve about him like writhing serpents. In his burning arms lies a compact bundle, a little mass of tightly-rolled blanket. Quick as an arrow from a bow the little ladybird figure takes the burden from the tottering fiery guardian, and sinks down with it, murmuring tender words—words which every nation can understand. Then on the strained air comes a tiny cry, a baby's sleepy disturbed wail.

They rolled Jim in anything handy—blankets, matting, coats—putting the flames out. Of the handsome stalwart there was nothing but a suffering charred mass, a poor broken something twisting on the roughly improvised mattress. No use to try a cure for Jim! His rambling course was run, and yet he

rambled still. Now he was walking up the *lhergy* by his home, the road he would never take again; next he was catching the mottled trout in a small *dubb* behind the ruined *tholthan*, the haunted *tholthan*, *you* know, "the 'good people' are tremenjous for it." Now and again he lapsed altogether into the Manx, but it was all "the lil islan', the lil islan'."

"I've got no picture of it at me," he cried regretfully. (The Manx always say "at me" when it should be "with me.") So I drew him one in fancy, of high green Archallagan, with Slieau Chiarn rising a Triton among minnows amid the mountain chain, of the emerald-tinted field where St. Patrick's Chair stands dominant upon the hill-side, of the little nestling glens and woods with the silver streams glinting and winking in the sunlight.

"The lil islan'," he said again, and his voice trailed off.

Jim Cannell was buried in Montana, and not in Marown, where his thoughts had always been. I made a little floral offering from the pink star-like flowers with the deep red hearts which dot the prairie ground of the Bitter Root Valley, and fashioned it into the Three Legs of Man. The miners wondered very much. Such an odd device, they thought. A cross, or a wreath, a broken-stringed harp, or an anchor maybe, all these were understandable, but *this*, this the emblem which belonged to the *Mannanagh dooie*, the proud National Arms of his sea-girt home which blazed on the lonely grave, spoke to them not at all.

CHAPTER XIII

THE PEOPLE OF THE ISLE

These are people of the island.

The Tempest.

This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land.

King Richard II.

Some chroniclers have it that in the little sentence, so often on Manx lips, "*Traa dy liooar*" (Time enough), the whole character of a native of the island is presented in comprehensive panorama. In my judgment, based upon considerable experience, I should say that the outstanding quality of the Manx as a whole is inquisitiveness—an overwhelming desire to know, to discover. This remarkable faculty of gathering and spreading "the newses," which sometimes amounts to a species of second-sight, is also highly developed in the northern counties of England, near neighbours of Mona. Just as the Manx know your business almost before you know it yourself, so do the inhabitants of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland burrow into and fathom your most private affairs. But in these counties they call the trait of inquisitiveness run rampant "rugged straightforwardness of character," and affect to be very proud of it. I have known them go the length of describing the marked

feature as a touch of " heart in the right place," that invariable solatium for all the puling weaknesses human nature goes in for.

And since northerners think it necessary to cover up their tracks so carefully in the matter of this overweening, if useful, curiosity, I shall cast a disguising cloak over the Manx variety. They are not inquisitive. They are explorers.

It has been frequently asserted that the Manx have no sense of humour, and, like the Scotch, require a surgical operation before it is possible for them to see even the outlines of a joke. The femininity of Mona's Isle cannot expect to possess a modicum of the blessed faculty which keeps one ever young. Why should they be different from their sisters in all other parts of the world? It has been impressed upon us through all the ages that, when God fashioned Eve from Adam's rib, He forgot to add the saving grace of humour. Every other charm, and a few over, He bestowed upon the wonderful creation; but the most worth having, the indispensable gift which helps mortals to battle with the roughest seas in life, and grants the whimsical philosophy without which men are as chaff before the wind, was not remembered! Only one man has been original enough to question all this. Mr. Barrie believes that the whole thing is a mistake, and that Eve was not contrived from a rib at all, but from Adam's funny bone! Almost he seems to hint that latent and deep down there is a sense of fun in humourless women. I have thought so at times myself. But who am I that I should judge!

And so it falls out that I find humour—deep, insidious, penetrating humour—in all the Manx nation. You have but to hear a fisherman of the old school—not one of the new-fangled variety who wears brown kid gloves on Sundays, and has bartered his sense of the ludicrous for a mess of pottage—relate some trifling happening to realize the depth and the height of his innate comicality. It lies in what he keeps back as in what he relates, in the quiet knowing glint of his eye, the slow nod of his head, and the turn, and the twist, and the drawl of his tongue.

The Manx, as I have said elsewhere, are a very poetical nation, although I do not think they know it. Many of their expressions and metaphors have a peculiar beauty, and the imaginative art in the naming of commonplace, everyday surroundings is very striking. Is it not an exquisite fancy to call the Zodiac *Cassan-ny-greiney*, the footpath of the sun? The rainbow is *Goll twoaie*, going north. The prettiest simile of all, I think, is the one which expressively describes an anguish of compunction—*Craue beg 'sy cheeau*, "a lil bone in the breas'." Do we not all know that painful, impossible-to-name pricking? "A little bone in the breast" just describes it. The phrase for those up in years, or in failing health, is *Goll sheese ny liargagh*, going down the slope. Water does not prosaically boil. It plays. *T'an ushtey cloie*, the water is playing.

Does not the swallow's name, *Gollan-geayee*, fork of the wind, illustrate in itself the arrow-like flight and swift swirls and darts of this small bird of passage?

And in the title of the goldfinch, *Lossey-ny-cheylley*, flame of the woods, the most unromantic of us can see the gleaming lustre of the golden-winged warbler shining amid the green of forested glades. All these simple expressions and apt christenings have an artless beauty all their own, elusive and indescribable.

Many of the old folk-lore stories are hoary with weight of years, and have been handed down from one generation to another. In the winter evenings of long ago, the mothers of all time sitting by the *chiollagh*, where the turf smouldered dully, told the children *skeelyn*, stories, full of weird strange fancies and mysterious elfin magic.

This fantastic imagery is found in all nations who live, or have lived, in tune with the infinite. It is born of the solitudes, and the silences, fostered by the glamour of the sea-girt coast, now cradled in slumbrous opal waters, now storm-washed by the surging waves dashing up the crannied boulders at the call of the leaping winds.

The strain of melancholy with which the Manx regard every manifestation of Nature, natural or supernatural, comes to them from their ancestors of the chill fierce waters and wind-swept moors of the dark and silent north. To the northern races Nature shows her cruelty, her constant inconstancy and sombre sadness. Springs are so short, summers so fickle, winters so dreary and long. The fanciful outcome is not the Näiad, the Dryad, or the laughing joking faun, who haunt the glinting streams and enchanted glades of the leafy balmy south, where all the radiant

throngs take forms of joyousness, with the song of spring on their elfin lips, the fragrance of summer on their floating robes, and the glory and whirl of merriest life in their laughing eyes.

Manx proverbial sayings are intensely characteristic. These practical truths—jewels, as Tennyson called them—

> That on the stretch'd finger of all time
> Sparkle for ever—

demonstrate vividly the many peculiarities of the little nation. Here are a few of the most representative proverbs and precepts :

Keeayl chionnit, yn cheeayl share
Mannagh vel ee kionnit ro ghayr.
Bought wit, the best wit,
If it be not bought too dear.

Ta boa vie ny gha agh drogh lheiy ee.
Many a good cow hath but a bad calf.

Cha row rieau cooid chebbit mie.
Never were offered wares good.

Oie mooie as oie elley sthie.
Olk son cabbil, agh son kirree mie.
One night out and another in,
Bad for horses, but good for sheep.

T'an aghaue veg shuyr da'n aghaue vooar.
The little hemlock is sister to the great hemlock.

Tra ta un dooinney boght cooney lesh doinney boght elley, ta Jee hene garaghtee.
When one poor man helps another poor man, God himself laughs.

Nagh insh dou cre va mee, agh insh dou cre ta mee.

Don't tell me what I was, but tell me what I am.

Kiangle myr noid, as yiow myr carrey.

Bind as an enemy, and you shall have a friend.

Ny poosee eirey-inneen ny ta'n ayr eek er ny ve craghit.

Do not marry an heiress unless her father has been hanged.

Myr s'doo yn feagh yiow eh sheshey.

Black as is the raven, he'll get a partner.

Cur meer d'an feeagh, as hig eh reesht.

Give a piece to the raven, and he'll come again.

Lhiat myr hoilloo.

To thee as thou deservest.

Shegin goaill ny eairkyn marish y cheh.

We must take the horns with the hide.

Cha nee yn woa smoo eieys smoo vlieaunys.

It is not the cow which lows the most will milk the most.

Tra s'reagh yn chloie, share faagail jeh.

When the play is merriest, it is better to leave off.

Lurg roayrt hig contraie.

After spring tide will come neap.

Ta keeayll ommidjys ny sloo my t'ee ec dooinney creeney dy reayll.

Wisdom is folly unless a wise man keeps it.

Baase y derrey voddey, bioys y voddey elley.

The death of one dog is the life of another.

Eshyn nagh gow rish briw erbee t'eh deyrey eh hene.

He who will acknowledge no judge condemns himself.

Caghlaa obbyr aash.
Change of work is rest.

Cha dooar rieau drogh veaynee corran mie.
A bad reaper never got a good sickle.

Sooree ghiare, yn tooree share.
Short courting, the best courting.

Eshyn ghuirrys skeealley hayrtys skeealley.
He who hatches tales shall be caught by tales.

Faggys ta my lheiney, agh ny sniessey ta my crackan.
Near is my shirt, but nearer is my skin.

Eshyn lhieys marish moddee, irrys eh marish jarganyn.
He who will lie down with the dogs will rise up with the fleas.

Ta lane eddyr raa as jannoo.
There is much between saying and doing.

Myr sloo yn cheshaght share yn ayrn.
The smaller the company the bigger the share.

Foddee yn moddey s'jerree tayrtyn y mwaagh.
Maybe the last dog will catch the hare.

Moyll y droghad myr heu harrish.
Praise the bridge as thou wilt go over it.

Millish dy ghoaill, agh sharroo dy eeck.
Sweet to take but bitter to pay.

The old-time toast at all dinners was: *Bioys da dooinney as baase da eeast*: Life to man, and death to fish. And a scathing term of referring to the little island is: *Ta airh er cushagyn ayns shen*: There is gold on the *cushags* there.

The chroniclers of old time hold the mirror up to Nature, and in the crystal depths show us the Manxman at home in all his phases. Governor Chaloner, of the Commonwealth era, tells us that the natives were contented with "simple diet and lodgings; their drink, water; their meat, fish; their bedding, hay or straw, generally; much addicted to the musick of the violyne." Thomas Quayle, a Manxman himself, writing in 1810, describes the homes of the peasantry, and gives us a picture of the primitive cottages, with walls "about seven feet high, constructed of sods of earth, at each side the door appears a square hole containing a leaded window. Chimney there is none, but a perforation in the roof, a little elevated at one end, emits a great part of the smoke from the fire underneath. The timber forming the roof is slender, coarse, and crooked. It is thatched with straw, crossed chequerwise, at intervals of twelve or eighteen inches by ropes of the same material, secured either by being tied to the wall by means of coarse slates fixed or projecting, or by stones hanging from the ends of the ropes. The floor is of hardened clay; the embers burn on a stone placed on a hearth, without range or chimney; the turf smoke, wandering at random, darkens every article of furniture. . . . In the northern district, where quarries of stone are less accessible and lime more distant, the cottages continue to be built in the primitive manner. In the southern, where building materials are comparatively more plentiful, stone and lime are used in the new cottages more frequently. The ancient mode of thatching and roping is still general."

SULBY VILLAGE

In parts of Man more or less untouched by rampant civilization, the cottages, though of stone now, with chimneys, are to this day of very primitive description. Still thatched, with ropings known as *sugganes*, locally twisted by U-shaped willow rods from straw teased out evenly from the flail, and tiny windows, set, as Thomas Quayle records, either side of the door. These small eye-holes are fixtures, and cannot be opened. Invalids in these poor homes cannot have the fresh-air cure if they want it, and as a rule ventilation is not regarded as a vital necessity. I can remember being in a little hovel at Fleswick, divided into two compartments with a window (save the mark!) in either, when the late Dr. Clague, the Manx worthy, came to pay a visit to a sick child. The mother wanted "a bottle," just a bottle—that is how the Manx always speak of medicine; but the child needed air, only air, and there was none in all the room. The wonderful understanding little medico looked at the frame of ever-and-ever Amen variety, and then—methodically knocked out all four infinitesimal panes one by one.

Speaking of the fare of the Manx of bygone ages, Waldron says that "the first course is always broth, which is served up, not in a soup-dish, but in wooden piggins, every man his mess. This they do not eat with spoons, but with shells, which they call sligs, very like our mussel shells, but much larger."

The piggins Waldron writes of were the "noggins," wooden tumbler arrangements four or five inches in height, with a projection for handle.

Twenty years ago the first course of every meal in a Manx cottage was certainly not broth. Broth was the Sunday dinner, the great event of the week. It was a jorum of potatoes, vegetables, and—treat of treats!—a lump of meat, floating about in a bubbling riot with a suet pudding, sparsely dotted with currants. Some of this Gargantuan feast lasted for Monday's dinner, but through the rest of the week *praase as skeddyn*—potatoes and herrings—formed the diet of the peasantry, varied occasionally by toasted slices from one of the hard dried salt conger, hake, cod, or *callig*, which gleamed in white rows on the stone hedges or gorse bushes in the sun of summer, or formed dust-traps in the rafters of the cottage in winter. Every housewife laid down a barrel of salt herrings, and they were salter than salt itself. An afternoon call often meant the hospitality of a hastily frizzled fish, and all the way home you held your mouth wide open to cool your gasping throat.

Bread was a real luxury in those days, and most fisher folk depended on the griddle cakes, a great heap of which was always baked by the housewife every week. These flat half-inch thick indigestion-inviters, baked upon a dry griddle, yellow with carbonate of soda, were of flour, mixed up with buttermilk. Fishermen setting off to the herrings always laid in a goodly heap.

We often attended a baking day at a little cottage in Surby, and fell to on hot cakes fresh from the griddle. Sometimes our patient friend the gentle baker would add currants, an unheard-of luxury, and

then almost we ate her out of house and home. Her true intent was all for our delight. She was a Hans Andersen, and in between sweeping away superfluous flour from the griddle with the white half-wing of a seagull, wove us stories of the *Phynnodderee*, and delved into a treasure chest of fairy lore, bringing up for our inspection the wonderful jewels hidden there. We knew that every one was a jewel, but sometimes we could not quite make out what sort of a jewel it was. We only felt that all were genuine. And such faceted gems!

Sometimes I seem to hear the soft low brushing still, and scent the crackling gorse burning beneath the griddle, and the murmurous voice of the dear old woman echoes down a vale of years :—

> What if the spotted water-bull,
> And the *Glashtin* take thee,
> And the *Phynnodderee* of the glen, waddling
> To throw thee like a bolster against the wall ?

The world has no such bakers now,—such stories are not told!

The average Manxman has no enthusiasm; if he has the trait latent he suppresses it, and gives no meed of praise or depth of disapproval. Everything is "middling". "Middlin' fine day" when the sun turns the world to gold; "middlin' luck" when his nickey is loaded to her gunwale with fish; "middlin' breeze" when the wind whistles through the gorse bushes, and lays the scraa grass flat before its gusty breath; "middlin' quarrel" when he is fighting his neighbour

tooth and nail backed by the power of the law. For the little nation are one and all great at " having the law on " each other. It is one of the customs, and therefore dear whilst it is cheap.

I took a Manx fisherman with me to see the Passing of the Great Queen through her city for the last time. We had an excellent place where the majestic pageant passed in its pomp and pathos just below us. In the distance the solemn swelling notes of the Marche Funèbre broke on the deep silence, rolling away down the serried ranks of the mourning concourse of people. Nearer, nearer yet rang the sombre dirge; and as it passed, quivering, a strange weird sound, like the hum of the sea in the distance, rose in indescribable overwhelming murmur, the united whisper of a multitude. I could scarcely see the gun-carriage, with its great small burden, my eyes were so full of tears. But the Manxman looked and looked unconcernedly, calmly.

" Isn't it magnificent ? " I cried. " Isn't it glorious ? Isn't it the tribute of a great nation ? "

" Middlin'," he said, " middlin' ! "

The back of his big brown hand brushed nonchalantly over his eyes, and as I pretended not to look something told me that the sun-burnt skin was wet.

" Middlin'," he repeated fiercely, " middlin'."

The little nation as a whole are suspicious by nature, and shy and diffident with strangers, though they endeavour to hide this under a careless off-hand air, all the time, as the Manx poet, Tom Brown, has it, " bittendin' to be cool."

To get a plain answer to a straight question is an

impossibility. The Manx fence with a query, reply to it with another, or change the subject altogether. If they are backward in answering they come forward in questioning, and being inquisitive—I mean explorers—they exercise this faculty in sharp interrogatories propounded shrewdly. Voltaire says we must judge of a man by his questions rather than by his answers, and this, perhaps, is the way to criticize this well-known trait in the natives of Mona. They are gossips too, amazing gossips, " wonderful clevah at gatherin' the newses," and disseminating more than they ever picked up, but friendly, familiar, and hospitable, " for all," whilst their powers of acute observation raise the most ignorant peasant to a level far surpassing that of the same class of person on " the adjacent isles."

Left to himself a Manxman is not keen on politics, and he only acquires the taste. He is serenely indifferent to the rack of parties, perhaps because such ambuscades do not exist in Man, or again perhaps because he is of too fixed and staunch a character to grapple successfully with the Proteus-like changes without which it seems no man can ever be a great and ardent politician. There is nothing of the chameleon about a Manxman. It is " What I have said, I have said " with him every time.

Religious feeling, sometimes amounting to fanaticism, lies deep at the heart of the Manx nation, and Sunday is very strictly observed, although, as a whole, the tension is not so tightly screwed as it was two decades ago. Many of the inhabitants have " gone

asthray" considerably from the Puritanical tenets of old times.

I recollect, long ago, watching a small yacht drag her anchor one breezy Sunday, and wreck herself upon the rocks, the while many stalwart fishermen watched her drift to her doom. A small boat and a tow rope would have saved the situation at once, but because it was the seventh day of the week the ready help which would have been forthcoming upon any other was withheld. It was the hereditary instinct, the inborn habits of centuries coming out. The old statutes laid down stringent injunctions for the keeping of the Sabbath, and the compulsions and penalties which the civil authorities forgot to enumerate were attended to by the powers ecclesiastical.

In 1610 nobody was "admitted to fish from Saturday morning till Sunday at night after sundown, upon paine of forfeiture of his boat and netts," and towards the close of the century the time-limit was extended to Monday. As Friday was a *dies non* by reason of some unexplainable superstition against going out to the herrings, the toilers of the deep in past generations had a fair amount of time to bestow on their small holdings. Almost everyone had his scrap of the island's surface, and farmed in between fishing. The great *claddaghs*, or wastes, were free areas for the cattle, and to this day many small farmers in different districts possess the right to graze three or four sheep on estates which once formed part of the common lands.

"Takin' in vis'tors"—this has no *double entendre*—

may now be considered the staple trade. The fishing is not what it was, or even what it might be, and in the height of the season our sea-girt isle gets much of its fish from Grimsby, the local market standing paralysed until the arrival of the necessarily large supply.

The great days of the shipbuilding trade have passed likewise, when the clang of the hammer on the white ribs of the mighty wooden skeletons echoed across the harbours of Peel and Port St. Mary.

"I seen the time" when the great fleets making ready for the Kinsale fishing were packed like sardines in the port, their masts standing straight and thick as uncleared bush in British Columbia, and the scent of the tanning of the nets filled the old streets.

In 1840 the shipbuilding trade was at its zenith, and the island built vessels of the swiftest kind for all parts of the world. A flourishing business, also, was carried on with Italy, Spain, and Portugal. The Manxmen took over cargoes of their famous salted fish, and brought back shiploads of the wine of the countries.

The little island has bettered itself and the position of its inhabitants by adopting enthusiastically a paying livelihood, but it is impossible to repress a feeling of regret for the picturesque days of the vast fleets setting off to the herrings, with the ways at them, and the fish at them, and the great brave hearts at them.

There are, of course, herring boats still in Mona—fishermen too, a few, of the old school; but the royal

days—when it counted if the boats went or stayed, and the old proverb, "No herring, no wedding," meant just all the world—are, as the unhappy nobleman in *Maritana* observed, one of the memories of the past.

A very few more years now will perhaps see the death of the Manx language, and the shrewd sayings, the dry wise knowledge, the wit and the soul and the heart of it will pass like a shadow. There is a more than prophetic warning in the old proverb, "*Dyn glare, dyn cheer,*" No language, no country.

I think the Manx tongue began to decay as the subtle poetical atmosphere commenced to fade in the nation. I have noticed in distant corners of the earth, among primitive peoples, that education and imagination cannot run in double harness. Poetry and imagination in the Manx grows less each year; both traits are dying out, and with them the tongue which voiced the beautiful thoughts of the old-time people. The atmosphere of necromantic fancy, of fantastic imagery, which we see in our place names, read in our stories, and know of from the traditions of all time, is almost gone from the little nation.

"It were much to be wished, for the sake both of our literature and our life, that imagination would again be content to dwell with life . . . and that imagination were again to be found, as it used to be, one of the elements of life itself."

Of necessity a people change with changed conditions. Every nation embodies in itself what Plato called the Great Year. Each has a sowing time, a

OLD LEAD MINE IN RUSHEN

growing time, a weeding time, an irrigating time, and then the harvest time, when all things spring to giant strength. We do not want to garner any tares with our Manx Melliah. Education is a fine thing, a great thing, and gives us everything, no matter how poor we may be. For there is one great consolation for the poor in these days, and that is that the most lasting pleasures most worth having cost but little in actual cash. We may know the greatest men who ever lived, and for next to nothing. Whilst we exalt the advantages of education, we cannot but regret the way it has, the annihilating it does, as we recall the poetry and the symmetry of thought which exists no longer.

Well, let us to what Byron calls "sublime philosophy."

Coal is not found in Man, but mines of zinc and silver lead have been worked successfully for years. The ancient mines of Bradda are closed now, and the shafts stand grey and desolate on the coast-line, with the surge of the sea close about the once busy cavernous passages.

The salt mine at the Ayre has just begun to pay a dividend—thanks be! It is a very youthful hope as yet, with expectations.

The limestone of the south is much used, and among other monuments the local rock built Castle Rushen. Sandstone at Peel is a valuable asset also. Manxland has farms too, prosperous, well-managed farms, and perhaps they count most of all. Mining and quarrying are forms of devastation; work may not cease for

years upon years, but there is a limit. The farmer is the man who makes a land prosperous. He is a benefactor, a home-maker, working for generations yet unborn. The miner and the quarryman have their part in the great scheme, but by the decree of Nature it is the home-maker who lives on and on when the mines have given of their treasure, and crumbled cliffs and desolate rifts are the only monuments that tell of workers turned to dust.

To the Manx farmer we look for the upholding of the insular characteristics. The race of fishermen will die out—they are dying now, and their nets will soon be the trammels of the lodging-house keeper. A fisherman lodging-house keeper ! Sons of the sea who have left their calling for a life of lazy idleness. Do they long, I wonder, for the bygone times, for the song of the wind in the shrouds, and the churn and the toss of the waves at the bows ?

Yes, they remember !

There's a beautiful insinuating little thing in my mind, a cry from the heart of a jungle man, *a jungle man condemned to an office stool.* It runs :—

> I was a man
> Ere these dull bonds of servitude began ;
> And wild in woods, a happy savage man.

Paraphrased, there, a few years hence, will be found the requiem of the Manx fisherman.

CHAPTER XIV

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments.

Sonnet CXVI.

SARAH GORRY, the buxom Manx girl, who what she calls " does " for the Warrior, was married yesterday to Mattoo Gawne, skipper of a herring boat in the Port. His godfathers and godmothers in his baptism christened the sailorman Matthew; but the pronunciation eludes Sarah, and she cannot manage it. Very nearly we had no wedding at all, for just before the appointed time the bride-to-be wondered, as so many have done before her, whether or no matrimony were not too risky a concern to take a share in. The wedding took place from the Warrior's house, for Sarah is an orphan from Laxey way, and had no relatives to see her over the Great Step.

I was looking to my roses when the Warrior came in, saying excitedly that his henchwoman was ready, all in her wedding kit, waiting for Lochinvar to come in the pill-box on wheels, which is the substitute in Manxland for a cab, a boxed-in wagonette really, and now, now, would I believe it, Sarah felt the whole thing was a mistake, and she was quite sure she did not

desire to be married at all. "And she must," he wound up, "because I will not go on eating Manx curry any longer!"

So like a man! Curry! That was all he cared about. And Sarah thought of her whole long life!

"But why, why?" I asked in surprise. "Why doesn't she wish to be married?"

"How can I tell?" answered the Warrior snappishly. "Unless,"—here a bright idea struck him—"unless she has been dipping into George Bernard Shaw. I left him lying open on my desk. Fool that I was!" he added. I laughed—for who could help it?—and went to reason with the reluctant bride. There she sat dolorously in all her finery of "plum-colour." I do not think a village wedding is legal in the Isle of Man unless the bride or a bridesmaid wears "plum-colour." From time immemorial this tint has been the dominating one for bridal get-ups.

Two attendant maids, in gay hats and multi-coloured garments, stood by the kitchen fire, obviously out of conceit with themselves, their hopes of a happy day under the dripping trees of well-soaked Glen Meay dashed to the ground.

"What is this, Sarah?" I asked. "You do not want to marry Mattoo? And nearly time to start. Why have you changed your mind?"

"*For*," said Sarah, darkly.

"But you must have a reason. Why are you not prepared to carry out your promise?"

"*Because.*"

These two words are the almost invariable replies

in Manxland to all questions on earth. In the two catapultic remarks lies the explanation of all mysteries. If you are not content with "For," if its comprehensiveness does not in its amplitude satisfy, then as an alternative you can have "Because," and with two such potent keys to a situation surely you see the door wide open for you.

But I persevered, refusing to be put off. Against all the canons of Manx conventionality I ruthlessly tilted.

"'For' and 'because' do not really constitute any explanation, Sarah. What is your reason for making such a fool of Mattoo?"

At last Sarah was understood to gasp, in between sobs, that she had nothing against "Himself"—nothing; but a gull had settled on the chimney that morning, and every one knows that when a gull settles on a house it portends a storm.

"But outside, you know," I interrupted; "not within!"

Well, suppose the gull had lighted there to warn the bride of stress in the future. Suppose—just suppose—Mattoo ceased to care for her in time to come. Suppose even that his affection waned even in a little year! In such case Sarah would prefer—much prefer—to "do" for the Major. She was quite certain she would.

"That is very nice of you, very worthy and proper," I said, disregarding the telegraphic message from the Warrior's eyes. "She has done me long enough," they seemed to say; "do not, I beg of you, urge

her to remain!" But, of course, I was not going to be put off doing my duty as one woman to another. I had to forget all about the shortcomings of the Manx curry and other housekeeping deficiencies, and went on to explain that Mattoo, being what Mrs. Humphry Ward calls "a male man," could not be expected to continue the devoted lover for ever.

"Why not?" demanded Sarah tearfully.

"Because," I said pompously, "sweet Nature, for some good purpose of her own, made man with variable passions, at the same time as she contrived the laws of heat; but she made dear woman all steady patience. A man flares up and scorches himself out, a woman burns slowly, and lasts longer. And if it were not so," I added to myself, rather sadly, "all things would be awry."

A rumble of wheels. Mattoo and two stalwart supporters. All three emerged from the comical conveyance, all three in shiny blue broadcloth, bowler hats, and outsized gloves, with an inch of emptiness hanging from each finger-tip.

The face of the bride cleared like the noon of an April day. Marry Mattoo? Of course! The by-play was merely a *lever-de-rideau*, put into the morning to make it more difficult.

The wedding party climbed into the little hot-house box on wheels, windows well sealed up, and off to the parish church; afterwards to spend the day in Glen Meay. To the house-warming of the evening the Warrior and I had faithfully promised to go.

As we crossed to the thatched cottage on the beach,

which was Sarah's new home, a beautiful pure-plumaged seagull settled on the chimney. We looked at one another and smiled.

"*Ta lhane klinkyn ayns car-y-phoosee!*" the Warrior said laughingly, quoting the well-known proverb, "There are many twists in the nuptial song," which is the polite Manx way of suggesting that matrimony has its drawbacks.

Inside the cottage the entire village seemed to be congregated. The postmistress headed the congested assembly, her reserved attitude betraying the immensity of her condescension, and the subconsciousness of the vast social gulf lying betwixt herself and our hosts. Manx by birth, her official position brought her into constant contact with the summer visitors, whose imported airs and graces overlay the strata of inborn simplicity. Miss Watterson had adopted so many affectations of speech, remnants of admired prototypes, that very often, when well embarked on a sentence, she forgot the particular brand of mannerism she had commenced with, and the whole word swirled on its pivot.

"It's a lady's dress, that's what it is," said Miss Watterson approvingly, as she handled a fold of Sarah's plum-coloured gown. "A lady's dress. I should say so anywhere."

"Iss lek iss not a gentleman's, for all!" interpolated the village wit.

"'Deed on, Ambrose! Hear the clevah tongue arrim!" retorted Miss Watterson, lapsing into Anglo-Manx, "lek enough you'll be in the Keys yet, lad."

"I would'n' thruss!" laughed Ambrose.

The table staggered beneath the weight of the entire tea-service presented by the Warrior, and in moments of abstraction the bride filled up every cup from a Gargantuan teapot. Nobody appeared to drink the tea. The cups stood, grew cold, whereupon an excited guest poured the whole lot away, and then the bride filled up as before.

Manx weddings of to-day of the village class vary but little in their rejoicings from those of any other part of Great Britain. A jaunt to Glen Helen or Groudle, or a tiring day among the shops in the metropolis of Douglas, by the immediate wedding party, bride and bridesmaids, groom and groomsmen, is the usual festivity, winding up with a little house-warming in the new home or the old. There are signs that evolution is at work among old-fashioned marriage celebrations in Man as in other things. The excursion once so looked forward to is being lengthened to "a trip across the wather." One fashionable fisherman of my acquaintance went so far as to take his bride to "Put a sight on London."

Writing of the customs which obtained in Manx weddings of some eighty years ago, Train says: "When two persons agreed to become united in matrimony, and this had been proclaimed in the parish church on three several Sundays, all the relations and friends of the young people were invited to the bridal, and generally attended, bringing with them presents for the "persons about to begin the world.' Their weddings, as in Galloway, were gener-

ally celebrated on a Tuesday or a Thursday. The bridegroom and his party proceeded to the bride's house, and thence with her party to church—the men walking first in a body, and the women after them. On the bridegroom leaving his house, it was customary to throw an old shoe after him, and in like manner an old shoe after the bride on her leaving her house to proceed to church, in order to ensure good luck to each respectively ; and if, by stratagem, either of the bride's shoes could be taken off by any spectator on her way from church, it had to be ransomed by the bridegroom. On returning from church, the bride and bridegroom walk in front, and every man with his sweetheart, in procession, often to the number of fifty. The expenses of the wedding dinner and drink are sometimes paid by the men individually. It was formerly the custom after the marriage had been performed for some of the most active of the young people to start off at full speed for the bridegroom's house, and for the first who reached it to receive a flask of brandy. He then returned in all haste to the wedding party, all of whom halted, and formed a circle. He handed spirits first to the bridegroom, next to the bride, and then to the rest of the company in succession, each drinking the health of the new-married couple. After this the party moved on to the bridegroom's house, on the arrival at the door of which the bridecake was broken over the bride's head, and then thrown away to be scrambled for by the crowd usually attendant on such occasions."

Fun waxed fast and furious. The chapel organist

sampled the new harmonium, playing *Mylecharaine* and *Ny kirree fo niaghtey*, the " Sheep under the Snow," to a rousing chorus which reverberated through the rafters of the cottage. The old-time Manx character is largely embodied in the ancient airs of Manxland. Not so much in the words, which are rarely joyous, as in the mournful weird cadence of the plaintive music, traditional melodies which give the general idea of having existed for ages before it was thought necessary to wed words to them. Very often the threnetic tunes are noticeably antiquated, whilst the verses reflect a real latter-day spirit. The best known of the Manx ballads is the so-called national air *Mylecharaine*, with its curious moaning lilt, and *Ny kirree fo niaghtey*. They are sung at all sorts of festivities, in season and out of season.

After winter of snow,
And spring-tide of frost,
The old sheep were dead,
And the small lambs alive.

Then comes the desponding chorus :—

Oh! get up shepherds, and
To the hill go ye,
For the sheep deep as ever
Are under the snow.

They will not sound very wonderful as you hear them rendered now, but if you could but turn the hands of the clock back, and Time with it, and listen to *Mylecharaine* in old Manx, you might catch the grip, and the soul, and the weird fascination of it. Perhaps a lot of its charm lies in its mystery, for we are not

quite sure what it is all about. T. E. Brown suggests that " A dowry for the first time in the Isle of Man, is given to a daughter, and is condemned by the lieges as of evil precedent," and Mr. A. W. Moore gathers from the quaint " poem " that the old miser Mylecharaine, who lived in the Curragh, had a daughter " who paid more attention to her attire than he did to his, and that, in consequence of being the first man in Man who broke through the old custom of not giving a dowry to daughters on their marriage, he was the object of a terrible curse."

Evidently an imprecation of *Mollaght Mynney* variety, the most comprehensive evil in the Manx language which it is possible to call down. A curse of curses, a very Juggernaut of destruction.

George Borrow tells us, in his *Notes on the Isle of Man*, how he visited in 1855 a family named Mylecharaine, who lived in the Curragh, whom he found to be lineal descendants of the historical miser of the name. He added that, however niggardly their ancestor may have been, the offspring, by all the laws of contraries, were of the most hospitable natures. And here, after all this preamble, is the famous ballad in its English robe. It sits more stiffly than the Manx, and lacks the simple melancholy of the vernacular. There are many translations of it, and this one—from the Manx Society's publications and Gawne's MS., translated and adapted by Mr. A. W. Moore in his *Manx Ballads*—is perhaps the best, as George Borrow's—I, who am a Borrovian, should not perhaps admit this—is certainly the very worst.

MYLECHARAINE

DAUGHTER:

O Mylecharaine, where gott'st thou thy store?
Lonely didst thou leave me;

FATHER:

Did I not get it in the Curragh, deep, deep enough?
And lonely didst thou leave me.

DAUGHTER:

O Mylecharaine, where gott'st thou thy stock?
Lonely didst thou leave me;

FATHER:

Did I not get it in the Curragh between two blocks?
And lonely didst thou leave me.

DAUGHTER:

O Mylecharaine, where gott'st thou what's thine?
Lonely didst thou leave me.

FATHER:

Did I not get it in the Curragh between two sods?
And lonely didst thou leave me.

I gave my web of tow and my web of flax,
Lonely didst thou leave me;
And I gave my ox for the daughter's dower,
And lonely didst thou leave me.

DAUGHTER:

O father, O father, I am now ashamed,
Lonely didst thou leave me;
Thou art going to church in white *carranes*,
And lonely didst thou leave me.

O father, O father, look at my smart shoes,
Lonely didst thou leave me;
And thou going about in thy white *carranes*,
And lonely didst thou leave me.

Yes, one *carrane* black, and the other one white,
Lonely didst thou leave me;
Mylecharaine, going to Douglas on Saturday,
And lonely didst thou leave me.

Yes, two pair of stockings, and one pair of shoes,
Lonely didst thou leave me;
Thou didst wear, Mylecharaine, in fourteen years,
And lonely didst thou leave me.

FATHER:

O damsel, O damsel, thou needst not to be ashamed,
Lonely didst thou leave me;
For I have in my chest what will cause thee to laugh,
And lonely didst thou leave me.

CURSE:

My seven bitter curses on thee, O Mylecharaine,
Lonely didst thou leave me;
For thou'rt the first who to women gave dower,
And lonely didst thou leave me.

A curse on each man that rears a daughter,
Lonely didst thou leave me;
As did Juan Drummey and Mylecharaine,
And lonely didst thou leave me.

For Juan Drummey got the wealth on the hill,
Lonely didst thou leave me;
Mylecharaine got the wealth on the flat,
And lonely didst thou leave me.

Next the tireless musician wheedled the palpitating harmonium into a make-believe two-step, and the wedding guests "danced" on a little earthen floor as big as a handkerchief. "Oranges and lemons" followed, everyone, arms round waists, threading beneath the outstretched arms of the two tallest people. What an advantage to be tall! The Warrior had not

to embrace anyone, whereas I had to try and manœuvre my arms round the mammoth middle of the village cobbler. I suppose a sedentary life makes for *embonpoint.* I did wish I had evaded him and clutched the emaciated postman instead, for all the time Kelly, the cobbler, slipped like an eel from my grasp, with the result that half the human chain dashed with force against the creaking wall.

In the forfeit finale Sarah was a kiss in arrears, to be paid her by the small Mr. Gorry, the local baker.

" Quat for shouldn't he take the like ? " said Mattoo, darkly, as everyone laughed and chaffed, and considered the possible state of Mattoo's feelings. " Quat for ? " glaring at Mr. Gorry, in pretended assent, and a do-it-if-you-dare expression in his eyes.

'Tis a valiant flea that dares take his breakfast on the lip of a lion. The All-Understanding One told us so, and though perhaps he may not be a personal friend of Mr. Gorry's, that thoughtful man, being a master in the art of compiling recipes, knew enough to feel sure that a measure of the truest courage is always mixed with the quality of circumspection. The hour grew so late that it became early, and with a final chorusing of the somewhat unsuitable *Mylecharaine* the merry guests trooped off homewards, waving *Adieu, adieu,* to Sarah standing proudly in the doorway with " Himself " straight and tall beside her.

The moon, wreathed in filmy gossamer, looked over a balustrade of stars, limning clear the far faint misty hills, and shining through her gauzy cloak made arabesques upon the sea. So silent ! So quiet ! Just

the tiny wavelets breaking on the stony beach, and the tinkling clatter, clatter of the tiny pebbles racing and receding with the sea. Hesperus of the high heavens has spent his lamp.

> Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast
> And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger.

On the still air the voice of an early shepherd calls the cows from the fields. *Hor! Hor!* and down in the rocks and caves of the inlet " the daughter of the voice," that poetical synonym which the Jews of old time had for the echo nymph, translated the command into airy nothingness.

. . . . . .

The smoke from the chimney stack of Sarah's tiny cottage rises and hangs in the still air. The gull has gone, and his call meant nothing at all. For inside the little home everything goes very well.

It is " baking day," and griddle cakes are almost manufacturing themselves. The old dresser, black with weight of years, supports copper-tinted jugs and a wealth of bright-blue china handed down to Mattoo from his ancestors. On a corner lie two copies of the Queen's Christmas gift books, and the " chiss of drawers " boasts two more. The proverb about looking a gift horse in the mouth is known in the " lil islan' " almost as well as in the greater, but Sarah would be forgiven if she looked the historical steed square in the jaws. Every Christmas present the poor girl had took the form of a copy of the royal work. I gave one without consulting the Warrior,

he gave one without consulting me, the vicar's wife presented a third without thinking, and Mattoo contributed a fourth because he thought too much. It was really rather like the picnic to which every single person took a ham, and nothing in the wide world else. Not a life-saving morsel of bread, or a dab of mustard, nor a knife, nor a fork, just a glut of hams, smoked and plain, enough to set up a provision shop in a creditable way of business.

Fate, tricksy dame, had played no pranks with Mattoo's happiness. His cup overflowed with the lavishness of Sarah's thought. She quite overlooked the counsel of the cynic to femininity, who advocated the keeping of a deep store-chest, stoutly padlocked, for the love which often dies of indigestion, and needs a frugal menu.

" He thinks ter'ble heavy," volunteered Sarah, her hands in the flour. This was an enigma. Thinks terrible heavy ! Ah, Mattoo is a deep erudite dreamer, beyond the ken of his wife, no draw-back this, in these days of omelette *soufflé* brains.

" Yiss, he sets down there immajent, and ' Aw, the tired I am for all. Don't talk to me, Sarah, *bogh*, I'll be thinking.' And it's asleep he is. He thinks ter'ble heavy, ter'ble heavy."

Clever Mattoo ! For Sarah's a wearying chatterbox.

" Think too," I advised. " Retaliate on the principle of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

" Aw dear, me think ! " and she laughed.

Well, of course it *was* rather amusing. She never

had a thought in her head. Went on expecting the hens to lay long after they had gone " clorky " and demanded a dozen eggs apiece for themselves. I forget. Perhaps you will not know what " gone clorky " means. It is the Manx way of saying " broody," and a very ingenious definition too, if you come to think of it, for the fowls do say " clork ! " in between moments of strenuous fussiness.

Through the small panes of the window we can see the fleet streaking off to the horizon, Mattoo's craft forging ahead. Sarah can always pick his vessel from all the rest. To me, to you, every nickey looks alike, same fore and aft, same beam, same lug sail, same mizzen, but to a fisherman and his belongings some divination, intuition, or second-sight explains who's who in the herring-boat world.

Do you know why the Manx vessels are called nickeys ? They used to be termed smacks, until the Cornishmen came over to the herrings in 1850, or thereabouts, and introduced a different style of rig into the island. Almost every Cornishman bore the Christian name of Nicholas, just as so many Manxmen bear the surname of Christian, and in revolutionizing the old type of fishing smack the Manx gave the Phœnix rising from the ashes the commemorative title of " Nickey."

CHAPTER XV

THE CLOSE—AND SPRING TIME

Flowers o' the Spring.
The Winter's Tale.

Here's flowers for you.
The Winter's Tale.

I'M nearing the port, after a long, long week away. It is my birthday, too. I want to make haste to the glen and gather primroses, primroses, a wealth of the golden stars, to decorate the cake which will be the *pièce-de-resistance* of my party. There is nobody to "party" with me save the Warrior, but, after all, he is like *Mannanan's* solitary soldier, the necromancy of my mind makes him seem a host in himself.

Spring is in all the air, and countless birds sing of summer days to come. On a fragile branch of gorse, so slender that it dips in bow-like curve, a little yellow-hammer, his coat in glory of splendour, chants his trilling song, a different lilt to his greedy summer call, for 'tis a witching lure, a joyous note of pleading tenderness.

"Love-me-a-little-if-you-can! Love-me-a-little-if-you-can!" dropping his voice persuasively. "Love-me-a-little-if-you-can!"

THE RETURN

Poised like a klipspringer on a pinnacle of rock, high over the vast labyrinthine caves of the inlet, the first visitor of summer is climbing on and on, to the wind-swept uplands. Whether she will ever reach them is another story, for she battles with a lengthy skirt as she crawls from point to point, and realizes at every step, with the Chevalier D'Eon, that it is one thing to live in petticoats in times of peace, and quite another in times of stress.

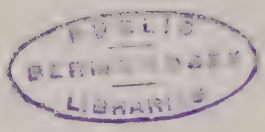
The glinting staircase of the noonday sun outlines in gold a lazily drifting boat with a watchful fluke-spearer gazing intently down, down into the sandy shallows. His two-pronged trident catches the light as the gleaming fork strikes into the sea with lightning dart.

Amid the green-tipped stems of the little glen a thrush throbbed o'er the silence, and above all is the hush and the scent and the expectancy of spring. The glade is carpeted with blossoms, the yellow of the primroses commingles with the wild hyacinths, whose nodding bells toll for ever the death of Hyacinthus, and on the tongued petals we can still trace Apollo's grief. Look carefully and you can read the fragile sign, the symbol of the Greek *Woe! Woe!* A cry from the heart of a god.

Wherever you go a world of colour, wreathing the marge of the silver stream, and from out the fern-filled mossy hollows the violets, scentless, sweetly obtrusive, peep up, and seem to ask to be gathered. The jewels of the treasure-house are so many I shall scarce be robbing if I take a few.

But—someone else is here before me, someone—his hands are full of flowers! Garden pansies, too, and that's for thoughts.

The spirit of spring, scattering her wealth, flickers across the river, and decks the glade with a miracle of wondrous blossoming. "The time of the singing birds is come." Down the emerald rift the little harbinger chants on and on in torrents of melody, sweetly, sibilantly, "Love-me-a-little-if-you-can! Love-me-a-little-if-you-can!"



GLOSSARY

GLOSSARY

Awin, river
Bane, vane, white
Beg, veg, small
Broogh, brow, bank
Carnane, cairn
Carrick, rock
Claddagh, waste
Clogh, stone
Cronk, hill
Curragh, fen
Cushag, ragwort
Dhoo, black
Dubb, pool
Ellan, island
Ghaw, chasm
Keeil, chapel
Kione, head
Lag, hollow
Lhergy, hillside
Lough, lake
Meanagh, middle
Mooar, vooar, large, great
Slieau, mountain
Stack, stacklike rock
Traie, shore, beach

THE WORKS OF ANATOLE FRANCE

IT has long been a reproach to England that only one volume by ANATOLE FRANCE has been adequately rendered into English; yet outside this country he shares with TOLSTOI the distinction of being the greatest and most daring student of humanity living.

¶ There have been many difficulties to encounter in completing arrangements for a uniform edition, though perhaps the chief barrier to publication here has been the fact that his writings are not for babes—but for men and the mothers of men. Indeed, some of his Eastern romances are written with biblical candour. "I have sought truth strenuously," he tells us, "I have met her boldly. I have never turned from her even when she wore an

unexpected aspect." Still, it is believed that the day has come for giving English versions of all his imaginative works, as well as of his monumental study JOAN OF ARC, which is undoubtedly the most discussed book in the world of letters to-day.

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JOCASTA AND THE FAMISHED CAT
THE ELM TREE ON THE MALL
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¶ All the books will be published at 6/- each with the exception of JOAN OF ARC, which will be 25/- net the two volumes, with eight Illustrations.

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¶ The translation of these books has been entrusted to such competent French scholars as MR. ALFRED ALLINSON, MR. FREDERIC CHAPMAN. MR. ROBERT B. DOUGLAS,

MR. A. W. EVANS, MRS. FARLEY, MR. LAFCADIO HEARN, MRS. W. S. JACKSON, MRS. JOHN LANE, MRS. NEWMARCH, MR. C. E. ROCHE, MISS WINIFRED STEPHENS, and MISS M. P. WILLCOCKS.

¶ As Anatole Thibault, *dit* Anatole France, is to most English readers merely a name, it will be well to state that he was born in 1844 in the picturesque and inspiring surroundings of an old bookshop on the Quai Voltaire, Paris, kept by his father, Monsieur Thibault, an authority on eighteenth-century history, from whom the boy caught the passion for the principles of the Revolution, while from his mother he was learning to love the ascetic ideals chronicled in the Lives of the Saints. He was schooled with the lovers of old books, missals and manuscripts; he matriculated on the Quais with the old Jewish dealers of curios and *objets d'art*; he graduated in the great university of life and experience. It will be recognised that all his work is permeated by his youthful impressions; he is, in fact, a virtuoso at large.

¶ He has written about thirty volumes of fiction. His first novel was JOCASTA & THE FAMISHED CAT (1879). THE CRIME OF SYLVESTRE BONNARD appeared in 1881, and had the distinction of being crowned by the French Academy, into which he was received in 1896.

¶ His work is illuminated with style, scholarship, and psychology; but its outstanding features are the lambent wit, the gay mockery, the genial irony with which he touches every subject he treats. But the wit is never malicious, the mockery never derisive, the irony never barbed. To quote from his own GARDEN OF EPICURUS: "Irony and Pity are both of good counsel; the first with her smiles makes life agreeable, the other sanctifies it to us with her tears. The Irony I invoke is no cruel deity. She mocks neither love nor beauty. She is gentle and kindly disposed. Her mirth disarms anger and it is she teaches us to laugh at rogues and fools whom but for her we might be so weak as to hate."

¶ Often he shows how divine humanity triumphs over mere asceticism, and with entire reverence; indeed, he might be described as an ascetic overflowing with humanity, just as he has been termed a "pagan, but a pagan constantly haunted by the pre-occupation of Christ." He is in turn—like his own Choulette in THE RED LILY—saintly and Rabelaisian, yet without incongruity.

At all times he is the unrelenting foe of superstition and hypocrisy. Of himself he once modestly said: "You will find in my writings perfect sincerity (lying demands a talent I do not possess), much indulgence, and some natural affection for the beautiful and good."

¶ The mere extent of an author's popularity is perhaps a poor argument, yet it is significant that two books by this author are in their HUNDRED AND TENTH THOUSAND, and numbers of them well into their SEVENTIETH THOUSAND, whilst the one which a Frenchman recently described as "Monsieur France's most arid book" is in its FIFTY-EIGHTH THOUSAND.

¶ Inasmuch as M. FRANCE'S ONLY contribution to an English periodical appeared in THE YELLOW BOOK, vol. v., April 1895, together with the first important English appreciation of his work from the pen of the Hon. Maurice Baring, it is peculiarly appropriate that the English edition of his works should be issued from the Bodley Head.

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